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THE PLAYGROUND OF THE METROPOLIS.

Pen and pencil sketches of Central Park—The panorama of its drives and bridle paths, its shady walks and green meadows, its cool lakes and peaceful landscapes.

YOU may never have ridden down Rotten Row in London, nor along the Champs Elysées in Paris, nor about the Corso at Rome; you may never have gone along the broad, gay walks under the rows of lindens in Berlin, nor roamed through the Prater at Vienna, nor listened to the music in the Stadt Garten at Buda Pesth; but if you have gone into Central Park here in New York on a bright morning of spring, summer, or autumn, you have missed nothing by not seeing those other places. For not in Hyde Park, the Thiergarten, the Prater, nor in any of the show places of other capitals could you have found

more to delight you and make you glad that you are alive than you will find here in the green stretches of meadow, the fresh foliage of the trees, the gay bloom of flowers, and the clear notes of birds, that make Central Park so pleasant a spot in the busy city.

It is not by comparison with other parks, here or abroad, though, that this garden of the metropolis appeals to one. Its appeal is its own beauty, and its charm is not greater nor less because of something that some other park may be. Wrapped and still in the snows of winter, budding into new life with the coming spring, blossom-



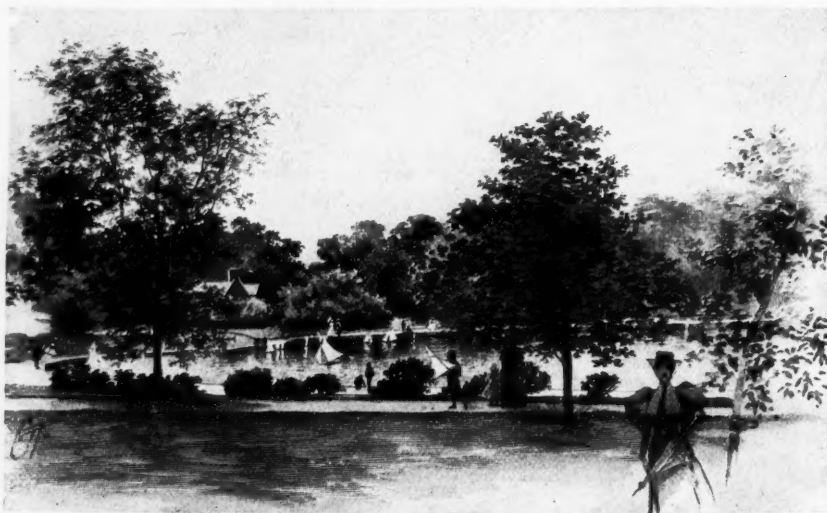
"Swan boats with loads of happy children."

ing with fragrance and color and heavy with the foliage of summer, or mellow and ripe in the russets and browns of autumn, Central Park is always a garden of varied and beautiful landscapes, and its gates are always open.

Not a great many years ago the land from Fifty Ninth to One Hundred and Tenth Street, and from Fifth to Eighth Avenue, was a waste of rock and swamp. It was without shape, almost, and not at all suggestive of its present state. Originally a long, narrow tongue of rock, contorted and

broken under plans by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux. Studying carefully every impression that nature had left on the surface, and with the idea of using all natural material to the best possible advantage, the park architects began their work. Development was slow; the process of building long and tedious. Still, the wealth of the metropolis was behind the workers, and in time the task was completed—or practically completed, for a few finishing touches are still added from time to time.

There is not a fairer garden spot in any



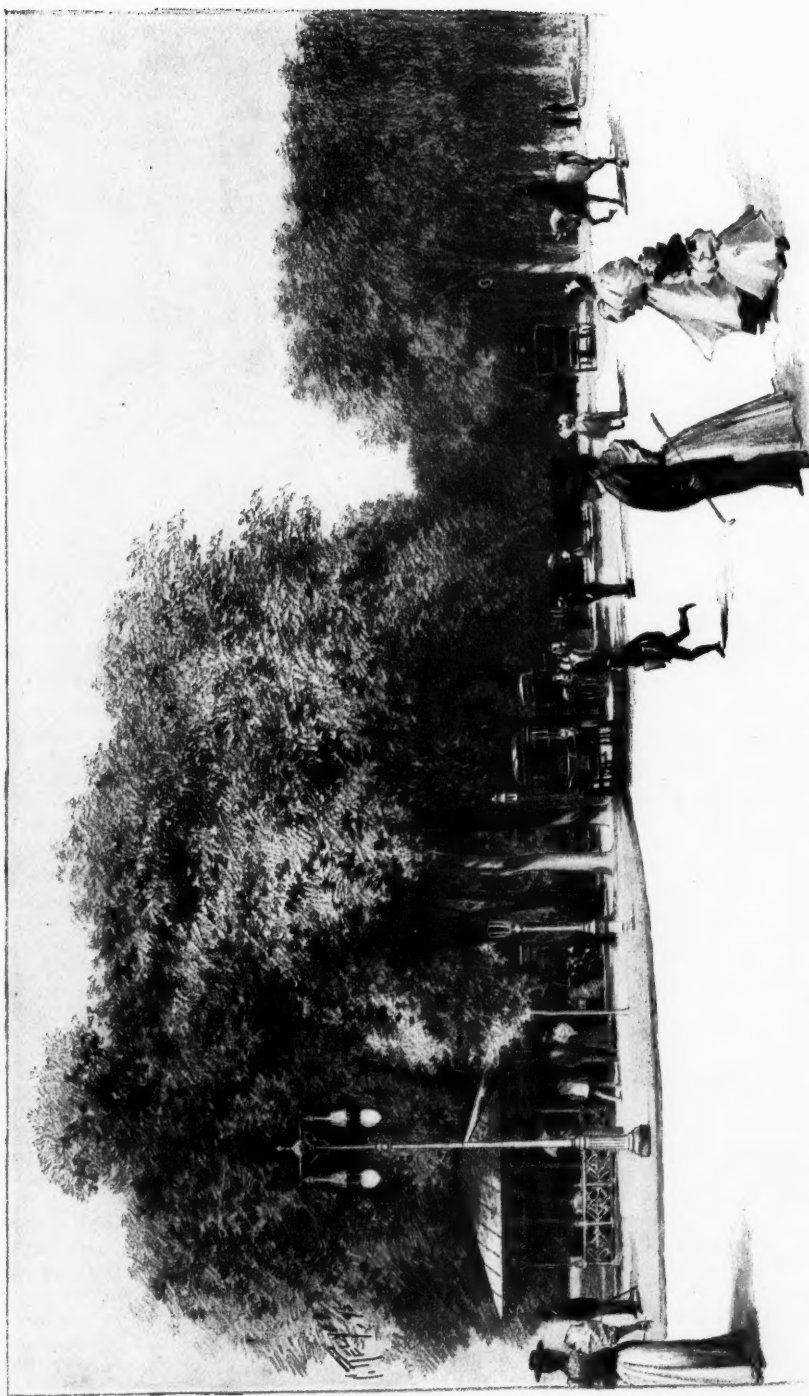
"It is here that the real defenders of the Cup are made."

upturned at every angle, stretched out over this portion of Manhattan Island. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of years it remained thus. The native American killed his deer and made his camp fires here. In Revolutionary times skirmishes were fought in the upper end of the park, and relics of those days, a fort and traces of earthworks, are still visible.

Then the city came creeping in about the rocky stretch, up the east side by the river, and up the Hudson to Washington Heights, but civilization seemed to avoid the center of the island. As if planned by a great architect on some prehistoric map, to be some day brought under a skilled hand to the best uses of many people, that stretch of land seemed to await the day when the people should need it most, and the hand should become sufficiently skilled to do the work. The crying need of the growing city was for a park, and in 1857 ground was

city in the land. Over its hard, broad drives passes a constant parade of the city's varied equipages—the victoria, landau, barouche, four in hand, or tandem of the four hundred, the less stylish vehicles of the million, and everywhere the bicycle. For nearly ten miles the roads wind in and out over light grades and level stretches, by broad meadows of greenest verdure, over carved stone bridges that cross streams of rushing water or quiet brooks, by playing fountains, tablets of honor and statues in bronze, under arches, by lakes and shady pools and beds of water lilies.

In summer the whole park lies beneath a canopy of leaves. Grouped or scattered in natural wildness, or laid out in even rows into avenues, the foliage of half a million trees covers everything except the open greens. In all directions, from every gate, hard asphalt walks wind away among the trees, over the knolls, to the lakes, to shady



"Cares and business and the work-a-day world vanish when you enter there."



"The way down a flight of steps carved out of a rock."

arbors, to tennis courts or ball fields or meadows, to the Mall, the swan boats, or the animals, to the swing, the merry-go-rounds, or the playgrounds, to the museums or art galleries, or where you will. It makes little difference where you are going or whither you came, for behind you are left no beauties of nature that are not still before you, renewed and more beautiful, so general and complete was the plan of arrangement and so well has it all been carried out.

In the thirty miles of walks about the park there are few places where one may not stop to gaze at vistas of exceeding beauty. Now it is through a forest of trees toward a setting sun; or, standing on high ground, it is across a square sheet of clear water bounded by dark green trees; or perhaps it is in the maze of the Ramble; or, from a shaded rustic bridge, the view may be out over the quiet waters of some small lake where graceful swans are sailing. There is no end to the shady arbors and the quiet nooks. Every path leads you sooner or later to some such place, and if others are before you and the place is occupied, it is but a step to the next nook, or the one beyond. There are seats everywhere—enough for ten thousand people. They are scattered along the driveways, that those "who may not be a king may see a king pass by;"

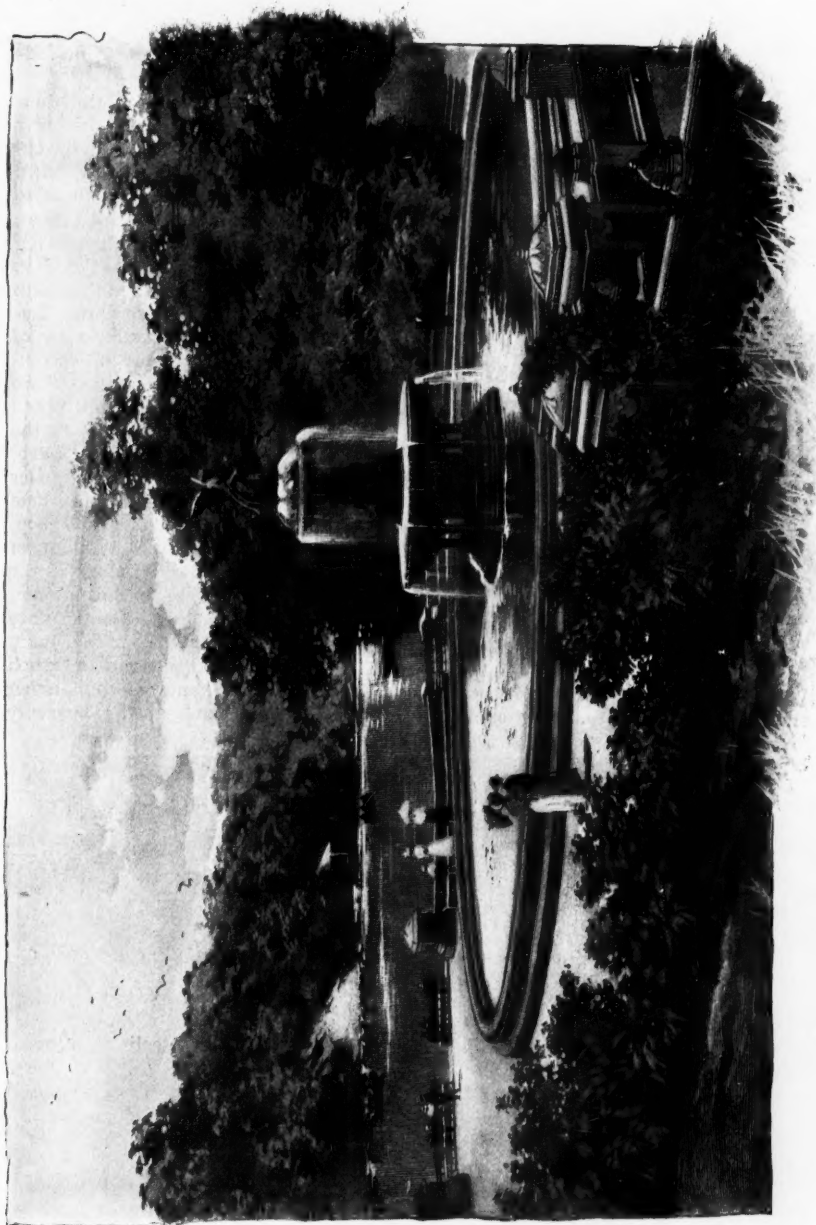
along the walks, along the shores of the lakes, by the bridges, in the summer houses, about the fountains and the music stands, everywhere; in public places to see and be seen, or tucked away in secluded spots, invisible, quiet, alone.

There are nineteen entrances to Central Park, and its four stone walls inclose eight hundred and forty acres of land. There are nine sheets of water, half a hundred bridges, twelve tunnels, and more than thirty buildings; but no one ever thinks of statistics or of the amount or number of anything in Central Park. That is one of the charms of the place; you forget such things. Cares and business and the work-a-day world vanish when you enter there, and you find yourself watching the swan boats with their loads of happy children and smiling to yourself with an old childish feeling of joy. The stately wooden swans move over the smooth pond, leaving scarcely a ripple. They pass bold rocks, sharp points of land, and wooded shores, and disappear under bridges and glide silently into shady bays so narrow that the foliage of the trees on the banks almost meets above the water. They beam with the bright faces of merry children, and gay voices laugh out and call to one another back and forth across the water.

If you are a yachtsman, young or old, and

you love the white sail, you will hurry along, through the menagerie of animals long since tamed, to the model yacht course

white sailor uniforms, with gold anchors on their shoulders, and golden curls falling from under their sailor hats, hurry down here



"In the center of the Esplanade, at the foot of the Terrace, is one of the show ornaments of the park—the Bethesda Fountain."

known as the Conservatory Water. On bright afternoons when the wind is astir the young yachtsmen of the city, in blue and

with their yachts under their arms. Cruises, races, and runs of all sorts are arranged on the spot, sails hoisted, ships trimmed, and



"A way through rocky places."

the little boats put off this way and that in fleets across the inland sea. Hither and

thither they scud, with pennants flying, careening to port or dipping their rails to starboard, while their owners, shouting with enthusiasm, chase after them along the plank lined coasts. It is a stirring scene, full of young, joyous life. It is here that the real "defenders of the Cup" are made.

Up a flight of steps from the Conservatory Water the broad driveway comes in from Fifth Avenue and Seventy Second Street through what is known as Inventors' Gate. The road turns to the left and runs up by the park Casino, or, keeping straight on with a swing to the right and again to the left, brings one to the Terrace and the north end of the Mall. It is from the Terrace that the most impressive view of the Lake, the largest sheet of decorative water in the park, is obtained. Two broad flights of steps of yellow tinted stone descend from the roadway to the Esplanade at the edge of the Lake, while a central stairway, passing under the driveway from the Mall, joins them below. In the center of the Esplanade, and at the foot of the Terrace, is one of the show ornaments of the park, the Bethesda Fountain. The conception of the fountain was suggested by the story of the Pool of Bethesda, in St. John.

The figure of an angel, with a bunch of lilies in her hand, and wearing on her breast the crossed bands of the heavenly



"The Lake also finds its way into the cave."



"The arbors of the road crossings hang heavy with purple wistaria."

Thayer

messenger, stands high over the center of the fountain, blessing the waters, which fall over the edges of the upper basin, partially veiling the four small figures of Temperance, Purity, Health, and Peace clustered about the second basin.

Looking down from the balustrade of the drive, across the Esplanade to the fountain and the Lake, the view is one of quiet and peaceful beauty. The murmur of the fountain is subdued and low, and the ripples of the lake lap the shore gently. Beyond, across the water, the land rises in a forest of verdure and blossom, while to right and left the Lake flows away into quiet coves

One Hundredth Street is what is known as the Pool, and from it extends a long chain of little lakes and pools and lochs across the park to Harlem Mere. Along the borders of this waterway are fascinating vistas of water and woods. The upper end of the Pool itself is covered with great red and rose colored lilies from Zanzibar. So dense is the growth and so huge the leaves of these plants, that the surface of the water is hardly to be seen at all. Weeping wil-



"Bow Bridge, a simple structure of surpassing beauty."

and shady bays. At the end of one of these bays is the boat house, and a hundred craft with bright hulls are drawn up at the landing or are skimming over the water.

At night the detail of the fountain is lost, and one hears only the music of its falling waters. The shores of the Lake, with their banks of green, are indistinct shadows, and all is calm and silent. Here and there the single red light of a boat shines out as it passes, sending its gleam across the water, or a gondola, gay with red and green lights, moves by to the tinkling of a mandolin and the song of the gondolier.

In the extreme northeast corner of the park is a smaller lake, called Harlem Mere. If possible it is even more picturesque than the central lake, and over some of its inlets grow a profusion of water lilies and great masses of Egyptian lotus.

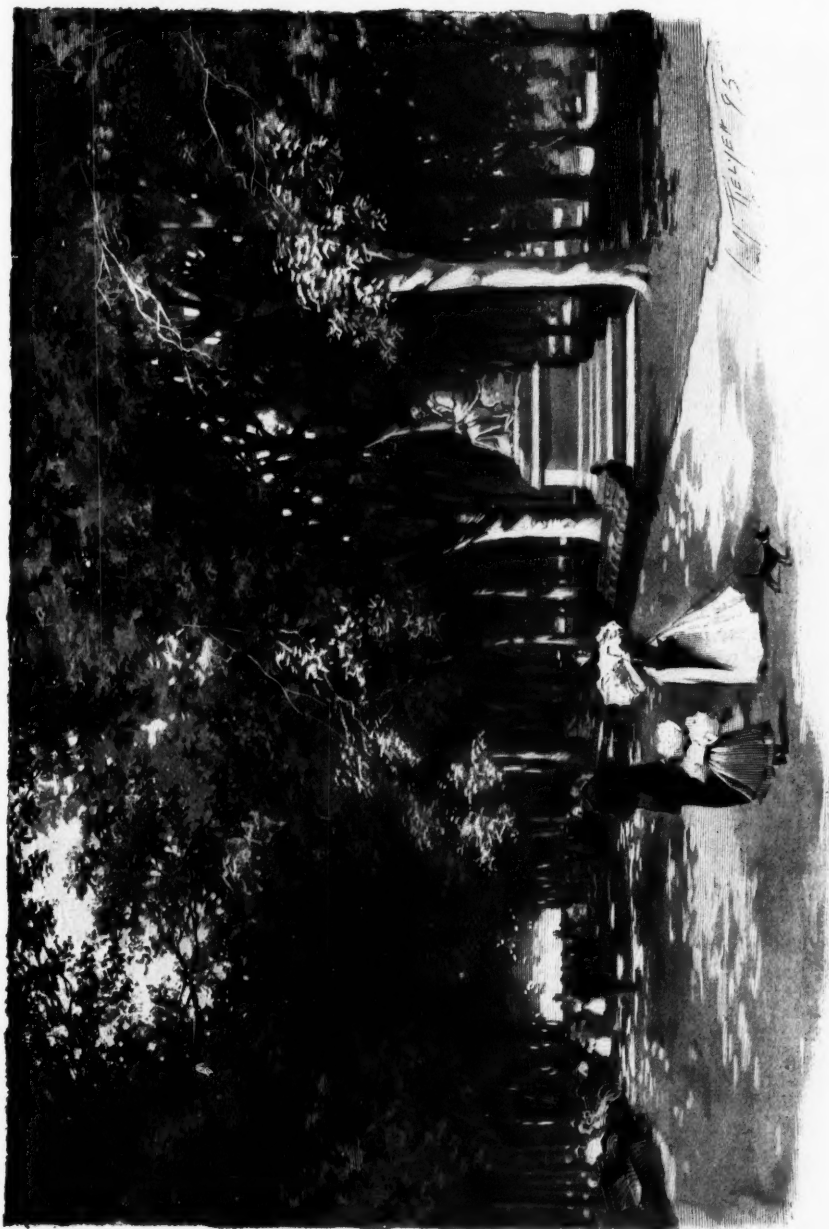
Near the entrance at Eighth Avenue and

lows hang their graceful branches over the Pool, and the smokebush blows its fluffy white blossoms along the rocky bank. An occasional rush of water and a dash of foam mark a waterfall. The land is densely wooded, and the paths which skirt the waterway are lost now and then in the darkness of a forest of tall trees. Again the way passes under a stone arch, over which the drive runs, or crosses a rock made bridge, or falls down a flight of steps carved out of a natural boulder.

Still another water view, over the reservoirs, is obtained from the stone tower of the Belvedere, which rises like some turreted castle of old from the highest point in the park. From this eminence—Vista Rock, as it is called—one descends a flight of steps in the rock and enters the long, winding way known as the Ramble, the most picturesque in all the park. It is on

a wooded hillside between the reservoirs, the highest part of the park, and the Lake, the lowest portion. It rambles aimlessly

hiding in secluded nooks, or jumping little streams on rustic bridges. Now the way stops at the edge of a great, mossy rock



"In the Mall, where there are statues and busts of great men in the shade of great elms."

along, twisting and turning among the trees, running around great boulders or cutting through them, crossing stretches of greenest lawn, lost amid flower beds,

down which a miniature cascade tumbles in a glitter of silver. About is the stillness of an unexplored wilderness. The hermit thrush, on his way north in the spring,



"Jumping little streams on rustic bridges."

stops there to sing as if it were his own haunt. The orioles and the scarlet tanagers hang their nests near by, and now and again you may hear the notes of the purple finch. The woods of the Ramble are alive with the commoner birds.

It is the Ramble that picks its way through the rocky places, and brings you in time to the fastnesses of the Cave. The Lake also finds its way into this hollow rock, and from the path you may perhaps catch sight of a boat coming slowly into the dark cavern from the bright sunlight of the day without. It is at one of the ends of the Ramble, if the paths there may be said to have ends, that you cross Bow Bridge, a simple structure of surpassing grace and beauty, and at a sudden turn find yourself in an ivy grown nook face to face with the poet Schiller. The clear cut bronze face looks out from its ivied nook across a bit of water that, more poetical than the rest, has crept in before it. Just above the bust is a seat, with some one always reading there.

Across Bow Bridge again—and one never tires of crossing that beautiful bend, nor of standing and gazing from it at the water beneath and the boats that pass—and on along the border of the Lake a little way, and you are back at the Fountain and the Terrace and the Mall.

The Mall is the chief promenade of the park—where the band plays and there are statues and busts of great men in the shade

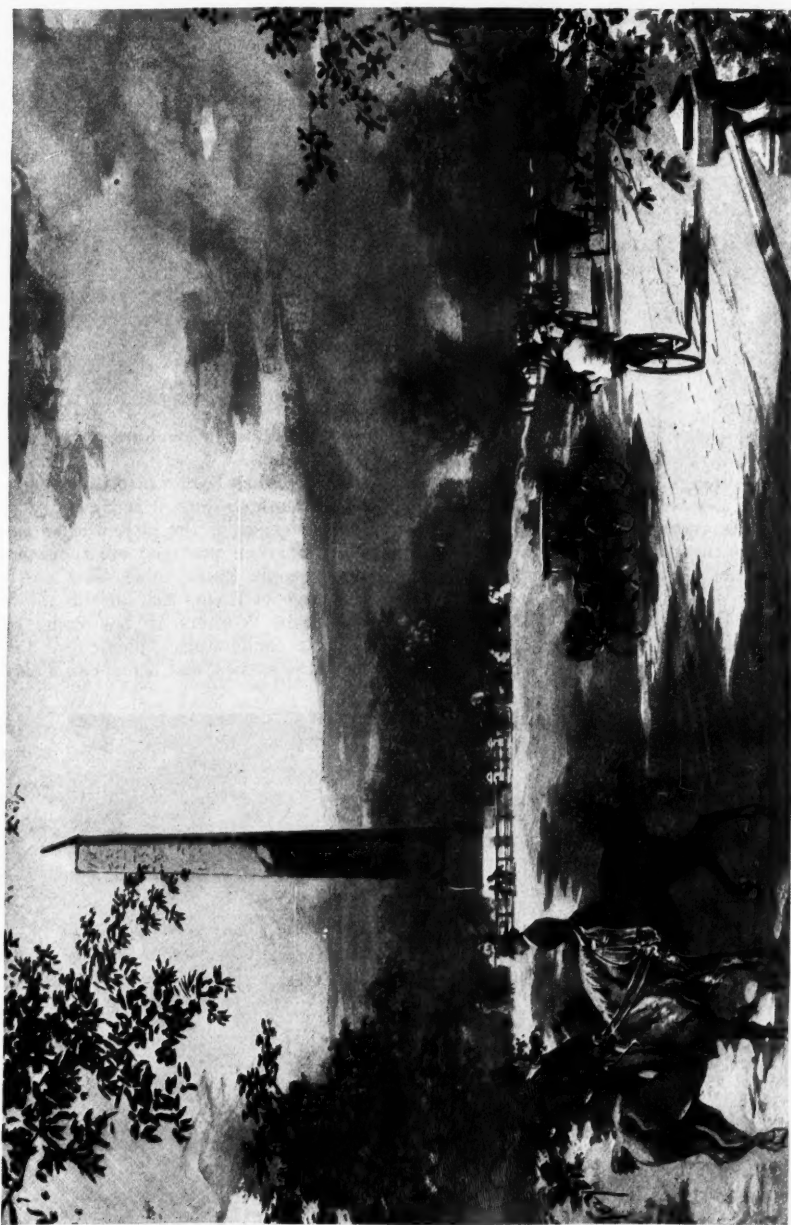
of great trees. It is a straight walk, a quarter of a mile long. Double rows of American elms border the place, and it is always shady and cool. On musical afternoons in summer it is the gayest walk in the park. Throngs of people promenade back and forth between the Marble Arch and the Terrace, passing at the feet of poets and musicians in bronze as they go.

In the setting of the landscapes in the park horticulturists did not confine themselves to the flora of a single zone but reached out for whatever was most attractive in other lands. Along the walks and drives one is continually meeting with the blossom or leaf of some unfamiliar plant or tree to which is attached a painted label bearing a strange botanical name and the intelligible word, "Africa," or "Japan," or "Asia."

In spring the park is a garland of blossoms and the air is fragrant with the perfume of budding life. The arbors at many of the entrance gates and road crossings hang heavy with purple wistaria; honeysuckle and jessamine climb the trellises and creep over the summer houses by the Lake; dogwoods shake their flaky blossoms amid the fresh green of the trees or fall in snowy showers over the new lawns; here and there the English hawthorn creeps into the picture and everywhere are the lilac, the wild rose, and the violet. The soft bridle path which runs along by the roadway or steals

off alone to the shady seclusion of the wooded byway, is bordered with a variety of leafage, and the stone arches it winds

scape, the eye finds relief in the wide, open meadows. The Ball Ground with its enthusiastic batsmen, the Meadow with its maze of



"Out of a dim and mystic past to stand here on a green hillside."

under and the bridges it passes over are draped with green and red ivies.

If there is overmuch shade in the land-

tennis nets and its butterfly players, or that bit of pasture land, the Green, where a flock of merino sheep graze in clover, all offer



"In spring the park is a garland of blossoms."

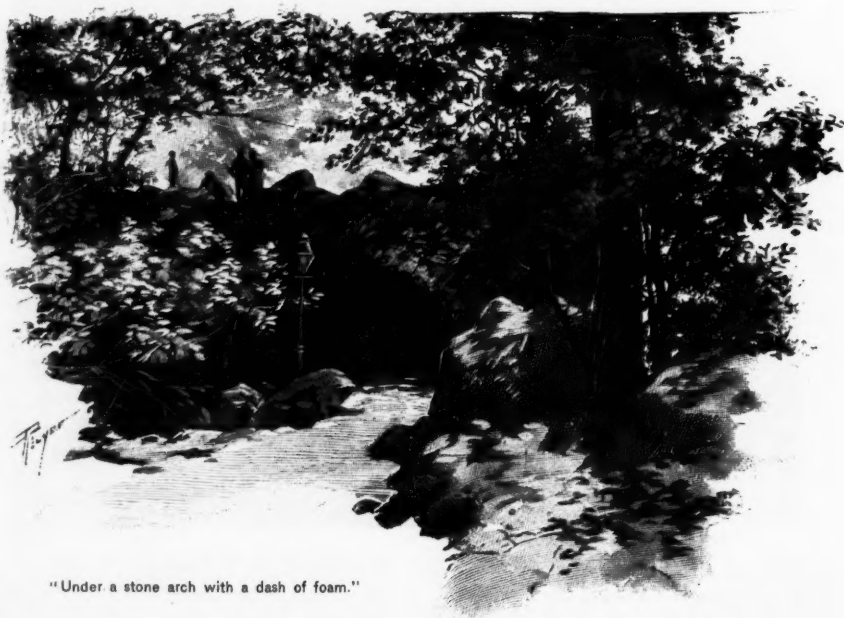
views so green, so fresh, so foreign to the city that is all about them yet not of them, that all through the hot months of summer they fall as a blessed relief to the thousands of tired workers who now and then get a day to go there and breathe.

It is not alone for its trees and flowers, however, that Central Park has gone to distant lands. The most wonderful of its monuments, the Obelisk, came from over land and sea, out of a dim and mystic past,

lence, lie those who alone really knew—the mummies.

The park has been a favorite playground in New York so long, it is so easy of access from the ends of the city, it is so easy to get about when once you are there, and so many people know these facts and take advantage of them, that in the minds of some New Yorkers it has come to be rather a commonplace picnic spot for the use of the masses, and, except in a carriage

to stand here on a green hillside and tell its strange story of the glory of Thutmes, monarch of Egypt. Below, on either side of the Obelisk, along the broad drives, roll the carriages of the rich, and nearer, on the hillside, walk the poor; but poor or rich all look up to the gold cap of Cleopatra's old needle, and wonder what its story is; while across the lawn, in the Museum, wrapped in their yards of linen and centuries of si-



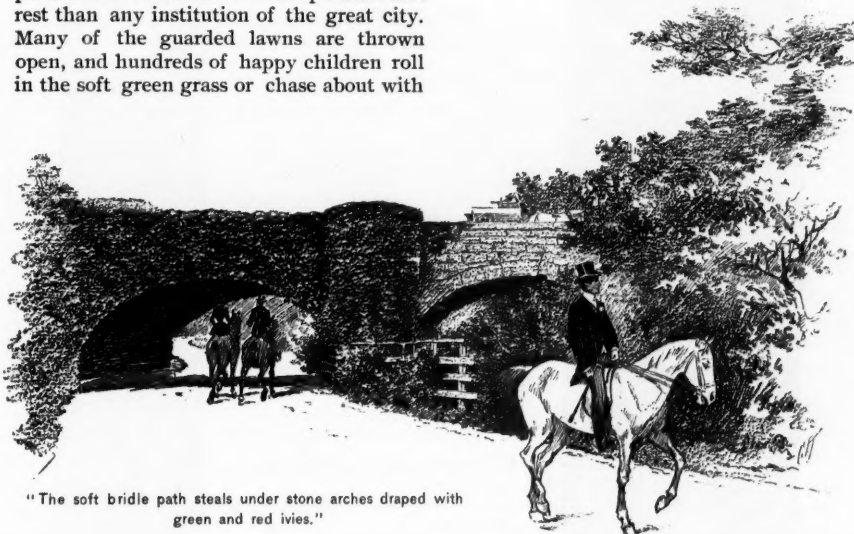
"Under a stone arch with a dash of foam."

or astride a fine horse, to be avoided. But fortunately the opinions of such people count for nothing.

On Sunday afternoons and holidays the park is the source of more real pleasure and rest than any institution of the great city. Many of the guarded lawns are thrown open, and hundreds of happy children roll in the soft green grass or chase about with

and mount alike alert for the not infrequent runaway.

And all this is but a strolling glimpse of Central Park. It has been quite impossible



"The soft bridle path steals under stone arches draped with green and red ivies."

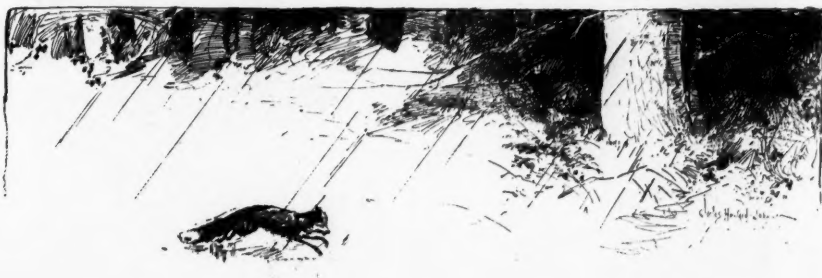
shouts of merriment. The Mall, the playground, and the menagerie are thronged, and the boats are out in fleets on the lake. It is a sight to make one glad to see all this life let out to sport, as free as the birds.

Only a word has been said of the bridle ways. The architects have given special attention to these paths, and some of the most picturesque views of the park are to be obtained only from the saddle. Early in the morning, in spring or autumn, these byways are alive with equestrians. Now a young woman, with a groom following, dashes by as you watch from the walk, or a party from a riding school charges down upon you like a troop of cavalry and disappears around a turn, into the woods; occasionally a mounted policeman rides slowly by, man

to do it justice with the pen; the artist's hand, in giving to the accompanying pictures the note of quiet beauty that is the charm of all one sees there, has done that. Still, there is much that can neither be told in words nor shown in pictures, that must be seen and felt. But even without that in the glimpse here there may be some truths.

Go there yourself, on a summer night when the moon is up and there is a faint breeze stirring the darkness of the trees, and the fireflies snap their flinty trails over the lawns, and bicycle lights glide by in streams, and lovers come and go; there may be quieter places or gayer places in other parks of other great cities in the world, but, on such a night at least, there is none more beautiful.

Arthur Wakeley.



CAN I FORGET?

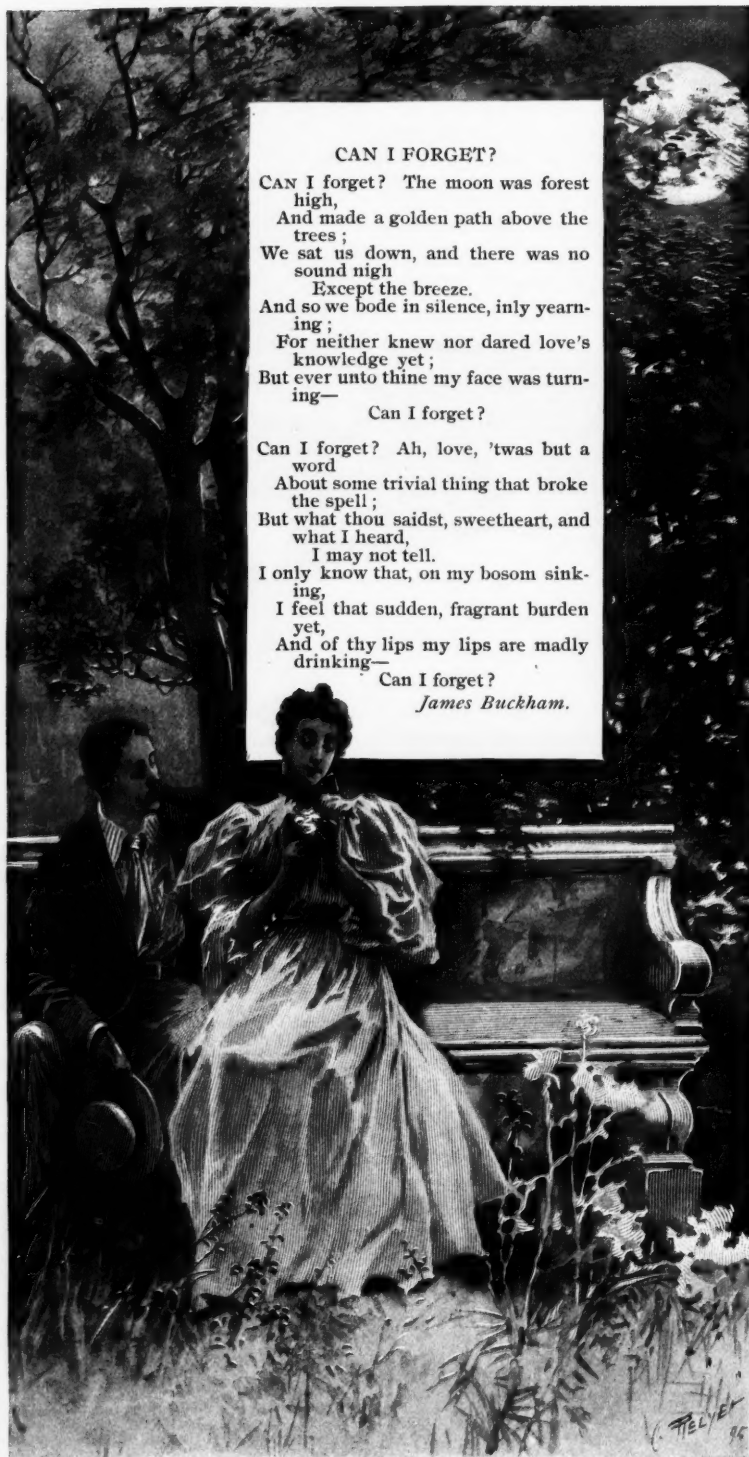
CAN I forget? The moon was forest
high,
And made a golden path above the
trees ;
We sat us down, and there was no
sound nigh
Except the breeze.
And so we bode in silence, inly yearn-
ing ;
For neither knew nor dared love's
knowledge yet ;
But ever unto thine my face was turn-
ing—

Can I forget ?

Can I forget? Ah, love, 'twas but a
word
About some trivial thing that broke
the spell ;
But what thou saidst, sweetheart, and
what I heard,
I may not tell.
I only know that, on my bosom sink-
ing,
I feel that sudden, fragrant burden
yet,
And of thy lips my lips are madly
drinking—

Can I forget ?

James Buckham.



THE BREAK OF DAY.

"AND you feel sure that the attack will be made before morning?" asked Carson.

"Undoubtedly," replied Beltone. "They know that our defenses are imperfect and that we have lost heavily. They will not give us time to strengthen ourselves."

"Can we beat them off?"

"I do not think we can stop them. I would not say this before the men, but I will to you. They appear to be in force much superior to ours. Besides, they are just as good, man for man, as we are. They have shown that here as well as many a time elsewhere. Did you notice the tall, slender man, with the scar across his face, who was in the front of the charge they made this morning?"

"The one who climbed upon the breastwork at the left angle?"

"Yes. Right in the mouth of our guns. Even after the attack was repulsed he leaned over and chopped at our cannoneers with his sword until some of the men seized him and dragged him inside, a prisoner. When they have the advantage of numbers and of darkness to render our aim ineffective we cannot overcome such desperate courage as that."

"But we may be reinforced."

"Impossible. We have been tangled up a long time in the wilderness. The movement was well intended, but it has failed; and now we are like a mislaid and forgotten package in this lonely and isolated spot. Remember how long it has been since we have heard from the army. We do not even know which way it has gone."

"You don't take a cheerful view of the matter."

"I was merely presenting the facts. But don't look upon me as a croaking raven, predicting evil, old fellow. There are no cowards in our party, and I dare say we shall give a good account of ourselves. Only, as the last hand in the game is to be played soon, I wish our hand was as good as theirs."

The two young officers shrank close to the rude and hastily thrown up earthwork as they whispered together. The darkness, heavy, clammy, and thick with the exhalations from the slimy ooze of the swamps,

oppressed them. Behind them they could see indistinctly the recumbent forms of some of their comrades catching a little sleep upon the ground. To the right and to the left were the sentinels. In front was the little clearing, and beyond the forest in which the enemy lay. The moon cast down a few pallid rays which apparently served only to make the darkness visible.

"What a black night!" whispered Carson. "This darkness and the swamp ooze creep into my marrow and numb my courage. I have to reinforce my nerves with my will."

"Many a brave man before you has had to do that when old Father Sun has gone down the other side of the earth," returned Beltone. "Fighting is bad enough at any time, but a night attack, barring the noise, is like a battle among the ghosts. Can you see anything over there in the wood?"

"No," said Carson; "I can barely make out the outline of the wood itself. The moon is of very little use tonight. I suppose it is so much ashamed of the war and bloodshed here that it does not consider it worth while to pay any serious attention to this portion of the earth."

"Never mind," said Beltone; "it's the same moon that's shining, or rather not shining, for the enemy over there. So long as the darkness is as thick as this they will not attack. They could not tell friends from enemies."

"They are silent in the wood," resumed Beltone, a moment later. "Such a considerable force lying so very near us makes no noise that we can hear. I should say that circumstance certainly portended an attack. They are resting before the rush. Ah, what is that?"

"You have nerves as well as I," chuckled Carson, "when the hoot of a swamp owl, which you have heard many and many a time before, would disturb you like that."

"I don't deny it," said Beltone, "nor am I ashamed of it. It is hard enough work to lie down with the reserves in a big battle and wait your turn to be called, while you hear the cannon thundering in front, and the wounded are taken by you to the rear, and the Minié balls are zip-zipping over your head. But then you have the

bright sun shining over you, and there is no friend like the daylight. Here you crouch in the darkness and wait for a hand to cleave the black veil and strike you."

There was perfect silence in the camp. In the distant wood, the notes of the night owl rose higher and higher and grew more mournful the higher they rose.

"Isn't that a brooding raven?" whispered Carson. "He makes the lines of that old poem sing through my head."

"It may be the dirge of some brave man," returned Beltone; "again, he may be lamenting man's folly."

"Confound it, I wish he would stop, whatever he means. The swamp and the darkness and the owl together may be too much for me," said Carson.

Beltone did not reply. A faint breeze sprang up, but it brought to them nothing but the rustling of the leaves, and the owl's melancholy measure. The two young men still sat by the earthwork, and tried to pierce the darkness. Presently Beltone said,

"The moon is getting brighter; can you see anything in the wood there now?"

"Nothing except the trees that compose it," returned Carson. "We might send a cannon ball into it. That would stir them up."

"It's not worth while," said Beltone. "They would simply draw further back, if they are not already out of range. There's nothing for us but to wait."

"Beltone," said Carson, "I don't mean to be melodramatic or sentimental, but if I fall you will tell them at home what became of me?"

"Certainly," replied Beltone calmly, even cheerfully, "if you are the one taken and I am the one left. If it is the reverse, I ask you to do as much for me. If we both fall, probably enough of our comrades will be left to make all the history of it the world needs."

They relapsed again into silence, but remained beside the breastwork, voluntary and vigilant sentinels. Old Time moved on with heavy step. The owl's hoot died away, and only the rustling of the wind through the leaves was heard.

"It seems a week since the sun set," said Carson.

"And that means that it will be another week until the sun rises again," returned Beltone. "It must be about midnight now. Do you see anything in the wood yet?"

"No, only the treeswaying in the wind. I think I shall climb upon the breastwork and get a better view."

"Don't do it."

"Why?"

"Sharpshooters. Some of them can see like owls, and the shadows will not protect you."

"I'll chance it."

Cautiously he climbed the earthwork. There was a report from the wood, followed by the familiar singing noise that a Minié ball makes, and Carson rolled back into the camp.

"It is nothing, or rather a narrow escape only," he said getting up. "I felt the swish of his bullet past my cheek. I am not hurt."

Beltone made no comment. By and by he asked again,

"Can you see anything yet in the wood?"

"No; nothing but the black wall of trees."

"But don't you hear a sound that is not the rustling of the leaves?"

"I think so, but I can't tell yet whether it's reality or the imagination."

"There, again; don't you hear it?"

"I seem to hear something; but still it may only be imagination playing one of her tricks at the sunset of life."

"If I do not really hear it, then imagination is very strong, even for such a night and such a situation as this."

"The balance is certainly inclining to the side of reality."

"Listen!"

They lay perfectly quiet for a minute, straining every sense to hear. Then Beltone drew his pistol belt a little tighter.

"There can be no doubt of it," he said. "The wind is blowing from the wood towards us, and in the stillness of the night sound comes a long distance with great distinctness. I have heard such sounds too often before to be mistaken. That steady, regular pulsation could not be made by anything but marching troops."

"It isn't possible that they are withdrawing! Beltone! Do you think they are?"

"No. They have been reinforced. That sound was made by troops coming to join them. It means heavier odds against us when the rush comes. There—do you hear that? Am I not right?"

A cheer, far away and faint, but unmistakable, came to them. In a moment it was repeated, and then again and again, each time swelling with increased volume.

"I don't see why they should make so much noise about it," said Carson, a little pettishly.

"It's their time to cheer," returned Beltone quietly.

After the cheers came silence, and for a long time the listening men could hear nothing. Then a confused hum and murmur of voices came from the wood; but this, too, soon died away, and the stillness of the night settled down again. It might have been a half hour afterwards when a plaintive but clear note pierced the air and startled the listening men. As it continued, the sound grew louder and fuller. Mellow and sweet, it filled the darkness around them.

"A violin!" said Carson. "On the eve of battle. How strange!"

"I never knew anything like it before in all my experience of war," returned Beltone. "But hush, listen. Don't you recognize the tune?"

Through the heavy night air floated the solemn strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and the music rose and fell as if the hand of a master held the bow.

"Perhaps the forest is haunted," whispered Carson.

"If it's not, the force out there has a strange commander!" returned Beltone. "He has an odd method of rousing the spirits of the men for battle."

"Beltone," said Carson gravely, "don't forget your promise about telling them at home, if I fall in the morning."

Before Beltone could reply a voice, deep in the wood, took up the strain of the violin and blended with its notes. Over them and around them, clear and sweet, floated the words and the echo of the song:

Home, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

The atmosphere had cleared and the moon shone bright. Beltone could see a tear glisten on the eyelid of his companion.

"Do not be ashamed of it," said Beltone, with a nervous little laugh, as Carson raised his hand to wipe the tear away. "When we lose our feelings we cease to be men."

He stopped, for now a dozen, twenty, even fifty—yes, a hundred voices, far away in the wood, joined in the song of home.

Then the melody ceased. Beltone heard a sigh of regret, like an echo, from Carson.

Neither spoke for some time. Then Carson said,

"Beltone, what does it mean?"

"I cannot say. Perhaps it was for amusement. But I would choose another kind of music for troops who expected to make a bloody assault in an hour or two. Still, you never can tell what a commander will do. The sternest of them grow sentimental sometimes."

Beltone shrugged his shoulders, and the

two again relapsed into their silent waiting. But they heard the music no more.

"What we shall hear next will be music of a different sort," said Carson.

The night crept on with heavier steps than ever.

"Daylight cannot be far away. The enemy's rush is near at hand. We are as well prepared for him as we can be in this camp here. But I wish it were all over."

"I believe I hear their footsteps now," said Carson. "Listen. Are they coming?"

But the sound, if there was any, died away, and the two men crouched against the soft earth, waited, and heard nothing.

A slight gray streak appeared in the east. It broadened, and soon bars of light shot up over the forest.

"He will come now," whispered Beltone, "when there is just light enough for him to see our camp, and too little for us to take aim by."

But the wood was still silent. No human forms could be seen among the trees. The bars of light broadened. The red edge of the sun arose above the horizon. A full throated bird in a tree began to sing.

"Strange," said Beltone. "Where is he? He is not wont to be lax like this."

The morning grew, until camp and forest and swamp were flooded with the yellow sunlight.

Suddenly Carson grasped Beltone's arm.

"There is some one," he said. "They are coming at last!"

A man appeared at the edge of the clearing. He held up his hands and walked towards the camp. He was unarmed.

Beltone and Carson watched him intently. The rifles of the sentinels covered him.

"I wonder what he is after? Does he want to play with us after the cat-and-mouse fashion?" muttered Beltone.

The man came on towards the camp. Other men fell in behind him, but came no further than the edge of the wood. The stranger walked with an easy step, straight and firm, toward the earthwork where Beltone and Carson stood, awaiting his approach.

"An officer of rank. A colonel, at least," said Beltone.

The stranger saluted.

"I wish you a pleasant morning, sirs."

"We are indebted to you. I trust you are well," said Beltone, with equal politeness. "May I ask you who has honored us with this visit?"

"Certainly." He spoke with great dignity. "I am Colonel Walton of the Louisiana troops, commander of the forces out there."

"I have heard of you often, colonel," returned Beltone. "We have not forgotten how you held us back that fierce day at the bend of the river."

"I have done the best that I could for what I thought was right," said the colonel simply.

Then Beltone asked,

"Have you any message that I may take to our commander?"

"Yes," said Colonel Walton. "We were joined by Tennessee troops last night. Their officers are fine fellows, and they bring us news. Perhaps you heard us singing in the night?"

"Yes," said Beltone wonderingly.

"Well, then," the stranger continued, "say to your commander that I and my officers would be greatly pleased and honored if he and his staff would take dinner with us today. It is true that we have little to offer, but I dare say we can treat you well."

"Why, sir," said Beltone angrily, "what sort of jesting is this? We are aware that you are in overwhelming force, but before we go into your camp as prisoners you must first come and take us. War is bad enough, sir, without such ill timed jokes as this."

"War?" said Colonel Walton calmly. "Why do you speak of war? General Lee and his army surrendered three days ago. The war is over."

Joseph A. Altsheler.



IN THE ORCHARD AT DALVENI.

Oh! Here, beneath this roof of green,
I throw me down and dream again
The golden dreams of what has been
And future harvests yet to gain!

The wheat waves in the field close by,
An apple, ripened ere its time,
Drops from the tree, the sun's great eye
Seeks through the leaves, and, as I rhyme,

The birds weave to and fro and sing
The very songs I would declare,
And now and then the branches swing
Stirred gently by a wandering air.

The binders, clicking in the wheat,
The whistle of a passing train,
The distant noises of the street,
Are to my song a low refrain.

Today! Today I rest at ease
And pick the golden fruits that grow
In solitude on twigs of peace—
The fruits that only dreamers know.

But, oh! Tomorrow's face must wear
The sober lines decreed by fate,
And all the ties of toil and care
Wait just beyond the orchard gate!

Herman Rave.

THE PADRE'S EARTHLY HOPE.

THE padre Alfrado Gonzalez was the last of all the missionaries who brought out of Mexico to the natives of California the news of the Christ. Sent from the College of San Fernando to carry on the work of spiritual colonization begun by the good Junipero Serra, the young friar had come northward into the new land with a spirit divinely enthusiastic and a purpose true and holy. Joining the band of working priests at the mission of San Diego he had labored with the zeal of a crusader, never resting, never tiring, ever leaving the finished work for the places yet to be opened and won. At all the missions had his name become familiar. The natives knew him as the "blessed brother." About him dwelt a peace and happiness so good and simple that his presence seemed a benediction to them, and he won them to his Christ through the love he gave them.

More than fifty years of his life had thus been spent amongst them. By degrees he had come up the coast. At San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San José, and the Mission Dolores had he labored, but, the vigor of his youth past, the glory of the mission days declining, he had come now to Monterey as the resident padre of San Carlos.

Father Alfrado sat in his cell in the mission poring over the verses of his Latin Bible, but he read only by rote. A small crucifix stood on the shelf before him and by its side a candle burned faintly. Now and then, as he lifted his eyes to the weak, spluttering flame, it seemed to be whispering to him the story of his life. Father Alfrado was not an old man, nor was he feeble minded, that he should meditate on life before the dying flame of a tallow candle. He was more than sixty, to be sure, but his years of toil in the Lord's name had been so much a work of love that time had only tinged his locks with gray, and had aged him in other ways scarcely at all. Still, as he watched the flame melt the candle slowly away, its similitude to life appealed to him, bringing up a train of thought he had often put away from him by the strength of his faith. Now he let these thoughts take their way, while his lips moved mechanically as he read for the hundredth time the verses before him.

His thoughts were of the glory of the mission days now fast departing; of the toil, the work, the prayers, of those who had gone before him in the earlier years, and he wondered if it had all been in vain. The state, he knew, was encroaching on mission rights; the days of their glory and power were going; they were finishing their work in the name of the Lord; the night was coming; their works would be swept away and forgotten; their sacrificed lives—rewarded? their prayers—answered? The priest dropped on his knees before the crucifix, and his mild, deep voice whispered, "Yea, O Lord, answered."

Seldom in all his years of work had Father Alfrado thought of self. The enthusiasm of youth, with which he had entered upon the mission work, had never once been turned to his own advancement. Ambition he had known, but it was ambition inspired with a divine purpose, ambition to labor in a work which should open the glory of another and a new life to the natives of a new land. The work itself had been its recompense. It was his life; he loved it and asked no more. So had he been sent here and there where there seemed the greatest need of labor, always labor. The steady flame burning out the tallow had been his life. But the flame of the candle melted more of its tallow than the light could burn, and ran it down into the candlestick to burn again; had he done likewise? From his long, busy life had anything been saved that might be gathered up to use again? Was there any one, who, from love of the work alone—for love was all there was to pay one now for service—would take up the thread where he should drop it?

A new light came to him. How strangely the candle had set him thinking! He rose and walked slowly up and down the small cell, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. Once he stopped before a tall, narrow window that looked eastward. The faintest flush of dawn was on the peaks of the Santa Lucias; a new day was coming. A new light? Father Alfrado went back to the little crucifix and knelt to pray. He prayed as he had never prayed before; he prayed for life, to live, to carry on the mission work; he prayed for a new life; and almost then,

faintly there came a knock on the wall of his cell. The priest rose and opened the door. On the threshold an Indian knelt. Pointing heavenward and muttering a few words in broken Spanish, the native signified that the padre was needed at the bed of death. Wrapping a thick gray cloak about him, beneath which he clasped the small crucifix, Father Alfrado left the mission.

Morning was dawning pink on the white sandhills which shut in the valley of the Carmelo from the sea. Over the hills, as the light grew strong, the priest followed the Indian down into Pescadero. Through the hamlet of a dozen adobe huts, where fishermen dwelt, they passed and on toward the shore. Before a low adobe the Indian finally stopped and, pointing within, made signs that he would not enter.

The hut was cold and gloomy, and darkness clung to the vacant corners of its one room. As Father Alfrado entered, a little light struggled in. For the errand upon which he had come, and the revelation it was to bring, he was ill prepared. A Spanish woman, deserted by her worthless English husband, had taken her own life. In one of the dark corners the woman lay prostrate on the damp earth floor. She appeared to be alone; but as Father Alfrado bent over her he saw that about her neck were the arms of a boy, his head of golden curls pillowed upon her breast. The woman was dying. A wound above her heart was reddening the golden hair spread over it. Father Alfrado raised the child gently, and pressed into the mother's hands the crucifix. She gazed appealingly into the padre's gentle face, and brought the image of the Christ to her lips. Father Alfrado, bending low, heard her breathe faintly, "*De amore, Mario, de amore.*"

As a frightened child seeks the shelter of arms that love, so, instinctively, the child clasped the priest's neck. His fair hair fell about the padre's shoulder as close to him he nestled, sobbing bitterly and shivering with a fear of a terrible something, the awfulness of which he was never to know.

Father Alfrado brought the child away and, bearing him back to the settlement of fishermen, left him with blessings in the family of one of them.

As the day grew brighter and warmer the priest went back across the hills to the mission. A strange softness filled his heart. To him who seemed the essence of all that was calm and peaceful, such a feeling could not have been foreign, and yet never before had his life known the secret joy that now diffused itself around him and in him.

Was it a new hope? An answer to the prayer he had not uttered? About his neck he felt still the child's arms, the loving pressure of the fair boyish head was against his breast, long golden curls fell over his gray cloak, blue eyes looked confiding up into his, and a boyish voice yet whispered in his ear, "Shall I now be thy boy, padre mio, and live with thee at the mission?" Father Alfrado's heart beat fast. At the crest of the hills he looked back. He could see out across the waters of the peaceful ocean, and below him, by the shore, Pescadero was drying its nets. Before one of the adobes he fancied he saw, playing with the other children, a golden haired boy. "How short are the sorrows of youth," he murmured.

When the priest entered his cell in the mission after his strange errand to Pescadero, he placed the crucifix upon the shelf, and, kneeling before it, with uplifted hands, tried to pray. It was the first time in all his devoted, holy life that prayer had been an effort. But his mind was afire with thoughts that he could not control, thoughts strange to him, new thoughts, thoughts which divided themselves between God and earth and ran away with his senses, leaving only an uncertain something in which a feeling of physical paternity and hope in life mingled with love and duty to God. Only a few short hours before, as he read his Latin verses in the light of the wasting candle and thought of his declining years, there had come to him, faintly at first, then definitely, the idea of a successor in the work in which he labored; one who for love of the work—and for love of him—should continue the Father's work in the mission; in whom the spirit and love which he had brought out of Mexico with his enthusiasm and youth might live again; one whom he might teach and guide and so bring up that he himself, though dead, should yet live in the works of his disciple. With the thought a new element had entered his life. And, as back and forth in his cell he walked in the early hours of that eventful morning, and looked from his narrow window toward the coming day, his thoughts crystallized into a hope, a hope that only the interrupting knock of the Indian at his door prevented from being a prayer.

Had not God answered his unspoken petition? Could there be a doubt of a divine purpose in the mission of the Indian? Was it not to bring to him a disciple and successor in the fair, beautiful boy he had found in the arms of a dying mother?

Surely it could have been nothing else, and Alfredo, still kneeling before the crucifix, raised his eyes in gratitude to heaven.

Then followed the years in which the boy was growing up in the family of the fisherman, Lomez. The weeks and months brought no news of the English father, and Mario came to be looked upon and to be called the padre's child. The fisherman called him Mario, for Father Alfredo had said that that was his name.

To Pescadero Mario brought wondrous luck. Never had there been such peace and plenty. Never before were the catches of smelt so heavy; never had the Indians brought better hides or larger nuggets of gold to offer in exchange for the dried fish. Lomez himself was a Spaniard. His wife, a native woman, was one of the neophytes of the mission. With them Mario had not found himself alone. They had many children, and of these, one child, a girl, nearer his own age than the others, had become his fast companion and playfellow. Her name was Loma. She was very dark, with dark hair and soft eyes, as dark and beautiful as Mario was light and fair; and they were inseparable.

Always together, they romped on the white sands by the shore, caught the storks and the reed birds in the marshes by the Carmelo, and hunted the gopher in the tangled alfalfa about the mission. Through the wild mustard, up hill and down, with shout and laughter, they chased the white butterflies hither and thither like wild bees in clover, tiring only when the day was done. Together they tramped over the hills to the mission, and, catching sight of Father Alfredo, raced to him with arms outspread, and chattered and clamored about him until, placing his hands on their heads, he blessed them and sent them away. Mario was gifted with a beautiful voice, and ever as the children ran here and there it sounded flute-like and joyous. To Loma's delight he sang against the meadow lark, and out-whistled him in sweetness.

In the canyon, behind the mission, where the melted snows of the distant mountains came to light, was the spring which furnished San Carlos with its heavenly wine. The place was a paradise to the children. Old madroños twisted their rugged boughs into a sylvan arbor, manzanita berries hung the place with red, and chaparral brush surrounded it with an almost impenetrable thicket. There, when the noonday sun was hot, the children loved to go, pushing their way through the tangles of brush. Of some hanging vines, between the knots of two

chaparrals, Mario made a hammock in which they swung for hours with childish delight.

In the girl's nature was the Indian love of the woods, of flowers, of birds, and of them the boy never tired of hearing. Between the elements of nature, animate and inanimate, she wove for him a relationship weird and wonderful. She was an imaginative child, and her little head teemed with fanciful stories. She said that the chipmunk that scampered up and down the trunk of a prostrate redwood before them was the lover of the demure gray squirrel, who with intentness looked down upon him from the limb of the madroño above. She wove tales of the speckled green lizard and the sandy horned toad that Mario routed from the dry red dust of the roadway or dug up in the hot white sand of the hills, though she hated these crawling things and shivered that he should touch them.

But in Mario there was no shadow of fear. He delighted in doing things dangerous. He grew strong and manly, and he loved to show his little companion his strength. As they grew older, Mario felt pleasure in the sense of his guardianship of Loma; he was her protector. In their rambles he carried her across the mountain creeks, tugged her up the soft sandhills that they might roll down together, helped her everywhere.

Of her mother Loma had learned snatches of many songs, soft, loving words, songs to the stars, the moon, the woods; and these she hummed to refrains, now cheerful and gay, now sad and pathetic. Mario caught them easily, and his beautiful voice made glorious music of them. Often he sang to the fishermen about their huts at night, and Loma accompanied him with a guitar or sang with him.

Among the songs was one that the children loved more than all the rest. It was a song quite without words as Mario sang, it though he often put words to it. Loma's mother, from whom the children learned it, had brought with her from the Salinas only the memory of its fascinating melody—low, quiet, beautiful, rising and falling, coming and going, now slow, now rapid, now laughing, now sobbing, bursting into ecstasy and dying away in a breath—telling to each listener, according to the heart, a different story, to each a story of life and passion and love—a strange song for children to sing.

The fishermen looked upon Mario as he sang with awe and wonder and said, "A padre's child, indeed!"

In the new hope that had been born within him, the years seemed interminable to Father Alfrado. Impatiently he waited for the day when Mario should be of sufficient age to come to him at the mission to enter upon the duties of an acolyte. Of the fact that such was to be his life, Mario was well aware; of any other life than that which should follow the padre's example, he had never dreamed; and as he grew more of a lad and his affection and reverence for Alfrado became stronger, more eagerly he longed to enter upon his work in the church. The development of the child's marvelous voice Father Alfrado had watched with great joy and with pleasure had noted Mario's bright and happy nature.

It was not an arduous task, Mario found, to be an acolyte, while the possibilities of being always near the padre gave him endless joy. The masses he learned readily, the service duties were simple. When the padre allowed him to sing alone at service he was in ecstasy. Now and then he worked in the fields and when the priest journeyed to some distant settlement Mario was his companion. Surely labor for the church was a work of love, and yet—why did Father Alfrado say that an acolyte should not run about after butterflies in the yellow mustard fields? Why did he tell him that an acolyte might not roll down the sandhills with a pretty, dark eyed *muchacha* when he knew it was only Loma? Or that it was not becoming to clasp a maiden's waist? "Not even Loma's?" he asked in surprise when the priest had told him these things. The masses, the work, the services, were nothing but pleasures to him; his task was to forget the things that had made him so happy when he lived with the fisherman by the sea. And Loma, he found, was not the least of these joys, nor was it easy to forget the songs of love they had learned when as children they hunted the gopher and bathed in the surf.

Father Alfrado said that his love for the pastimes of his early youth was but a childish fancy, that he would outgrow it, that it was not manly. But try as earnestly as he might, Mario found, even after a year had passed, that his hardest task was to forget his love of things he had never had to learn to love. Forgetting Loma was the one thing impossible to him.

One day Father Alfrado asked him, "Dost thou not realize, Mario, what thy bearing towards women should be?" They were returning from a visit to Pescadero. The padre had been telling him of many duties, for the boy had tried him sorely. At Pesca-

dero, catching sight of Loma, he had rushed wildly down the hill to meet her, had caught her up in his arms and kissed her. An acolyte kissing the red lips of a Spanish maiden! What could it mean? Mario must be warned. Loma's dark face flushed crimson, and she ran away and hid in the adobe. Father Alfrado had said nothing to Mario then, but all the way back, when their visit was over, he had talked; the acolyte had never before seen the padre so disturbed.

"Thou hast acted unwisely, Mario," the priest said.

"To kiss Loma?" asked the boy in surprise. "Why, padre mio, I have done it a thousand times."

"Aye, child, before thou camest to the church."

"And may not an acolyte kiss a maiden without sin, padre?" asked the boy.

Alfrado's hands lifted in priestly horror at the question. He stopped and looked down at Mario with an expression of intense wonder, doubting almost the sincerity of the boy's innocence. "Heaven forbid that thou shouldst speak so. Can it be that thou dost not realize the nature of thy relations with women, and dost not understand how thou must treat them?"

Mario gazed into the priest's troubled eyes and silently shook his head. On his boyish face was the look of a child that does not comprehend. Suddenly his eye brightened. "I do *love* them all, padre," he said; "is there more to do?"

Against the innocence of such love the priest could not face the child with answers such as he knew must some day be given him. The boy's light heartedness, his cheerfulness, his love of all things natural, had so won Alfrado's affections that to rob him of the simplest of the pleasures he had learned so to love, gave the priest pain; and yet so must he do. The inevitable was before him. Mario would not always be a boy; his loves and joys not always those of a simple, beautiful child. As he developed physically and grew into manhood, the attainment of which was now Father Alfrado's one earthly hope, the instincts of his being must develop also. That these might be so developed in Mario that in him the church should have an ideal son was Father Alfrado's constant prayer.

Many things in Mario perplexed the priest. The intense joy the boy showed in things not in themselves sinful, but in the eyes of the church unholy, were trials to Alfrado. Strong and difficult of correction as he found them, they were, however,

mere nothings when compared to the boy's affection for the playmate of his childhood, and ere Father Alfrado realized the existence of a tenderness between the children, and long before he came to appreciate its significance or to look about for a remedy, Mario's fondness for the dark and beautiful little daughter of the fisherman at Pescadero was the tenderness and love of a man.

The realization of it all dawned upon the priest suddenly. It came like the fog in the night, and brought an ocean of despair. Its development meant the loss of Mario to the church—the death of the padre's earthly hope.

But was there no remedy? Could not the cause of Mario's distraction be removed?

The priest had decided that there was a remedy. He would go at once to the Convent of Santa Teresa. The mother superior, Dolores, should help him.

* * * *

Father Alfrado was coming over the foothills of the Santa Lucias down into the valley of the Carmelo, to San Carlos. The red trail he followed led him through fields of yellow mustard and clumps of brown chaparral until he stood at the crest of the last rise looking westward. Below him, surrounded by fields of green alfalfa, nestled his own beloved mission; above him was the cloudless sky and heaven; in the distance the waters of the Pacific glimmered, and far away, a faint, dull outline, was the incoming fog that marked the night.

The padre had been away from his mission many days, and now, as he looked out over the peaceful country to the sandhills and the waters beyond, troubling thoughts, that had been with him so constantly on his journey, fled before the joy that filled him at his safe return. An hour before sundown he reached the valley and came into the mission fields. He was footsore and weary from his days of mountain tramping, but his step quickened as the shadows of the pepper trees fell across his path, for he knew the angelus would soon be ringing and he wanted to be at the chapel then. He could see the neophytes coming over the trails on the hills and gathering in groups. Would there be a new face among them, another soul to save, he wondered? Might it not be a sign of Heaven's approval of his journey to Santa Teresa? And yet, with such a hope almost uttered, he stopped in the path, clasped his hands meekly before him, and raised his eyes to heaven.

As he continued, he heard singing in the distance, and, raising his head to listen,

watched the path before him where it came from the vineyard. His face grew bright in anticipation of the meeting. The voice was the high soprano of a boy, fresh and clear and holy; the song—the padre's face darkened as the meaning came to him; the words were Spanish and told of earthly love. But as the boy emerged from the vines and with joyous shout came running down the path with outstretched arms towards the priest, calling, "Padre mio, padre mio, thou art home again!" the darkness on the priest's face vanished.

"Art thou glad, Mario, to see me again? And hast thou been a good lad?" he said, laying his hands on the boy's head.

"Glad to see thee! Padre mio, thou knowest that I am never glad when thou art away; and when thou art away, I am never good. Didst thou have a good time?"

"Tut, tut, Mario, I fear thou dost not always try to be good; but what wast thou singing among the vines?" asked the priest.

Mario's face flushed. "It was a silly song," he said shyly; "didst thou hear the words, padre?"

Father Alfrado did not answer the question. "Thou hast the voice of angel, Mario," he said; "thou shouldst not desecrate it with silly songs; they are unmeet in an acolyte of the church. Sometimes I think," he went on slowly, "thou dost not love the church, Mario."

"But, padre mio, I *do* love the church—and thee," pleaded the boy. "I will try to forget the song; but it is *so* beautiful."

"Of whom didst thou learn it?" asked the priest.

"Of Loma; but thou, padre, dost not like it. Dost thou not like songs of love?"

The face of the priest turned away as the acolyte looked up questioningly, and he could not answer.

* * * *

The tall refectory windows of San Carlos looked westward from the walls of light adobe toward the sea. At night, reflecting the glory of the setting sun, they seemed like streaks of red and glistening gold against a huge slab of granite. From the hills about the natives looked down upon this reflected glory with awe; and always, as the light came into the windows, they listened for the ringing of the angelus. The glistening light which blinded them as the sun, and which faded and went out with the colors in the heavens, was mysteriously connected in their minds with the sound of the mission bell at nightfall. To them there was a divine message in the colors of the one, a benediction in the notes of the other.

Tonight, as the padre was returning from Santa Teresa, a little band of Spaniards and natives, coming over the range from the settlement by the sea, were gazing at the sunlit mission below them. There were several women, among them Loma, and the Senora Lomez, her mother. As the notes of the angelus came faintly to them, they knelt devoutly in prayer. When the bells ceased, they rose and continued their way down into the valley.

At the mission, Father Alfrado, followed by his assistants and Mario, had just entered the church. He had scarcely had time to change his gray and dust covered cloak for the white one of service, and to bathe his feet, sore and tired from the journey across the Santa Lucias. On his face was the expression of absent thought. With slow and measured step, and with a simple yet impressive dignity, he came through the vestry room and entered the sanctuary. Kneeling before the image of the Saviour, he prayed; then, rising, he turned to Mario, who followed him closely, and asked softly, "Wilt thou sing, Mario?"

The acolyte, clad in white, stepped forward. He sang a simple gloria. His sweet voice, unaccompanied, filled the church, and rose as a prayer of thankfulness to heaven for the padre's safe return.

On the hard earth floor in the center of the church knelt the worshipers. As the priest turned toward them, while yet Mario sang, he looked for the new face among them, the sign that his journey to Santa Teresa had been well made.

But he looked in vain. To the right he saw Senora Lomez, with Loma and her other children, all kneeling. He noted how intently they listened to the song of the acolyte, their eyes devoutly fastened on the image of the Christ—all save Loma, who, with head uplifted and the fire of earthly worship and love in her dark eyes, gazed into the face of the singer.

When Mario had sung, he, with the other assistants, passed out, and the priest came down among the people. Moving from one to another he prayed with them and blessed them. As he stood before Senora Lomez, he spoke to her softly.

One by one, the worshipers rose and passed slowly out until a single figure was left kneeling by the altar. The chapel was fast darkening. Only the faintest ray of light struggled in and fell upon the priest bowed in prayer. When all was quiet he rose, and, coming down to the kneeling figure, addressed it.

"Daughter," he said gently, "since thou

hast received the light thou hast been a good servant of the Lord." He hesitated, and in the silence laid his hand upon the woman's bowed head. His voice was low and kindly. "I would know of thee," he continued, "if thou dost feel thy indebtedness to the Lord?"

The bowed head bent lower, and a voice answered, so faint that even in the stillness of the chapel its words were lost.

"Has not the Lord prospered thee and made thee happy? Has He not blessed thee with daughters beautiful and good, and given thee strength to enjoy life? Has not His goodness followed thee throughout the day, and at night has He not kept thee safe? Has not thy husband prospered, too, through the Lord's goodness? Does he not enjoy health and strength, and are not his boys tall and strong and manly?" The soft voice of the priest had risen as he spoke. He lowered it as he asked, "And what hast thou, daughter, ever done for the Lord?"

Again the faint voice of the woman answered; and the priest, bending low, heard the whisper, "Nothing, father, nothing."

"Wouldst thou show that thou art grateful, daughter? Thou mayst do a service to the church and to God."

The woman raised her head, her arms uplifted in ready and willing submission, eager for the duty the priest might name.

A moment Alfrado gazed intently at her, then went on: "Thou dost know that I am but just returned from Santa Teresa. The sisters there are in need of aid in their work. Canst thou not supply it from the bounty of thy blessings? Thou hast many children, canst thou not give one unto the Lord—thy daughter, Loma?"

Senora Lomez gazed into the priest's face. She did not comprehend at first the meaning of his words. Then, slowly, the service he was asking of her in the Lord's name dawned upon her and, bending to the earth at his feet, she feebly moaned, "*Ah, si, padre mio, si, si; à Dios.*"

"Thou shalt be thrice blessed for thy gift, and thy child shall learn a happiness not of this earth. Go, prepare her for it. The Mother Dolores comes shortly to Monterey; Loma shall return with her."

Alfrado placed both his hands upon the mother's head and again blessed her. The church had darkened into night.

* * * *

With the first light of morning, Loma came over the sandhills from Pescadero. Hurrying down into the valley of the Carmelo, she passed the gate of the mission

and went on up into the canyon to the spring, where, when the sun came up, she knew that Mario would come to fill the padre's jars. Her rude dress of gunny was wet with the dampness of the fog, her long black hair hung loose and damp about her, the chaparral had torn her sleeve and scratched her arm, but she did not notice it. At the spring she sat down to wait for Mario. When she heard a crackling in the brush she sprang to meet him.

The acolyte clasped the girl in his arms with an exclamation of surprise and delight; but she pushed herself away. She was trembling violently.

"Dost thou know, Mario?" she whispered.

"Know! Yes, I know that I do *love* thee, little sister," he answered quickly.

"No, no, Mario; not that, not that; but that I am to leave Carmelo forever, to go away, away, Mario, across the Santa Lucias, never to come back! Has Father Alfrado not told thee? I am to be of the church, Mario, as thou art;" and with her hands still upon his arms, her face looking up into his, the tears filled her eyes.

Mario had never seen Loma cry, nor heard her sob. "What do you mean, little sister?" he asked tenderly, seating her in the hammock of vine and kneeling before her. "They shall *not* take you away! Who says they shall?" he said indignantly, tossing back his bright head, his blue eyes shining defiance.

But when the tears were dried and the sobs quieted, Loma told him of her mother's intention to send her to the sisters at Santa Teresa to be a nun; that it was her duty to God; "and besides," she said, "Father Alfrado wishes it."

"Padre mio's wish?" repeated the acolyte wonderingly. "Then thou must go, Lomita," he said slowly. "Padre mio only wishes what is good and best, little sister; he loves us both; thou must go to please him."

There were only the sounds of awakening day in the canyon about them. The sun, shining on the top of the tall redwoods, filtered its light through the thick foliage about the spring, lighting up the bunches of red manzanita berries and glistening on the cold water that trickled from the earth.

As Mario filled the jars, a noise in the brush startled the children.

"It is some one," whispered Loma.

But as they came down into the valley, they met no one; only, near the gate, where Loma and Mario parted, a herder called to the acolyte:

"Padre Alfrado hath gone into the canyon to find thee, boy!"

* * * *

The days and weeks following the departure of Loma from Pescadero to join the Mother Dolores at Monterey, and to proceed with her back to the convent of Santa Teresa, passed at San Carlos without incident. The Padre Alfrado and Mario were more often together than usual, and seemingly so by the priest's intention; but their relations as priest and acolyte were in no way altered. Mario sang his songs of praise as before; only the notes of joy that were the charm of his voice seemed, to the priest, to be less real. As the weeks grew into months, the padre noticed, with evident pain, that the songs his acolyte chose now to sing bore always the strain of pathos where before they had rung with gladness. He could not disguise from himself the cause of the change. Try as he might, he could not forget what by his own intent he had heard and seen at the spring in the canyon, on the morning of Loma's meeting with Mario. Looking from his cell, he had seen Loma come over the hills on her way to the spring, and had noted Mario's departure for the water. He had hastily dressed and followed them, reaching the spot in time to see and hear things which now, when the girl was gone, he tried to forget. The words his acolyte had spoken, that Padre Alfrado only wished what was good and right, and that he loved them both, came ever to him. He tried to think that what he had done was the only thing he could do, and that it was for the best.

The thought that gave him hope was his belief that Mario's affection for his playmate was simply that of a boy, and that in time the dark little Loma, with her beautiful eyes, would be forgotten. He loved Mario more and more. In him he saw ripening the fruits of the seed his hope had planted. But more, he loved him as a father loves his child. The first sensation of the boy's arms about his neck, when he had taken him from his dying mother, was always with him; the loving arms seemed never to unclasp, the memory of the golden curls that hung down upon the priest's cloak as he had borne the boy away from the house of death could not be effaced.

In Alfrado the boy saw nothing but good. All that the padre did was right, and the acolyte followed him as closely as his nature would allow. The padre's wish that Loma should go to Santa Teresa to be a nun he accepted unquestioned, never for an instant doubting its right. At first he only

feebly surmised the necessity of his parting with Loma forever. Only after months had passed, when he came more fully to realize the nature and the sanctity of the life he was to follow, did he understand the full meaning of the parting.

It came upon him like something out of the night into which he had never looked. His was not a simple mind; but under the padre's guidance his youth had been kept so free from the world, so innocent and pure and bright, that the boy found himself almost at once endowed with the knowledge of his power as a man.

Perhaps it was because so little of the world and of sin had entered the boy's character to darken it, that the childish affection and love which filled his nature seemed so strong. But whatever the causes were, the childish love was lasting; and so strong was it that when, after three years of separation from Loma, Mario heard for the first time of her in the news Father Alfrado brought to him—that he was to go to Santa Teresa to sing at her consecration—he fainted into the padre's arms, overcome with the ecstasy of the thought that he should see Loma one last time.

It was with difficulty that Father Alfrado had obtained permission to have his acolyte sing at Santa Teresa. The Mother Dolores objected to men singers. But the fame of Mario's voice had spread abroad, and she was induced to set aside her prejudices and to allow the acolyte of San Carlos to come. Besides, the wish of Father Alfrado was not to be lightly considered.

After the news had been made known to him, Mario lived in a dream of anticipation. The gay spirit which seemed to have burned gradually away during the months and years following Loma's departure, now returned in all its brightness. The notes of gladness came back to his voice, and he sang again as he had sung in the romping days at Pescadero.

Though Mario's new brightness filled Alfrado with joy, he could not deceive himself as to the cause of his acolyte's happiness. It made him thoughtful and sad, and he remained long in his cell at prayer. The nature of Mario's affection he now appreciated; of the meaning of its strength he dared not think, for the thoughts drove from him all joy in that one hope which had now become so great a factor in his life.

The preparations for the journey to Santa Teresa were simple. The one burro San Carlos possessed was to carry the padre, while Mario was to make the journey on

foot. Three days before Christmas, when Loma was to be consecrated, they left the mission.

As they ascended the foothills into the Santa Lucias, the light of the late winter's day was breaking through the clouds that hung over the mountains in the east. The priest's face was serious and gloomy, and he spoke little. Mario was radiant. Following behind the padre, he was humming to himself. The priest turned to look at him and asked,

"Art thou happy, Mario?"

"Aye, padre, very happy."

"And dost thou think thou wilt not fear to sing at Santa Teresa, before so many?"

The acolyte shook his head. "I shall not fear, padre; people do not frighten me," he said. "It will be a great joy to sing. Thou art good to take me with thee, padre mio; thou shalt say, 'Mario, thou didst never sing so well before.'"

Alfrado's face brightened at the acolyte's enthusiasm. "What wilt thou sing?" he asked.

Mario thought for a moment, then turned his face up to the padre's and asked, "What wouldst thou have me sing?"

"Thou dost sing all things well," replied the priest. "Sing as thou dost feel inclined, Mario, as the Lord shall inspire thee; with thy heart and soul in thy song it cannot be amiss."

* * * *

Morning was dawning on the mountain tops. To the east of the Santa Clara valley the thin, vaporous clouds brightened from a dull lead color to a transparent pink; westward and to the north the fog banks of night hurried seaward, disclosing, as they rolled away, a garden of Eden. From north to south extended fields of wild grass. On the foothills the thick chaparral and poison oak were shadows of varicolored greens and reds. The distant mountains were browned and burned and only in the canyons where the rains had been the heaviest, and the creeks had overflowed, had the mountain grass begun to freshen and look green again. Here and there about the valley a speck of white marked a dwelling place. Toward one of these Father Alfrado and Mario, coming down from the hills, were gazing. It was the Convent of Santa Teresa, known far and near as the abode of many good women who, to labor among the natives, had renounced their earthly life and given themselves to the service of the Lord.

On Christmas morning a number of young girls, robed in white, were walking up and

down the paved paths of the convent yard. They were the novices whose term of probation was ended, and who, at high noon, were to take the sacred veil of sisterhood.

Among them was Loma, but not the little girl who had romped over the shores of Pescadero with Mario. From the beautiful child she had grown to be a tall and slender woman. Her dark skin had whitened within convent walls, as the spirit of her youth had been subdued. Shut in from the freedom of the world she loved, Santa Teresa to her was the dull cage of a wild bird that would break its bars and fly away. But one thought gave her pleasure; she was to follow a life like that of Mario's. During the period of her novitiate she had heard of him but once. Then her mother, journeying over the mountains, brought her news from Pescadero.

"Thy playfellow, Mario, has grown a man," Senora Lomez had said, "and has manly ways. They have cut his golden curls and he wears a cloak like the padre's. He comes often to see us," she had gone on, "and he says that thy little sister, Anita, has thy eyes, Loma; he seems to love Anita more than all the rest."

With what joy had Loma heard this news! How glad it made her to think that Mario remembered her, and loved best the one who had her eyes! How often she thought of him, as looking from her window toward the Santa Lucias she watched the sun go down! She fancied she could hear his voice singing in the chapel at San Carlos, and now and again, in her thoughts, she followed him over the sandhills to the shore. How she envied Anita the meetings and the walks by the Carmelo that she fancied Mario had with her little sister! The hopelessness of her love she realized. She tried to forget the Mario of her childhood, and to remember him only as the young acolyte who was to follow Padre Alfrado as the resident priest of San Carlos; but the trial made her so wretched that the Mother Dolores fancied she was ill. She did not try to forget Mario again. She knew she could not.

In the convent garden a sister of Santa Teresa was walking by Loma's side. "To-day will be the gladdest Christmas of all thy life, daughter," said the nun.

But Loma, looking down, shook her head.

"Dost thou mean that thou art not glad to give thy life to the Lord?" asked the sister, in surprise.

"No, not that," answered the girl slowly; "I mean only that the Christmas days at

Pescadero, when the padre from the mission came to us, and his acolyte sang songs of praise, must ever seem the happiest Christmas times."

"It is strangely hard for thee to forget thy old life," replied the sister curtly, "and thou art curiously, childishly fond of those songs of a priest's acolyte. Thou shouldst think of other things today."

Loma looked up quickly. Her Indian blood burned red in her cheeks. "*Fond of them?*" she said. "*I am fond of them. I love them.*"

* * * *

It was noon. The sun fell about the chapel of Santa Teresa, filling the sanctuary with warmth, and burnishing the gilding with golden light. The preparations for the consecration were completed; the hush before a service of much sanctity had fallen. With impressive silence the gathered people waited the tolling of the bell. In the nave knelt a curiously mixed congregation. Before the altar rail to the right sat the visiting friars, and, in a place of honor at their front, the aged padre of San Carlos. To the left were seated the sisters of the convent, and in the rear, over the entrance to the chapel, a low balcony was now filling with the singers.

"He should stand in front, before us," murmured one of the number to another; "he comes with the padre from the Mission San Carlos;" and the two who stood a little in front of the rest stepped back and gave their place to one who entered.

It was Mario. With a graceful and reverential bow he passed before the sisters, and took the seat made vacant for him. As he quietly looked down over the nave towards Father Alfrado, the priest saw that the color had entirely gone from the boy's face. A chill passed through him to see Mario so white. The padre feared for Mario's sake, and for his own, the consequence of this silent meeting with Loma. Upon it alone rested his hope; for it, and for what it should tell, he had come. Would a divine will be shown? Would the fear of what he knew—?

The bell was tolling. The chapel door swung slowly open. In the movement of white in the entry the priest saw the gathering of angels. Through the sanctuary stole the notes of a harp. For years Father Alfrado had not heard the heavenly music; and as the notes swelled and a chorus of voices joined it, he fancied himself again in the school of San Fernando, learning the Lord's work. Had he pleased the Lord?

The forms he thought were angels entered

the chapel. He saw them come slowly down the center, and at each he looked intently. Veiled as they were, he did not recognize the face he sought. Was Loma not there? Had she rebelled at the vows about to be spoken?

The figures were kneeling; the sisters and priests rose; the padre of the Mission San José, with uplifted hands, blessed the kneeling women before him.

As they rose, each to take the vow, the chapel rang with an anthem of praise. The last chord was struck, the last note dying away when, low, quiet, slow, a voice of infinite sweetness and purity rose in the stillness, and crept out over the church like the faintest whisper of the breeze among the redwoods. Now its notes grew rapid and in a volume of sound it hurried on. Without words, it spoke to the heart, and called like a spirit. Yet its sweetness was earthly; its tones passionate.

With faces uplifted and eyes fixed, the people gazed at the singer. Of the priests, Father Alfredo alone looked elsewhere. With intentness he watched the novices. He had recognized the Indian song that Loma had taught Mario. It was the call of love.

At the first note, the figure of one of the novices trembled. As the voice rose the figure turned, the hands tore back the veil which covered the face, and Loma's dark eyes flashed forth their beauty and fire to Mario.

A moment she stood facing the singer, irresolute, wavering; but then it was that the voice burst forth in the call of love. And the answer came as, with arms outstretched to him, she fell forward, calling, "Mario! Mario!"

Father Alfredo's chin sank upon his breast. The Lord had spoken; his earthly hope was dead.

Jerome Case Bull.



THE CAUSE OF A TRAGEDY.

THE chief of police was searching for a match, in one of the drawers of his desk, when his fingers happened to touch a small piece of porcelain—evidently a fragment from a portrait miniature, for the lower part of a man's face appeared upon it. He handed it to Cummerford with the remark:

"There's something which should be of interest to you."

"Yes? A piece broken from a medallion, I should say. It has a history, of course, or it wouldn't be in your possession. What about it?"

"Well, that little piece of china was found between Henry Walton's teeth at the corner's inquest, and is positively the only clue to his murder. I believe you—er—know Mrs. Walton—quite well?"

"Very well indeed, I'm happy to say," Cummerford replied. "Shocking thing, her husband's death. She hasn't recovered

from it yet, apparently. You say there are no other clues?"

"Positively none. It was the most mysterious affair in all my experience. He was anything but a pleasant man, personally—gruff, irascible and all that; but, so far as we have been able to find out, there wasn't a person in the world who had any excuse whatever for killing him. You know he was found in his room with a stiletto in his heart, and there were evidences of a struggle around the bed."

"How about the usual theory? Was there any one who personally benefited by his death?"

"None but those who would naturally do so—his own family. No—I went over all that ground."

"He left quite an estate, I believe?" Cummerford said.

"Something over a million, all of which went to his wife. Well, she deserved it. I

happened to see a good deal of them, and her patience with him was something remarkable. Walton was really very fond of her, but he had a terrible temper, and—his earlier training was of the rough and ready sort—he was sometimes a good deal of a brute. Then, again, his family was nothing to speak of. His wife, on the contrary, was an Elmerton, of Boston—Mayflower stock—and his manners were often a greater trial to her than actual brutality; but I never heard a word of complaint from her. She was always the lady, every inch of her. As you say, she felt the tragedy terribly."

"Wonder if she'll ever marry again?" pursued Cummerford, who seemed to take a good deal of interest in the subject.

"Well—that's something the angel Gabriel couldn't tell. She was very much in love with her husband, but her married life couldn't have been all a bed of roses. Then—I had to show her this bit of porcelain, of course—she thinks, she told me, that Walton knew more of other women than he should. In fact, though we have never succeeded in finding his murderer, there is scarcely a question that his death was due in some way to a woman whom he had wronged. There isn't a shadow of proof of such a thing, you understand. He was no fool. But this bit of evidence suggests a good deal, and—well, I guess Mrs. Walton thinks all men are alike. No—I scarcely think she'll marry again. But she's the most gloriously beautiful woman I ever saw. She's had proposals by the score, already."

Cummerford did a good deal of thinking after he left his friend, the chief. He was among Mrs. Walton's host of open admirers. In fact, rumor credited him with rather a larger proportion of her favor than the others, but it would have been difficult to prove this. She was courteous, charming, considerate to all; and though every man who met her fell a victim to her beautiful personality, there was never an attempt to overstep the strictest line of ordinary social intercourse.

Her husband had been dead for over two years, and she was going a little more into society. She accepted the attentions bestowed upon her quite as a matter of course; and after the usual failure of a proposal, she had a singular way of holding the friendship of her rejected suitors.

Cummerford had felt, once or twice, that her glance when their eyes met had more

warmth in it than was bestowed upon the others, and he was certain of a slight pressure when he touched her hand, but these were trifles light as air—altogether too light to presume upon. Matters at length reached a point when he determined to make her love him, cost what it might. He was a man of the world, who understood something of women; so he kept himself well in hand, and showed her that, although he cared very little for the fair sex in general, he could make himself very popular when he chose.

Whether it was owing to his methods, or whether she had always liked him better than the others, is a point of no consequence. But she finally allowed her interest in him to be seen. She accepted invitations that she would accept from no one else. She rode and drove with him openly. At Narragansett, people coupled their names together, and spoke of Cummerford as a fortunate man. He was finding it more difficult each day to maintain his cool and indifferent position, but he judged to a nicety the effect of any precipitate action upon his part, and kept his head.

On the night of the Casino ball she was, without question, the loveliest woman at the beach, and the intoxication of holding her close in his arms as they glided round and round the floor almost made his brain reel. After one of the waltzes he led her out upon the broad piazza, and placed their chairs in a secluded corner, where the lamps had not been lighted, but where the strong, white moonlight shone upon the railing at their side.

He bent over her until he saw consent shining softly from her eyes—then kissed her passionately upon the lips. He kissed her cheeks, the tip of her little pink ear, and then—her neck. As his mustache brushed the laces, she started forward a little into the moonlight, and he saw, shining among them, a tiny golden chain. A sudden spasm of jealousy prompted him to seize it and drag from its concealment in her bosom a porcelain miniature of—himself. From the lower part of it a jagged piece had been broken.

That was six years ago. Last week she died in Boston, and at the same time a cablegram brought the news of Cummerford's death in the China seas. Up to this time the story has been one of those which every newspaper man knows, but which professional honor forbids his giving to the public.

Clarence Herbert New.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

THE modern tendency to regard "old masters" with an eye of critical inquiry—a tendency born of instructive experience—is illustrated by the reception of the pictures willed to the Metropolitan Museum by the late James Renwick, the well known architect. Few were aware that Mr. Renwick had possessed a collection whose catalogue boasted such great names as Titian, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Corregio, Velasquez, and Carlo Dolce; and when his bequest was announced there was no little surprise in the artistic world. It was felt at once, however, that the published list of the paintings in question was almost too good to be true. With unquestioned pedigrees, the value of such a collection would run into the millions; and nobody claimed that figure for Mr. Renwick's canvases.

"I have not seen the paintings," says a somewhat skeptical expert, "but it is highly probable that there is not in the entire collection a single canvas, whether it be the work of the artist to whom it is attributed or a later copy, which is entitled to be classed as a 'museum' picture."

Under such circumstances the action of the Metropolitan Museum will be awaited with interest, as embodying the verdict of the best critical authority. Can it be that America is richer in old masters than most people think? Or is it merely doubtful and unworthy specimens of which we possess an abundance?

THE statue of which an engraving is given on page 598, and which won an "honorable mention" at the Salon this spring, is the work of a clever and promising young American, R. L. Brooks. Mr. Brooks hails from Quincy, Massachusetts, and began to model clay when he was a boy. Employed by a terra cotta company, and later in business for himself, for several years he did all kinds of work, mostly of the commercial and cheaper sort. It was always his ambition to reach a worthier field, and he grasped every opportunity for study and self improvement. His clever modeling attracted attention, and he received a commission to make a portrait bust of Governor Russell. The governor took a great interest in the work, and gave the young sculptor almost his first opportunity to model from life; and the result

is described as being one of the best busts ever made in Boston.

Mr. Brooks' next step was to go to Paris, and put himself under the tuition of M. Aube. He has now been studying in the French capital for nearly two years, and his advancement is shown by the speedy recognition his work has won at the old Salon. The jury of that decidedly conservative body paid the young American a notable compliment in setting his this year's exhibit—the second he has ever made—close to the work of such leaders as Fremiet, and in giving it the coveted distinction of a "mention."

THE Champs Elysées Salon is the greatest of all centers of good sculpture. Its catalogue annually contains something like a thousand numbers, and the exhibit includes the work of the foremost of living modelers—such men as Falguière, Mercié, Fremiet, and Boucher.

This year the medal of honor was given to a heroic group by Bartholdi, representing Switzerland's aid to French refugees in 1870. Political sentiment may have had something to do with the award, for the Alsatian sculptor, though he has managed to make his name widely famous, is not highly esteemed by the best judges, either in or out of France. Indeed, his critics openly charge that his statues are executed for him by men whom he employs, his own best work being done as an advertiser and vendor of the product of his shop. In this capacity he is certainly successful.

Mercié's statue of Joan of Arc, which is to be set up at Domremy, her birthplace, is spoken of as one of the finest things of the year. Paul Dubois also exhibited a notable figure of the Maid of Orleans, whose star as a national heroine is in the ascendant just now.

JEAN JACQUES HENNER is a Frenchman whose birthplace is no longer in France. He came to Paris as a boy from the village of Bernwiller, in the "lost province" of Alsace, where some of his brothers are small farmers, as their father was before them. Long after he had become famous, the painter exhibited at the Salon the portrait of a gray haired man, wearing the rough fustian suit of the French tiller of the soil, and with features that bore a noticeable re-



"On an Eastern River."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. M. Drell.



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"Over the Snow."

From the painting by J. Farquharson—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

semblance to Henner's own. This was explained by the title—"My Brother." It was one of the kinsmen who had saved every possible *son* to send Jean Jacques to his first art teachers.

The quality of Henner's paintings have

never been summed up better than by Jules Claretie. "Who," says the Parisian critic, "has not stood to dream before his wonderful idyls, in which, with the daring innocence of ancient days, some unclothed maiden stretches herself on the green grass,

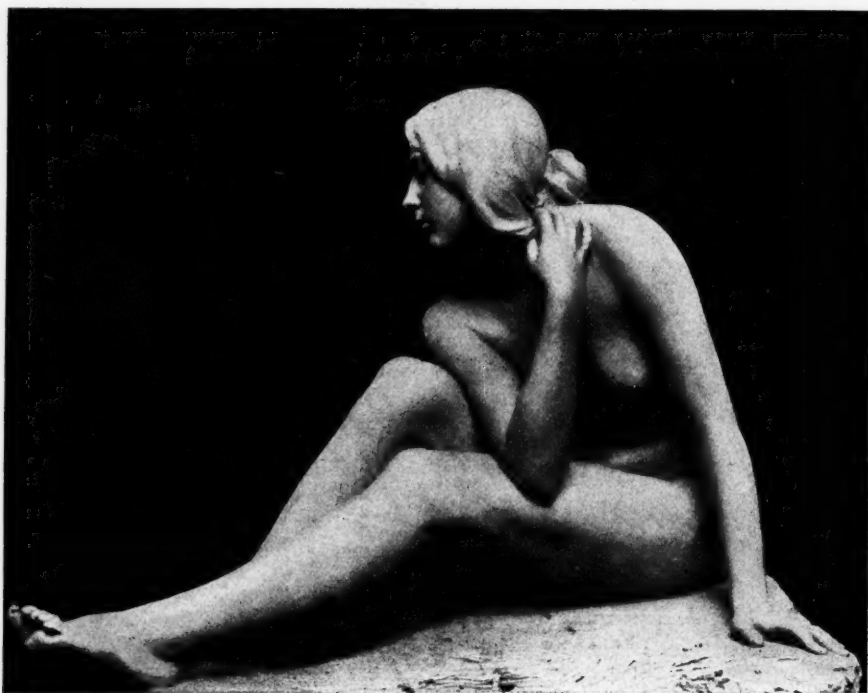


"Old Songs."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by R. Füssli.

or throws into the evening air the mournful strains of her reed flute? It is the close of a cloudless day. Twilight is at hand. The trees are outlined in solid and slightly darkened masses against a sky of tender blue, while a lake, or the still water of a brook, reflects the boundless vault of

Christ, into which, with daring anachronism, he introduces a medley of modern types. One of them represented the Crucifixion as taking place upon the hill of Montmartre, amid a group of French artisans. In another, exhibited last year—"The Way of the Cross"—the Saviour strug-



A Study of the Nude.

Modeled by R. L. Brooks, and honorably mentioned at the *Champs Elysées Salon*, 1895.

heaven. What a graceful, dreamy charm! Theocritus and Vergil sang as this Alsatian paints. In him there is both an incomparable painter and a poet—the poet of nature and of the woods, of dreams and of beauty."

At sixty six Henner is still painting, though he is no longer a regular Salon exhibitor. A portrait of him, engraved from a recent photograph, is given on page 602; a characteristic specimen of his work forms the frontispiece of this magazine, and another appears on page 600.

JEAN BÉRAUD, whose portrait appears with Henner's, is one of the best known of the younger Parisian artists. At recent exhibitions of the *Champ de Mars Salon* he has been showing a series of strange symbolic paintings—scenes from the life of

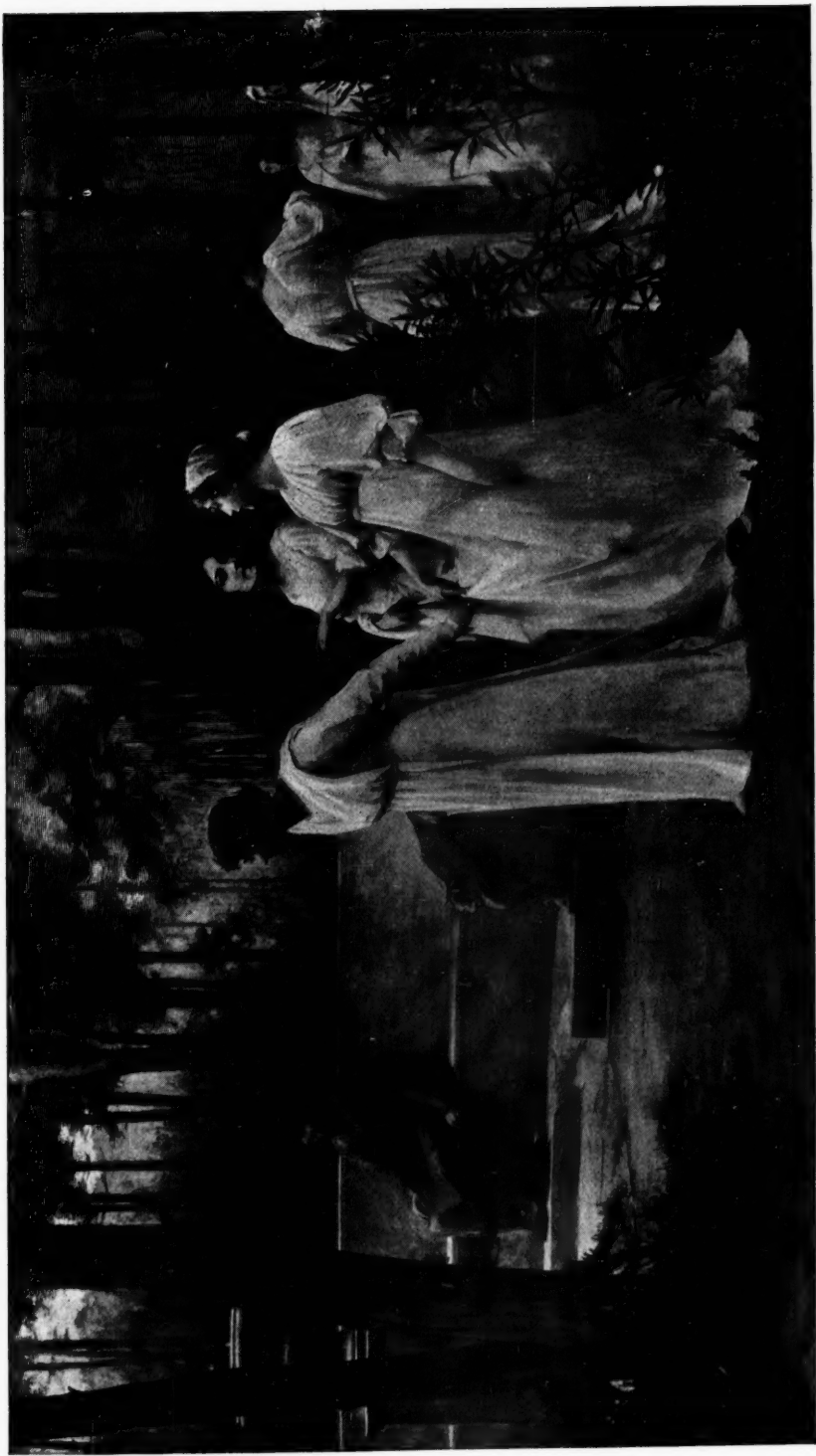
gles up to Calvary followed by a jeering crowd that represents the life of the boulevards and the clubs of Paris.

Some time ago (May, 1894), we spoke of Béraud's "cab studio," in which he makes his sketches of street types. It is by means of it that he studies the realism which he mingles so strangely with his imaginative allegories.

Work in a similar vein has been done by Leon Lhermitte in France and by Fritz von Uhde in Germany.

* * * *

THERE was a remarkable picture sale at Christie's famous auction rooms in London, at the end of June, when ninety one paintings, nearly all of English masters, and many of them very small canvases, brought \$435,000—making the very high average of nearly a thousand pounds apiece for the en-



"Dante Mourning for Beatrice."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs), after the painting by M. Riccio.



"A Reverie."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by J. J. Henner.

tire collection. The star picture of the sale was Gainsborough's portrait of Lady Mulgrave, an oval canvas measuring twenty nine by twenty four inches, which brought about \$52,000—the highest price ever paid for an English painting at a public sale, with the exception of the \$57,000 paid for

Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lady Betty Delmé," last year.

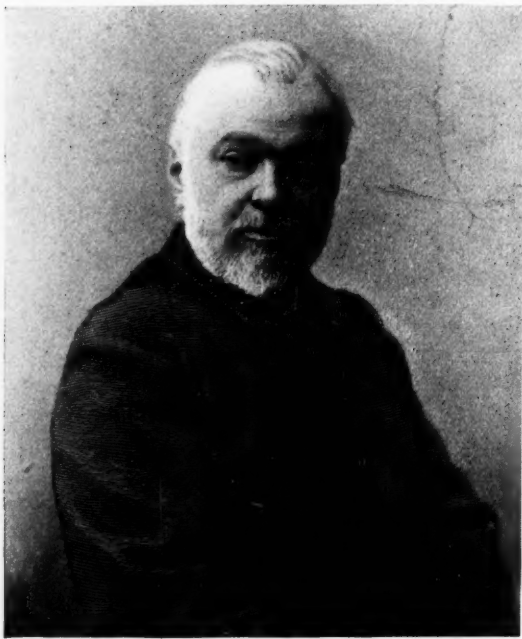
The steady increase in the value of a first rate picture by a master whose fame is secure, is shown by the record of two Venetian studies by Turner, "Going to the Ball" and "Returning from the Ball." In 1853,



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"A Couple of the Pychley Hounds."

From the painting by Thomas Blinck—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 33d St., New York.



Jean Jacques Henner.

From a photograph by Prou, Paris.

soon after the great colorist's death, the two were sold together for \$5,800. Nineteen years later they changed hands at \$16,750; and now, after two more decades, they have brought \$39,400. The same story is told by Reynolds' "Kitty Fischer," which sold for \$1,000 in 1845, for \$3,675 in 1878, and for \$6,825 this year; and a still more rapid advance was scored by a very small canvas of Moreland's, little over a foot square, which brought \$320 in 1864, \$630 in 1876, and almost \$5,000 at the Christie sale.

As we have remarked before, really good works of really good painters command their price, even in times of general financial depression.

* * * *

IN Boston, fifteen thousand dollars has been raised by public subscription to pay for additional paintings by John S. Sargent, which are to be placed upon the walls of the new Public Library. The subscription

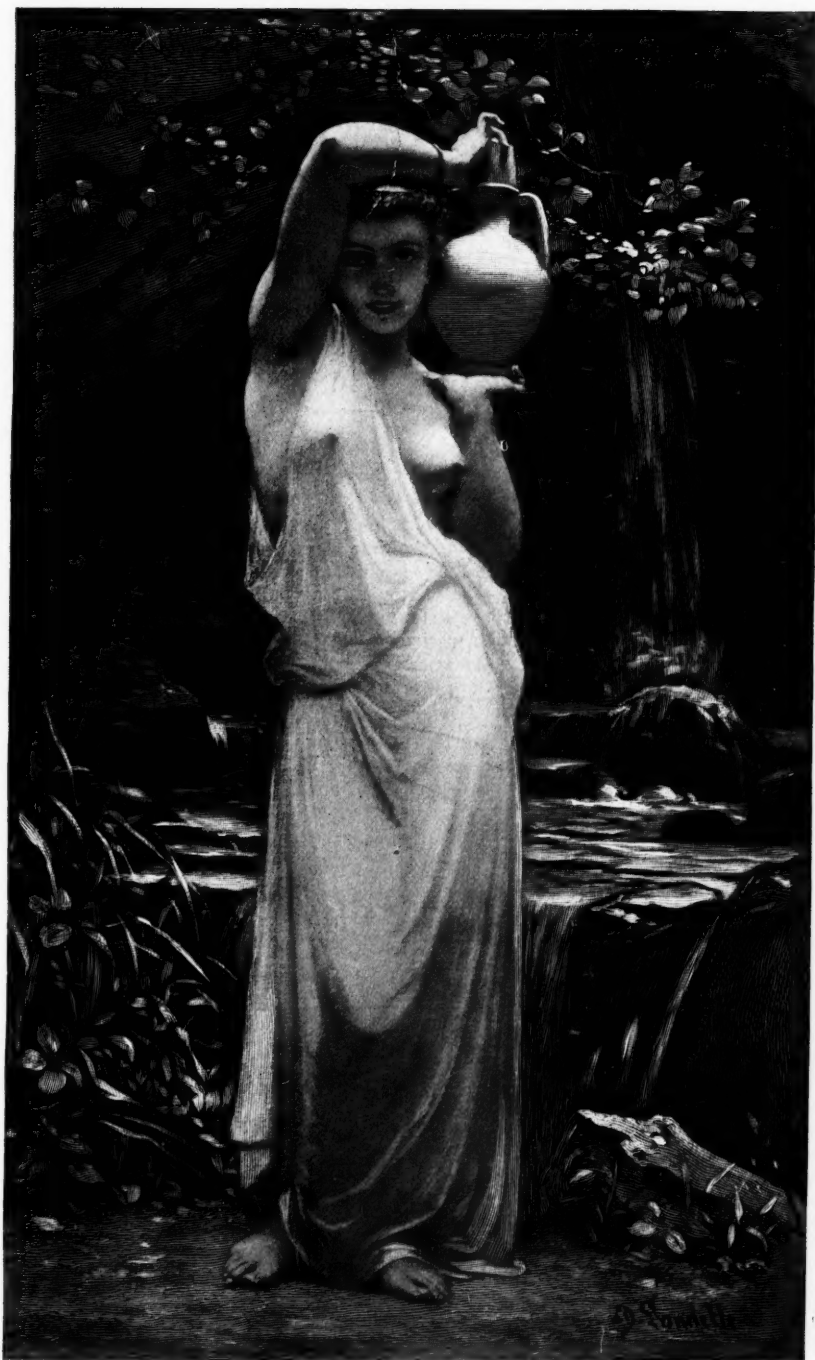
was really a popular one, including a large number of small contributions; and it assures to the New England city the possession of what her critics hail as "one of the greatest masterpieces of modern decorative art." And even with Mr. Abbey's "Holy Grail" so near it, this is probably not too strong commendation for Mr. Sargent's allegorical embodiment of the history of religious faith. One part of the series is already in place; the completion of the remainder will be the task of several years, and the price to be paid for it is certainly most reasonable. Indeed, as the *Boston Herald* remarks, it is "no better than journeyman's wages for the artist."

In the building and decoration of her great new library, Boston has shown a really admirable example of public spirit and intelligence. We commend it to the attention of other American cities.



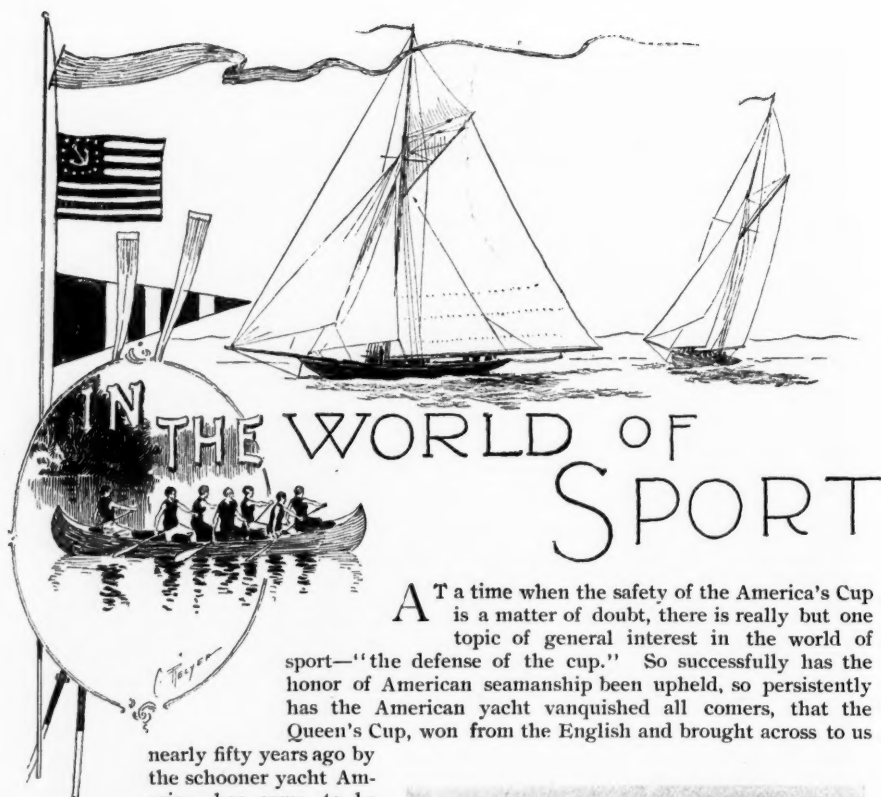
Jean Béraud.

From a photograph by Prou, Paris.



"The Nymph of the Waterfall."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Charles Landelle.



AT a time when the safety of the America's Cup is a matter of doubt, there is really but one topic of general interest in the world of sport—"the defense of the cup." So successfully has the honor of American seamanship been upheld, so persistently has the American yacht vanquished all comers, that the Queen's Cup, won from the English and brought across to us

nearly fifty years ago by the schooner yacht America, has come to be looked upon as a national possession, in the defense of which we are as ready to do battle as if the precious bit of silver were an integral portion of the territory of the United States. It is this feeling that brings to the front, each year that the defense of the cup is called for, any number of true yachtsmen eager to give their dollars and their days to the building and sailing of a boat that will keep the trophy on this side of the water. Each successive effort has sent to the defense a model racing yacht, a boat that was to set the lines for the swiftest sailers of the time, a boat that has always won. Such boats were Magic, Columbia, and Madeleine, the earlier defenders of the cup; such boats were Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, and Vigilant, more recent victors; such a boat is Defender—our hope today.

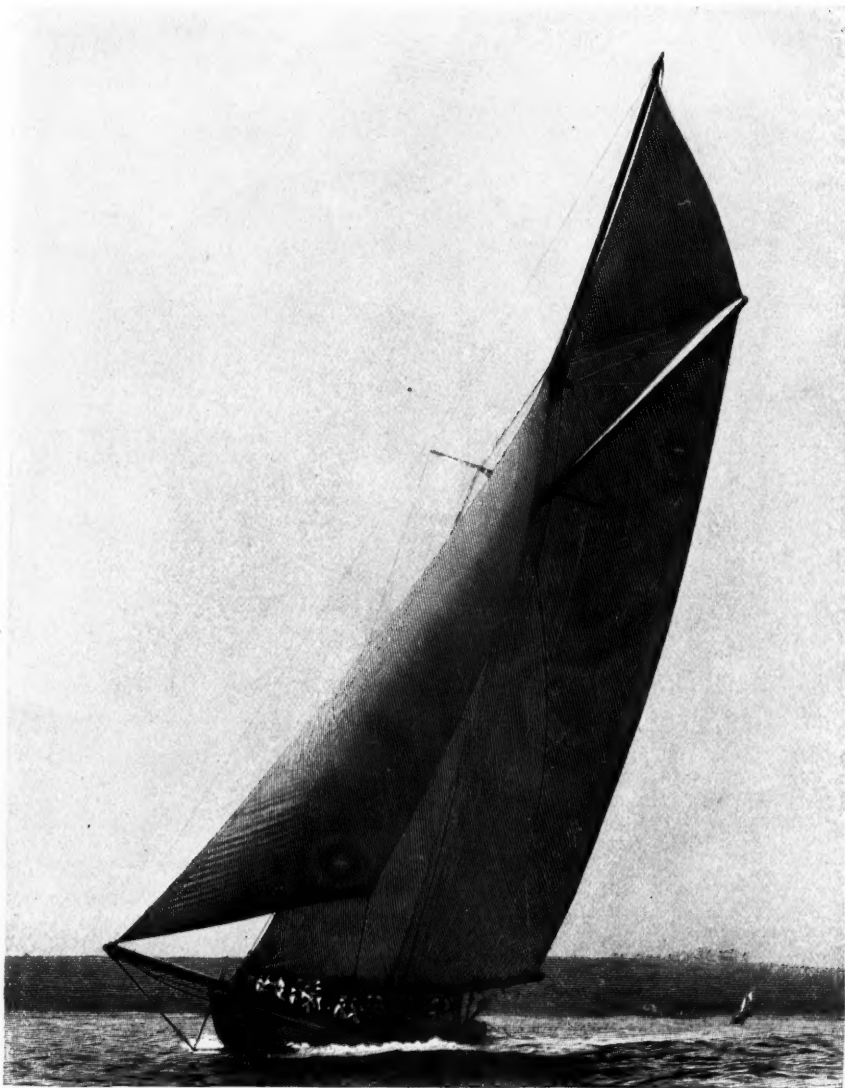
* * * *

LIKE a great white cloud coming on with the wind, or some wonderful bird from the regions of snow, Defender sailed down the Sound from



Willie Park, the English Golf Champion.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



The Defender.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

her cradle at Bristol, proud, graceful, confident. It was the confidence of her superiority she seemed to show, a confidence in the magic of her lines and the might of her white sails, a proud certainty that she could outsail all that had gone before her, and, above all, a pride in the knowledge that upon her depended the honor of American yachting, that made Defender seem all but human, and impressed those who beheld her with the feeling that she was built to win.

Designed and constructed by the Herreshoffs, a firm of American yacht builders famous for the records their boats have always made, under the personal supervision of men whose yachting experience in the defense of the cup had made them familiar with the defects of the past, and on the order of a syndicate which set no money limit, Defender has come to her task the perfect embodiment of all that experience, thought, and money can make a boat—as



The Vigilant at Bristol (July, 1895).

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

perfect a racing machine as ever left her cradle.

Yachting today comes so near flying that the development of the sport may, after all, be the initiative step in the art of navigating the air. It is this theory that the Herreshoffs had in mind when they designed Defender. The idea was to get the least resistance and give the greatest power, to hold as little as possible to the water and take as much as possible to the air. For a boat of her size Defender resists the water less than any craft afloat. The chief char-

acteristic of the American boat, heretofore, the centerboard, has been abandoned that the hull might have its weight on its keel—which the fin prevented. Above the keel the task has been to secure buoyancy; but at the edge of the water the art of yacht building seems to have given place to that of flying. Thousands of feet of canvas stretch up and out into the air like monster wings. The question Defender answers is: What is the greatest amount of canvas a boat can stand and yet keep the necessary running grip on the water? So skilfully has this

problem been handled, that the whole yachting world is marveling at the expanse of canvas the yacht is able to spread—between twelve and thirteen thousand square feet.

Since Defender's first trials it has been evident to her sailing masters, the only ones

she will probably have to sail under in the race, and a light wind boat that she will have to meet.

* * * *

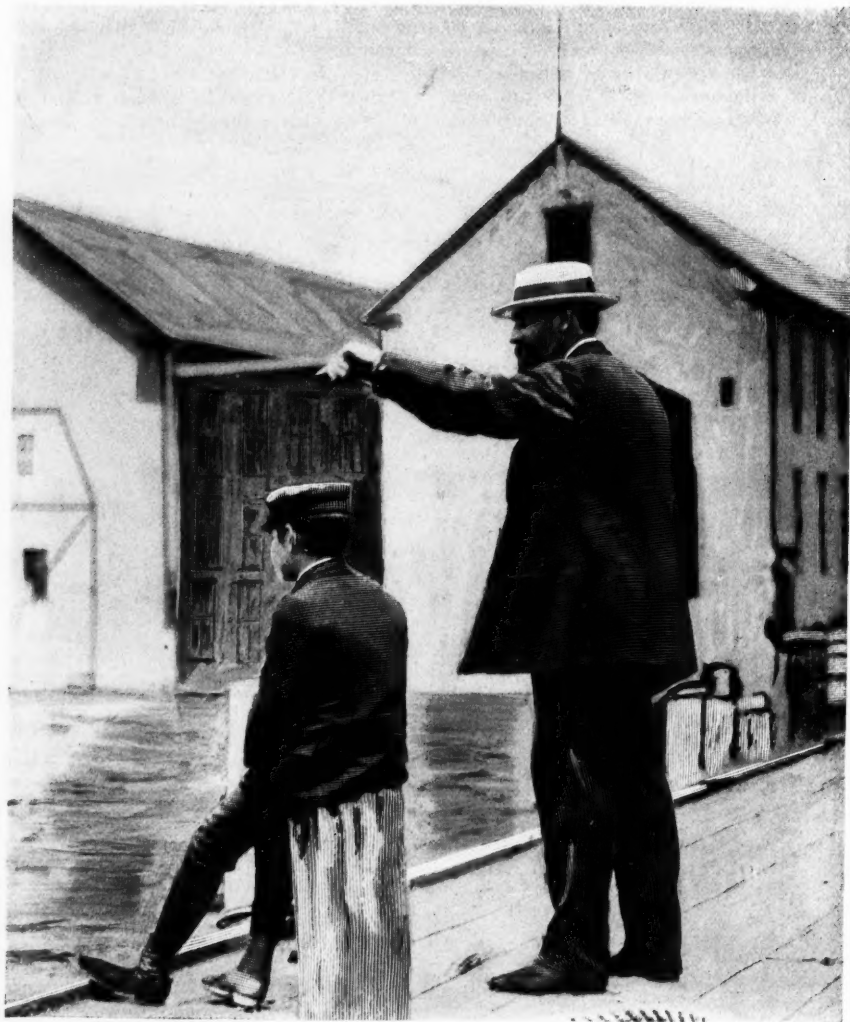
LORD DUNRAVEN, in making a final attempt to recover the Queen's Cup, has en-



Valkyrie III.

at all fit to judge, that in light winds she was a much faster boat than the last defender of the cup, Vigilant. Her general work has not been altogether satisfactory to those who know of her powers only through what they read. She was expected to sail away from Vigilant easily, and she defeated the Gould boat with but a narrow margin. It is the light wind, however, that

deavored, in Valkyrie III, to show how much he has learned from the defeat he suffered at the hands of Vigilant two years ago. In design and build his boat has had of English skill and general experience all that Defender claimed from America. Mr. Watson, her maker, sailed with Valkyrie II when she raced Vigilant, and knew what was wanted, and what was expected of the



Nat Herreshoff, Designer of the Defender.

From a photograph taken at Bristol by J. C. Hemment.

new boat. For light winds he has undoubtedly produced the fastest boat ever built in England. Valkyrie III showed this clearly in the run of June 29 with Britannia and Ailsa at Rothesay, and again on the 15th of July in a run and reach of thirteen miles, in which she came in ten minutes ahead of the same competitors.

After his defeat here in 1893, Dunraven made the remark that Valkyrie was no drifter. The accepted lesson of that defeat explains the character of the new challenger, and clears the mystery of her wonderful sailing in light winds. Certain it was that

after the third race with Vigilant the English lord had the drifting speed of a boat well in mind, and in his molding of another Valkyrie challenger Watson doubtless gave the matter serious thought. Experts assert that it is this that gives Valkyrie III her great grace and beauty; but they express fear that she may be too tender a craft to stand up to her task of carrying her sails in a strong wind.

Yachting men on the Clyde seem to place no great amount of confidence in Valkyrie III. The most they say is that she has a fair chance. Some condemn her wholly

because she shows a few lines that are unmistakably American.

A glimpse at the models of the two racers reveals in each a singular freak of imitation on the part of the designer—a delicate exchange of compliments, perhaps. Herreshoff has imitated *Valkyrie II*, Watson has taken many of the lines of *Vigilant*. In the last cup race both of these yacht makers saw good points in the rival boat, and each builder took advantage of what he saw.

* * * *

THE races that *Valkyrie III* sailed in English waters were not at all satisfactory to American yachtsmen. They gave them no idea of what the boat could do. One day she gave us reason to fear for the safety of the cup, the next made us wonder at the ease with which other yachts defeated her. Our early impressions of her were gained chiefly from inaccurate newspaper reports and misleading photographs. Englishmen themselves say "she is not too good," and we are inclined to endow her with a sort of mystery, which means only that our yachtsmen really know little or nothing about the powers of their challenger. This ignorance, and the occasional reports of her inability to beat *Ailsa* or the Prince of Wales' *Britannia*, have given us, perhaps, an undue feeling of confidence in the yacht that is to defend the cup.

The best that has been said of *Valkyrie III* was the expression made by Mr. Watson, when he remarked, "*She satisfies me.*" She was designed and built for a purpose, and that purpose was to be the fastest boat that could float off Sandy Hook in the breezes of an American September.

With the holding of the cup has always gone the advantage of defending it on home waters. *Vigilant's* experience of last year shows, if proof be needed, that that advantage is a considerable one. All challengers have had to cross the sea to meet us, and if the scratch of a pin on a paper shell may lose Harvard a race on the Thames, it is not too fine a point to believe that an ocean trip may lessen the sailing speed of a yacht so beautifully perfect as *Valkyrie III*. It may be ever so little an injury, but races between yachts of the class of *Valkyrie III*

and *Defender* are very often decided by just such little matters.

* * * *

THE element of luck plays so small a part in yacht racing that it is hardly to be considered in estimating the relative merits of

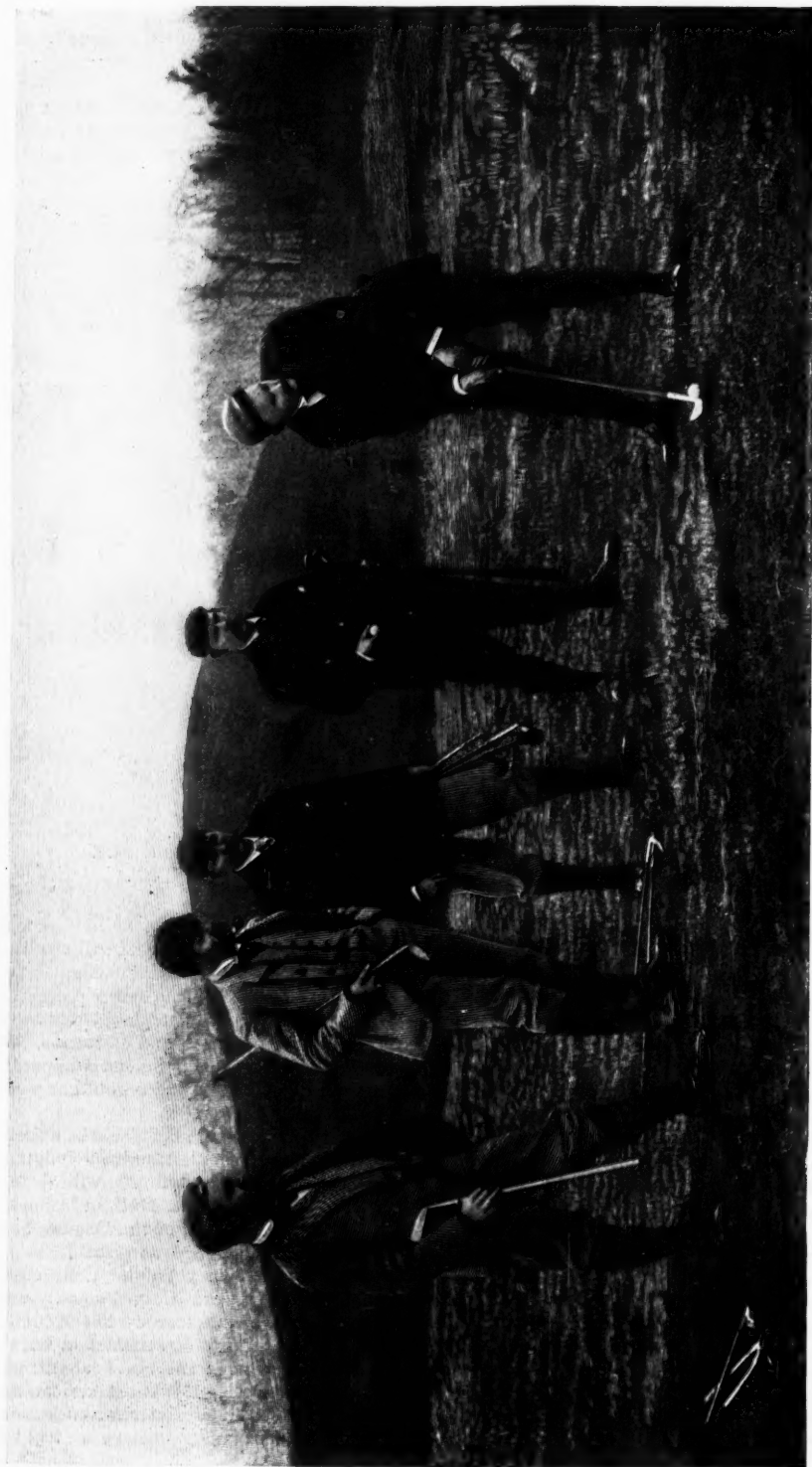


Robert Lockhart, the Father of Golf in America.

From a photograph by Dana, New York.

such boats as *Valkyrie III* and *Defender*—assuming always that the race will be sailed, and that these two will be the competitors, as at the time of writing seems practically assured. Besides, the standard of this sport is so high, the honor and fairness of the men who conduct such a contest so apparent*, that no race won on a fluke would be recognized.

The handling of the boats will be a match between English and American judgment and seamanship, and much will depend upon it. Captain Hank Haff, of *Defender*, and Captain Cranfield, of the English boat, are as evenly matched as possible in the skill with which they handle their crafts, and their sailors are trained equally well. So it is that we look forward to the coming race with a feeling of satisfaction born of the knowledge that the best boat will win. It may be *Valkyrie III*; but American confidence says *Defender*; American enthusiasm says *Defender*; and somehow we feel that



A Group of Golfers on the Links of the Richmond County Club.

the past that holds an unbroken record of victories for us will not be darkened by the present, and that our boat will go forth to the defense of the cup bearing well its name.

* * * *

THE Cornell fiasco at Henley, which gave rise to heated and widespread discussion, is a thing of the past, but its results are still in evidence. With all due regard for patriotism and loyalty, one is nevertheless obliged to confess that the whole affair was lamentable to the last degree, and wholly inexcusable. Any one who has been interested of late years in college rowing is cognizant of the fact that Cornell has recently assumed an extremely high and mighty attitude in regard to her crews, claiming them to be equal to those of any college in America. Even Yale has been accused of being afraid to meet her, and to cap the climax, a crew was sent abroad to prove in English waters the superiority of American oarsmanship. No loyalty to America, no patriotic prejudice, can gloss over the fact that, far from being representative of the United States, this crew was not competent to hold its own with the opponents it had to meet. Coached by a professional, and yet overtrained to the verge of collapse, the Cornell men made a pitiable exhibition.

The remarks of Trainer Courtney in his first interview with the reporters after his return were all that was needed to complete the impression the whole affair had made in America. He had been employed and liberally paid by Cornell, and in return he sought to justify himself at the expense of the unfortunate Fennell, who "caught a crab," and thereby, according to Courtney, lost the race. His remark about next year's race was depressingly silly. He was asked what he thought about taking another Cornell crew across.

"If you want my advice, you should do as follows," he said. "Cable the Leander people to start a representative for America, and then start a Cornell man from this side. When they meet in mid ocean, let them flip a cent for choice of course, and, whoever wins the Bucks side, just give him the cup. There would be no use of racing."

Other matters in connection with Cornell's appearance at Henley, besides her weakness, arouse our just indignation. Her men were careless, to say the least of it, in offending the local preference for clean jerseys at a regatta which is also a parade of English society. Next year if America is to be represented at Henley it is devoutly to be hoped that it will be by a crew who know

enough not to talk, and who shall be under the supervision of a coach with some conception of judicious training and a scientific stroke. It is safe to say that if Columbia's 'varsity crew, under Walter Peet, or Yale's, under Bob Cook, had met the English oarsmen at Henley this year, no American would have needed to blush at the result.

Instead of talking about sending two crews abroad next summer, the most graceful course the men of Ithaca could pursue at present would be to retire and revise their rowing methods.

* * * *

GOLF, the most recent of the English games to be accepted with favor in this country, has every appearance of having made itself at home in America. It is a healthy, picturesque sport, and men and women are alike interested in it. It has been slow in coming, and we have been tardy in taking it up as a pastime; but a game that is not merely for a day is not apt to become popular here at once. Golf, however, has now passed its trial period, and has been formally entered on the list of our sports.

* * * *

EVEN those who know nothing of golf can appreciate the fact that a game which is primarily a cross country walk with the stimulating advantage of having an object in view, must have attractive features possessed by no other. It is a game which takes you from one to three miles in the bracing air; over greensward and along river banks; across brooks and winding, old fashioned country roads; under welcome trees or over stone fences. Imagine the spacious grounds of one of the country or hunt clubs on the day of a golf match; the merry gathering at the club house, many of the women in "fetching" and sensible golf suits, boot top skirts, and tam-o'-shanters, the men in their bright red hunting coats, or in the regulation golf costume—the knickerbockers and Scotch hose, whose more and more frequent use on the bicycle and elsewhere causes a recent writer to predict a return on the part of all American mankind to the picturesque "smallclothes" of olden times. Certainly it is a pleasant and inspiring scene that these gatherings form, and one which is being enacted almost daily this summer all up and down the Atlantic coast.

* * * *

OF late years, and especially in this country, it has become common to call many sports "royal"; but certainly none can lay

more just claim to the word than golf, which was long ago the favorite game of kings, and which was introduced into England by James I. Today it is honored by royalty, and one of its annual competitions is even now for the trophy presented by William IV. It is equally just to term it ancient, for its origin is lost in antiquity, and its devotees claim that it is far older than any other game in which a ball is used.

In its romantic history, in the beauties of nature that surround the majority of the links, and in the costumes in which both men and women appear upon the green, even the golfer—usually too much wrapped up in his game to think of its surroundings—must admit, upon consideration, that the sport is picturesque. Its picturesque features are, indeed, more pronounced than in almost any other sport. Baseball is more exciting to the onlooker, and will always appeal to a greater number in this country; but no one will claim that there is anything picturesque about either the costume of the players or the appearance of the bare, sun-burned diamond and the bleak wooden grand stand. The same comparison—though perhaps an odious one—might be made with equal truth of all games, unless it be curling and similar ice sports, attractive because of their winter beauty. Yachting, than which there is nothing more picturesque, hardly comes within this category of games.

* * * *

MANY of the golf links in this country are veritable parks, either natural or artificial. A portion of the Philadelphia Country Club course, for instance, is laid out in Fairmount Park, one of the most beautiful in America. Along the Hudson Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Helen Gould, and many others have laid out private golf courses commanding superb views of the American Rhine. At Quebec the course faces the river St. Lawrence, and lies between the old citadel and the historical Plains of Abraham. The view is impressive, with the river visible for miles, the quaint city at your feet, and the mountains forming a beautiful background in the distance. At Niagara, where an important international golf competition is to be held this September—most appropriately within sight of both flags—the course is directly on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The golf courses at St. Andrews, near Yonkers, at Southampton, Newport, Chicago, Brookline, Hempstead, Manchester, Morristown, Lakewood, Lenox, Tuxedo, Rosebank, Colorado Springs, and

so on clear to the Pacific coast, all have their peculiar beauties and advantages.

* * * *

GOLF is not, as many believe, a mere fad here. It is for all time. It is the most universal of games. It is played in India, in Japan, in South Africa, wherever the English tongue has been heard, and it will be popular here. No game ever brought to America had a better right to a welcome, and none ever received a more cordial one. Although Mr. Robert Lockhart, who introduced golf on this side of the water, is still an active member of the pioneer American club, the St. Andrew's, the development of the sport has been so rapid that in some respects we are already in advance of the mother country. American golfers were the first to organize nationally, and one of the results is to be the great open and amateur competition on the links at Newport, in October. Among the trophies to be played for then will be a beautiful silver cup, presented by Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, the president of the United States Golf Association, the cup being the most costly golf trophy ever competed for.

Golf is popular because it combines the picturesque with the greatest health giving properties, because it may be played almost "from the cradle to the grave," and because it is a game for both sexes. American women have taken it up because it is the only sport in which they can dress with graceful unconventionality without losing their womanhood, and at the same time enjoy all of a man's keen excitement without over exertion and danger to health. "As to Anglomaniac," to quote from Mr. Arnette, the editor of *Golfing*, "ignorance alone is responsible for an inability to distinguish between the imbecile who patterns after English cads, and the gentleman lover of athletics who adopts one of the noblest sports of the Anglo Saxon race."

* * * *

ON the golf field the world over, and particularly in England and Scotland, there is no more familiar name than that of Willie Park. The Park family have played golf for generations, and for many years have held world championships. Willie Park, Jr., whose portrait appears on page 604, came over here two or three years ago to try our links, and to lay out courses for new clubs that had been formed. He has won many medals abroad, and in 1887 and 1889 held the open championship in Great Britain. While here he won championship games on many of the links in this vicinity. Park returned to England in July.

A PRINCESS AND A WOMAN.*

By Robert McDonald.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO IV.

HOWLETT is a young American officer who has been appointed an attaché at the St. Petersburg legation. On his way to his post he rescues a lady from the insulting attentions of a fellow passenger, whom he recognizes as Von König, a former schoolmate of his in Dresden, who bears him an unforgettens grudge. In Russia he is amazed to learn that this same man has, by a strange whim of fortune, been named for the vacant throne of Carpathia, a little eastern state. Von König is equally surprised to find that the girl whom he has been following is the Princess Wasia of Hesse-Arnheim, the woman whom European diplomacy has destined for his bride.

These three meet again at St. Petersburg, where Howlett is strangely impressed by the youth and beauty of the princess, and the pathos of her position. He knows Von König, and knows him as a brutal fellow; and he longs to rescue Wasia from such a marriage. Meeting him at the American embassy, she gives him a hint of her own horror of the fate in store for her. Howlett seems utterly powerless to save her, though he has an ally in Count Curt, themorganatic nephew of the Grand Duke Serge, who has thought of the Carpathian throne as a possibility for himself. Finally matters are brought to a crisis with the young American at a state ball, where he meets the princess, avows his love for her, and is not repelled.

V.

HOWLETT wanted to get away somewhere by himself and think over this wonderful and beautiful thing which had come to him. His head was in a whirl. His princess loved him. She had not put it into words, but he knew it. Every drop of blood in his veins felt that Wasia loved him.

She trusted him. She had taken her destiny out of the hands of the statesmen and rulers of Europe, and put it into his. The Howletts were not a race to shirk responsibilities, either in love or in war, but in all the line of men of blood and iron and nerve who had lived before him, none had had so sweet a charge, or so difficult a trust.

For an instant he stood where she had left him. Then he blindly started toward the anteroom where he had left his coat. He had barely escaped from the banqueting hall when the imperial procession started toward it, and he had to hasten to join the train of the American minister. He did not look toward the royal party. He could not endure to see Wasia near Von König. He

whispered a word to Mr. Folsom, asking to be excused, and went on towards the anteroom as soon as possible.

An officer in gorgeous uniform followed him, and put a hand on his arm. He turned to look into the excited face of Curt.

"Where are you going?"

"Home," Howlett answered. "I am tired. My head is in a whirl. I want to get away somewhere and think."

"Think about what? You would better be thinking about keeping up your reputation, and this isn't the way to do it. Nature cut you out to attract attention, and you are running away from it. Come back. There is an old princess here, from the Balkans, who says you are the handsomest man she has seen for fifty years. Come back."

"I cannot."

"What is wrong?"

"I cannot go in there and see that sacrifice."

"The betrothal of Wasia? It is a shame," Curt said, "but of course it has to be. I wish he were a little less of a brute. It appears that Johann went over and saw Ernst of Hesse-Arnheim, Wasia's brother, and they made it up between them. You know Johann has a fortune, and with his new little throne, and with nobody more eligible in sight, it was a good match for Wasia. There are no princes of great countries old enough to marry her. But she will not have to see much of him."

Howlett looked at the young man in amazement. Their points of view were so radically different, and yet on most subjects they had found themselves good and sympathetic friends.

"How can he let her do it? It must not be. You were indignant enough at the man following her."

"That was an entirely different thing," Curt said dryly.

At that instant a man stood at the young prince's elbow, with a little silver tray holding a glass of vodka. Without any change of expression, Curt picked it up, and let

*This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

two of his fingers take a tiny slip of paper that lay under it, and crush the missive against his palm. There was a buffet in the room, where were set out the various liquors and "appetizers" dear to the Russian heart. Curt walked over here, took a bit of anchovy toast, and held the scrap of paper before his eyes. There was a gleam of excitement in his face as he turned again.

"I will go with you," he said. "We will go to the Yacht Club and hear the gossip of the hour."

Curt threw over his shoulder the sable dolman that was part of his uniform, and together the two young men went down the steps of the palace.

"But you will be missed," Howlett said. He felt like nothing less than going to the gay and brilliant Yacht Club. In an hour or two it would be filled with young noblemen from the ball.

"They never miss me anywhere," Curt replied, rather bitterly. "I am only a prince by courtesy. I am of no particular consequence. But I am not going to the Yacht Club at this instant. Look at this."

He put the scrap of paper in Howlett's hand. They were in a droshky now, dashing along over the frozen crust of the snow. Curt lighted a wax match that Howlett might read the scrawled words.

Come at once. Something of importance to communicate.

"Where are you going?"

"You know," Curt said irrelevantly, "that Lord Dalrymple will not allow me to see Lady Jane any more."

"So she told me."

"He gave a singular reason for it. He says that if the Czar takes me up and treats me as one of his family, I shall be too high in rank for Jane. If he does not, I am a nobody, and too low in the scale for her to honor with her hand. Either way, I am not eligible."

"What has that to do with your note?"

"It is from Jane. Pardon me for bringing you into it, but I must have a companion, and I can trust you. Jane was to see Lord Primrose, the English minister, this afternoon, and find out what she could. We have a scheme, as I believe you call it in America."

"Where are you going?"

For answer Curt leaned out of the window and called to the driver, "To the American minister's."

"They are not at home."

"The minister and his wife are not, but Jane is there with Miss Folsom."

"Oh!" Howlett laughed.

Miss Folsom was the sister of the minister. She was at the romantic age of forty seven, and spent her days reading Swinburne and Scott. It was an easy task to get her to arrange a lover's meeting.

"I asked you to come because they all know you at the embassy, and it cannot be unusual for you to call there at any hour."

"I am at the disposal of my friends," Howlett said dryly.

It was a very proper meeting, in the library. Miss Folsom was present as well as Howlett. The two conspirators withdrew into the shadow of the red curtains, and talked for half an hour; and then the two young men sat before the great fire of logs and sipped little cups of tea. Howlett was bored. Curt and Lady Jane were excited, and Miss Folsom, thin and pale and romantic, was full of fluster.

When they departed at last, Curt grasped Howlett's arm.

"You Americans have some common sense. I believe that the day will come when you will be arbiters in questions of state over here. You can take some impersonal interest in an affair. Lady Jane tells me that Lord Primrose has told her mother (the old fellow has been hanging about Lady Dalrymple for thirty years, they say) that the Czar is furious over the trick Bismarck has played him in this marriage. It caught him napping. He wants Carpathia, and at one time he designed putting me on the throne." Curt instinctively pushed his fur clad chest forward.

"But if you were put on the throne—"

"All would be up between Jane and me! Well, I believe I would give up a throne for Jane, but there will be no question of that. Nobody keeps the throne of Carpathia. It is going to be a thing of the past, presently. There isn't going to be any throne, only a governorship—at least, if Russia has it all her own way, which would certainly be the case if they put insignificant me there. I am one of the paper men with whom royal families are generally provided. But you see, if I am once ruler of Carpathia, and then it is absorbed into Russia, I must be paid something. Then Jane and I can afford to marry and live in Paris, and be somebody."

"It seems to me you ought to be clever enough to be somebody any way."

"Oh, bless me, I didn't think that all out. It was old Lord Primrose. He was rambling to Lady Dalrymple, showing her what a great man he is, and Jane picked it up."

"It sounds like a comic opera."

"Yes, it does," Curt said; "but the whole scheme of royalty is a good deal like a comic opera, if you will just think of it a minute. My mother was an American—didn't you know that? She came from Nevada. She was very rich when my father married her in Paris, and then something went wrong with the money. It was mines or something. She was half Mexican. Uncle Serge was very fond of my mother, and so was the Czar. They used to come to her house when they were young men. They say she is the only human being that ever made Serge laugh. When she died, she asked Serge to look after me, and he has done it. So we may be kinsmen, for aught I know. You know, of course, that my mother was only my father's morganatic wife; and when he died without a will, his property all went to his family—to Serge."

"But he was your father——"

"Oh, they give me a fair allowance, and I am one of the family," Curt said. "It's all part of the comic opera. I cannot complain. If they put me over there in Carpathia, it will be a public acknowledgment."

They had taken to the droszky again, and had turned into the Grand Morskaja, which led them up to the doors of the Yacht Club. Already the place was full of men. The ceiling of the smoking room was dim, and the card rooms were brilliant and gay with uniforms which had come from the Winter Palace.

The two young men were not old enough for the scene to be a stale one to them. It had only been within the year that Curt had come from his university, and the homage which he received here as one almost in the family of the Czar was pleasant to his youthful heart. To Howlett, it was all like a gorgeous pageant.

They went into the smoking room, and Curt insisted upon ordering and drinking a bottle of champagne, making Howlett share it. The American wanted to get away somewhere and think, as Wasia had bidden him, but he could not gather his thoughts. It appeared to him that Curt held the key to the trouble somehow, that in Lord Primrose's exposition of the political situation of Carpathia was to be found Wasia's rescue.

Howlett would rescue his princess, even though she could never be for him. He would fight for her, as knights of old fought for the honor of their queen, or for the noble ladies whose favors were tied in their helmets. He would love her like a goddess set aloft—and then he thought that she was

a young and beautiful girl, as well as a princess, and his heart spoke to his brain.

"Come and show us how to play your American poker," Curt said to him; and before he could refuse, a dozen young men were about him begging for an initiation into the mysteries of the great game. Howlett went good naturedly and sat down at one of the green covered card tables, just vacated by a baccarat party. Curt, a young Englishman who had played the game before, and two Russians, sat down, while a large group drew up around them. Howlett dealt the hands and explained the mysteries of flushes and straights and calls and jackpots. In a moment the ready Tartars, born gamblers, every one of them, caught the spirit of the game, and were making gold pieces into counters.

As play went on, the crowd behind Howlett moved like the waves of the sea, but he did not notice. He was partly absorbed in the game, as he was always absorbed in everything he tried to do, and he was keeping up an undercurrent of plans. Suddenly there was a change in the occupant of the chair opposite. One of the Russians had arisen and given his seat to another. When Howlett looked up he met the evil, scarred face of Von König.

The new prince had come to the club as any other member might come, and there was no formality of introduction. He was simply a gentleman amusing himself. Evidently he had played the game before, or his observation had served him, for he asked for no instruction. He "discarded," and "drew," and "came in" with the air of a veteran.

Howlett had let his hand lie idle almost every round since the new addition. He was only waiting for a chance to go without appearing abrupt. When he looked across at Von König, the prince's eyes seemed fairly to burn with a cruel triumph. Howlett felt his cheeks growing hot, and his hands trembling as he lifted the cards.

"That devil!" he felt himself saying.

"The Americans are a great people to invent so crafty a game," Von König said in Russian to the man beside him. He spoke with the air of taking it for granted that Howlett did not understand him, although he knew—and Howlett knew that he knew—that the American spoke the Russian language. "It's like their character—all 'bluff.' They play the boldest when they have nothing in their hands."

Howlett was not a wise and elderly statesman; he was a young soldier with blood and temper.

"When we Americans play, we play games of skill and finesse," he said in German, Von König's own language. "It is only when we are at serious work that we fill our hands—sometimes with swords."

The scar on the prince's forehead grew livid, and in an instant Howlett regretted the *gaucherie* of having referred to that schoolboy quarrel, although he still believed that the man who had grown from the boy he had known in Von König must be a bully and a brute.

"Sometimes when you are at play, too, you fill your hands," Von König said; as Howlett laid down his cards on the table. "I discarded that king;" and he put his finger on a king of diamonds that had fallen from Howlett's hand.

For answer, the young American leaned across the table and slapped the Prince of Carpathia smartly on the cheek. In an instant there was a confused crowd. The Carpathian prince was surrounded, and Howlett, with Curt's arm about his shoulder, was hurried away.

"Good heavens!" the boy said, "what is going to become of you? You have struck the guest of the Czar."

"Appearing simply as a gentleman, and insulting—insulting by a lie—a representative of the American government."

Howlett spoke proudly, but in his heart he knew that his life in Russia was over. He knew that he would be recalled at once. And before his career, before everything, came the thought of leaving Wasia in the hands of that brute. He groaned.

"Oh, don't take it so hard. The brute deserved a sword thrust. The governors will know that Johann was lying. He is that sort," Curt said. He knew that the affair was serious, but there was no necessity of making it too bad.

"I am only thinking," Howlett said, "that I have allowed him to put me out of his way. I feel that I must go to the Czar and tell him that brute's character. I will say that he must not marry the Princess Wasia."

Curt broke into incredulous laughter. "You Yankees *are* funny! Why, look here, what could you tell Iskander that he doesn't know?—even if you could get near enough to tell him anything. Well, if I ever!" and he laughed again.

"I could tell him, for one thing, what I am surprised that the princess has not told—that this man is the fellow who insulted her, and followed her to the borders of Russia."

"Whew!" Curt whistled. "Is that so?

But you said that man was a common low fellow from Dresden."

"He went to school with me there. He was the lowest brute in the school. I gave him the scar he wears. He sat at that table to insult me."

"Oh! Ah!" Curt said. "The plot thickens! This is a very pretty story. Now I suppose some people would call it romantic that Johann fell in love with Wasia before he knew who she was. And he *was* a poor beggar once. Say, do you mind my telling Jane?"

But Howlett did not answer. The droshky had reached the door of his apartment, and he alighted. It seemed to him that in this accursed country they could see nothing in its true light. By his folly he had assured his own recall, and he would have to go and leave Wasia to her fate.

"No, I never will!" he almost shouted to himself as he stood in his own room. Then he put his head down on his arms and a dry sob came out of his throat.

VI.

WHEN Howlett awakened the next morning he lay for several minutes trying to account for the sense of dull misery that brooded over his brain. He was too young and healthy not to sleep soundly, and he had to push aside his drowsiness before he could summon his consciousness and fix it upon his trouble.

He had taken such pride in his profession. It had been such a triumph when he had become the youngest attaché in the diplomatic corps. Now his career in that direction was finished. There had been tangle enough in the affairs of Carpathia before he put his hand to Johann's cheek. There was nothing for him now but recall. He thought, with a blush of shame, that even then the whole story was being read at American breakfast tables. He had made himself as miserable as he could before he thought of the difference in time, and realized that he still had a few hours of blessed oblivion.

As it happened, the story never was known in America, except as a vague and nameless rumor. The Imperial Yacht Club can keep its own secrets, and it was only in whispers that the news crept out.

Howlett was usually out very early, but the tasks of the morning were so disagreeable today that he allowed himself the luxury of shirking them for a few moments. A noiseless turning of his door upon its hinges brought into view the Swiss who

cared for his apartment, holding a coffee tray.

"Sir," he said, "there is a person outside—a woman—who wishes to sell you Russian laces and embroideries."

At once Howlett remembered that he would be going home presently, and that it was trash like this that his womenkind always expected from a returning traveler. There could be no trouble great enough to cause him to forget the little kindnesses of life.

"Say that I will be there in a moment," he called as he disappeared through the portières into his bath.

It was by no means the typical Russian merchant's wife or daughter who rose as Howlett entered, although there was a suggestion of the Jewess in her features. She was very pretty, after a soft and kittenish type. Her black dress and modest hat could not make her inconspicuous. When she put her veil back, and Howlett saw her face, he thought she looked like a woman who was in the habit of facing crowds. She gazed squarely and frankly into his blue eyes, and then let her lashes fall, as she picked up her basket of lace and embroidery and began turning the contents over.

"What have you?" Howlett asked.

"I have everything," she answered in French. "Here is embroidery from the steppes, and the coarse lace of the peasantry, which is the most decorative."

The Swiss, who still hovered about, went through the door, and closed it after him. The woman held up a strip of embroidery of many colors.

"This," she said, looking squarely into Howlett's face, "is handsomer than anything you can buy, unless—you are going to Carpathia."

There was in her tone a question that made Howlett look at her intently for an instant.

"I am not going to Carpathia," he said.

"Why not?" the woman whispered. "Why not? I heard last night of the blow you gave to Johann. I know who you are. You are the American boy who gave him that scar. He has never forgiven you. He hates you."

"What is that to you? And why should I go to Carpathia?"

He began to think that he had a mad woman in his sitting room. The questions were out before he stopped to consider.

"I know I can trust you, because you are an American gentleman. That is why I come to you. Johann Von König is my

husband." She exploded the words with passion, standing up, her hands over her heaving bosom.

"Your husband!" There was wonder and joy in Howlett's voice. He might have known, he thought to himself, that Von König would be exactly that sort of a scoundrel. "Your husband? Why, he is trying to marry—" Howlett could not speak the name.

"And he will do it, unless something prevents."

"But you said—"

The woman made a gesture of despair.

"Do you not know that he is a prince? That his marriage to me is not binding? I am his wife, I have been his wife for three years. Before this great change came in his fortunes, I supported him by dancing. After it came he still allowed me to dance." With nervous fingers she took a chain from under her collar, and showed Howlett the face of a child, with curling black hair. "My boy ought to be heir to Carpathia by all the rights of an eldest son, lawfully born, but he is a nameless nobody." There was more passion than sorrow in her voice. "But if Carpathia were taken away from Johann, he would come back to me."

"This marriage shall be stopped," Howlett said. "The friends, the guardians of the young lady whom Von König would marry shall hear your story. They will put a stop to it. There is no princess in Europe who would be allowed to marry him. It is an outrage!"

The woman laughed. It sounded like Curt's laugh of the night before.

"Do you suppose they do not know it? If you read the Paris journals, you would have had it over and over. When has there been a prince married, for years, of whom the same story was not told? Sometimes it is true and sometimes it is not. The Queen of England is the only sovereign who ever made an objection to a morganatic wife. The Czar's father had one, as everybody knows. It is nothing. I should be laughed at for offering a claim. I could never come near enough to the highest in power to present a complaint. Were I to do so, I should be escorted over the frontier, at the very least."

"Why do you come to me?" Howlett asked the question in agony. It seemed to him that no man had ever been so helpless.

"Because you are going to lose your position here through him; because you are the friend of the young Prince Curt, who would go to Carpathia as its ruler were Johann turned aside; and because"—she

looked him fully and boldly in the face—"you would serve the Princess Wasia. Johann has laughed at your foolish passion for her. I have dear friends in his suite. I know all that passes. I also know," she went on passionately, "that they hate him in that country. There is not a Carpathian that would not prefer the yoke of Russia, rather than be governed by him. There is a seething tempest there, only waiting to break forth. The students in the university of Carapeth are almost in a state of revolt. They want to get rid of Johann, believing that the hour will come when they may be a free state. They are opposed to this marriage, as it will inevitably fix Johann on the throne, even if Wasia's Russian sympathies bring the principality under Russian influences. Now is the time to make a strike to dethrone him. You must leave Russia in any case. Take Curt and go to Carpathia."

She arose with a dramatic gesture, and walked toward the door. She turned back with the curtain which covered it grasped in her hand. "Save Wasia!" she said, and she was gone.

She had forgotten her embroideries, and Howlett gathered them all carefully together. Then he ordered his sleigh and dressed himself to go to the minister's.

VII.

HOWLETT's interview at the legation was anything but pleasant. Mr. Folsom had asked that this particular young man should be sent to St. Petersburg; and now that he had caused this trouble so early in the story, the minister was inclined to be rather severe. He could not blame Howlett for slapping any man who had accused him of cheating at cards. The fact that the accusation was a falsehood was questioned by nobody. Johann was considered a semi barbarian, and somehow the rumor crept out that the two men had met before.

The minister had confined his reproof to the gambling. "The game of poker has worked enough havoc in America without introducing it to these hot headed savages," he said severely.

"What am I to do?" Howlett asked meekly.

"I am extremely sorry," the minister said, "but I am afraid you will have to go home. In fact," he added, clearing his throat, "I have already cabled for advice."

Howlett knew exactly what that meant. His recall had been cabled for. He would go back and join his regiment somewhere

on the desert. He would lead a quiet life, with his studies, his books, and his gun, while Wasia, his princess, his darling, was dying a death by torture as the wife of a brute, a bigamist. The thought of resigning came to him. Suppose he did? He would be only the simplest American citizen. He could never by any chance come near the princess again.

As he went out after the interview, he met Mrs. Folsom. She stopped him and put her motherly arm through his.

"I think you did exactly right," she said, and *so does John*" (John being the United States minister). "They will make a hero of you when you get to America. I wish you were going to make the fight for Congress in Kentucky. You would carry your district at a walk, if the newspapers and your party speakers once heard that you had slapped the face of a king for accusing you of having another one up your sleeve! Gracious! But it would be a good campaign story. I never heard a better. Slapped a king!" And Mrs. Folsom, with long years behind her of political canvassing and wire pulling for husband and father, sighed for a great opportunity lost.

Howlett walked down through the Nevsky, letting the sleigh drive back home. He did not know where to go. Half a dozen acquaintances met him and bowed in a perfunctory fashion. Suddenly he determined to go to the Yacht Club and insist upon an investigation of Von König's charges. He felt that he had a perfect right to ask for it.

As he walked along the ringing stones, it seemed to him that there was a footfall echoing to his. There were hundreds of people on the streets, and he tried to reason with himself that it was nonsense. He turned, and could see no one whom he might suspect. A rather dandyish Frenchman was looking at the photographs of actresses in one of the frosty windows, but everybody else was hurrying through the biting air.

At the Yacht Club men looked at Howlett as though they wondered what he was doing there. He was not a regular member, but had been introduced. Doubtless, many of them were entirely in sympathy with him, but they could not say so. He had attacked a prince, the guest of the Czar. It was well to let such an incendiary go his own way.

Going his own way was rather a forlorn journey, and when he came across Curt at the door he would have manufactured a reason for taking him away and talking to

him if he had not had one. The plan the dancer had suggested all at once seemed feasible.

"Let us go away from here," Curt said, after they had made the tour of the rooms. "This atmosphere seems to have a chill upon it. I know a little café around the corner where we can be quite undisturbed. What is the row, any way?"

"What did Lady Jane mean by sending for you to come 'at once,' the other night? Did she only want to see you, or—pardon me, but did she think you could do anything about Carpathia?"

"Lady Jane is a woman, and an English-woman."

"But did she?"

"I had been drinking champagne last night, my dear semi countryman," Curt said, "and my ideas may have expanded. Lady Jane was anxious that I should go over to Carpathia while the throne stood cold and empty, and seat myself thereon. I believe she had an idea that I could put my tongue in my cheek and remind Johann, when he came home again, that possession was nine points of the law. She appeared to have an idea, which old Primrose had dropped from his diplomatic lips into her mother's teacup, that Russia would stand behind me if I were to act with decision."

"And wouldn't Russia?"

"If you know what Russia is going to do you have solved the problem of the mysterious east."

"Curt, are you an adventurer?"

"What else is there left for me to be?"

"You couldn't lose much if you tried for the throne of Carpathia and missed it."

"I should lose about everything I have, which I do not consider a large stake."

"And if you were to win it?"

"Johann would lose his bride, but"—Curt spoke earnestly—"you would not win her."

They had entered the café now, and were holding glasses of vodka on the table before them, but they were not drinking. With his black eyes and the heavy barbaric rings on his fingers shining in the light of the open fire, Curt was a picture of vivid earnestness. It was like a new layer upon the top of his usual picturesque recklessness.

"I have no such hope," Howlett said dully, but his heart sank as he spoke the words. He had the instinctive hope which nature has planted in every honest man's heart, that the woman he loves may be his own. "But I may perhaps do something toward saving her from the horror of this dreadful marriage, this marriage which can

be no real marriage, for the man already has a wife."

"Yes, I know he has—Stefanie the dancer. He has been married to her for years. It is not binding." Curt spoke with the utmost composure.

"You people are supposed to have the highest organizations in the world; you are the ruling class, and yet you have the theories of life that belong to the middle ages. You are callous to delicate feelings."

"Oh, nonsense—don't call names. Write all that in a liberal newspaper, for the censor to read. We are like everybody else. It only shows plainer with us. We can't disguise our motives any more than we can disguise our ages. It is all written down for us. They would want to marry Wasia to me, I suppose. They may not. I shall only be a sort of stop gap for a little while if I get into Carpathia. They will want to put her on a permanent throne. She is a lovely girl. She ought to marry an English king. She is more than half English. Only I seriously fear she would be arguing against the House of Lords before six months. Would you believe that she went to call on a prominent nihilist in Geneva, and argued the subject of Russia's future out with her? Wasia knows that Russia couldn't rule herself. She is befogged, numbed by cold. There is no reason for the nihilists."

"They ought to come to free the ruling classes, if anybody."

"Indeed, there is no such prisoner as the Czar Alexander," Curt said sadly, "and few as miserable men. But he does his duty as he understands it. The men who know the Czar love him."

"And yet he sacrifices this young girl?"

"That is his duty as he understands it. He married his brother's betrothed for reasons of state. He has been happy, and he made her happy. Why do you continually talk of this as something you must stop? Has Wasia given you any hint?"

"I have not talked with her long."

"If I believed that it would ruin her life's happiness to marry Johann," Curt said, "I would make that adventure into Carpathia. It might make me a fugitive, an exile, an outcast. I suppose Serge and his wife would never forgive me, and I should be reduced, in case of failure, to earning my daily bread at a card table in a Paris club. Kings in exile have done it before me."

"I have a considerable fortune," Howlett said. "It is at your disposal."

"My dear fellow, I always supposed, until this moment, that you were a man of

common sense, Yankee shrewdness, and all that sort of a thing. Suppose, before you risk so much, you see Wasia and find out whether she wants to be left in maiden meditation, while Johann is kicked from the soil of Carpathia?"

"How am I to see her?" Howlett asked eagerly.

Curt spread out his jeweled fingers. "Do not ask me," he said. "She is too precious now to be let run about with Mme. Berg. She is at the country house of her sister. They drove there this morning. She will not appear again until all the details of her wedding are settled. No invitation has been extended to me to join them there."

Now there happens to be in the brains of most successful men a trait that is created for special occasions. When a thing has been called impossible, then this instinct drives them to make it possible. They are the men who break down fallacies of every sort, who dispel shadows and bugbears, who turn events. America is the country where brains of this sort come to maturity, and Howlett owned one of them. It was not that his caution was small, but his combativeness was large.

"Is there any way by which I can see the Princess Wasia?"

"None that I know of, short of bombarding the castle," said Curt. "There is a legend that a page of the time of the great Catherine enticed a maid of honor down a rope ladder, and was forgiven by his royal mistress on account of his valor. But the great Catherine's days are over."

"I do not wish to entice any one down a rope ladder, but— Will you go with me to that house?"

"Heigho!" Curt laughed. "They say the days of romance are over. I can see no harm in your having ten minutes' talk with Wasia. I suppose the common sense thing to do would be to try and get Serge to take me out there. He might do it, and I could ask Wasia what she wants. But it is altogether likely that my request would be refused, and then they would begin to watch around and wonder what I wanted. Taking it altogether I believe I should prefer the adventure of trying to see her."

"Will you go?"

"Yes, I will."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight."

VIII.

"You may go out tonight. I shall not require your services," Howlett said to his

Swiss after the dinner had been served. He turned his reading lamp around on the table, and gave an extra screw to it that made the flame shoot up. He had been at his desk for hours, arranging papers and writing letters, and it looked as if he had found an all night occupation. The Swiss mentally thanked Heaven that his lines had been cast in such pleasant places, and took his departure.

He was hardly out of the house when Howlett's whole manner changed. He pulled off the easy old blouse that he had been wearing, and rapidly dressed himself in the warmest garments, covering himself finally with a heavy fur coat, and donning a fur cap which came down about his ears. He had a vestige of his uniform on, but at the last minute he buckled about his waist, inside his outer coat, a full belt of cart-ridges, and thrust two revolvers into it.

All the time he was watching a little clock on the mantelpiece. As the hour struck he started towards the door; then he hesitated and came back. Stuck into the wall, holding up a corner of a Navajo blanket, which had been woven by some squaw on the plains of New Mexico, and had come all the way to do duty as a tapestry, was a knife with a keen steel blade and a bone handle. Howlett had picked it up from a Pike County man who declared that it had once been the property of the redoubtable Colonel James Bowie. He took it down now, and ran his naked thumb along its edge. Evidently it was such good steel that it had not been injured by its late uses. It went into the belt with the two revolvers.

The incongruity of calling on a princess with a bowie knife in his belt aroused no sense of humor in Lieutenant Howlett. Life had become too serious for laughter. It was for the light minded Curt to enjoy the comedy of the situation.

He ran down the steps and out into the streets without seeing any one in the house. A beggar stood at the door in a dirty old sheepskin coat, and whined out an insistent appeal. Howlett started to pass him, but the man followed. With a gesture of impatience, and in the hope of ridding himself of an unpleasant follower, the American pushed aside his coat and took two or three copper pieces from his pocket. The light flashed for one second on the polish of the revolvers, and then the two parted. Howlett walked rapidly to the corner of the street, where an extra droshky stood in the line of waiting vehicles. He stopped, loudly bargained with the man to take him

to the American minister's, a few blocks away, and seated himself inside.

The beggar walked ten steps, said a few words to a man who had just left another droshky, and then disappeared around a corner.

Howlett went in the direction of the minister's, but drove on past the house, without stopping, and on out toward the open country. As they left the last of the houses behind, Howlett left the back seat, climbed over to the front, and seated himself beside the driver. The three horses were skimming along over the snow, their bells sending their peals far and wide.

"We will let the bells jangle for a few miles farther," Curt said, for it was that hothead who sat on the driver's seat, handling the reins as if he had driven a troika all his days. "How do you like my system of bargaining? I have been thinking as we came along that if the worst came to the worst, I might become a cab driver. There's money in it, as you Americans say."

"How long before we get there, and what are the plans?"

"Plans! Plans! My dear fellow, I gave you a plan of the castle when we parted. I marked in red ink the window from which the page of the time of Catherine enticed the maid of honor down the rope ladder. I can do no more. I am sure I cannot tell how you are going to see Wasia. I supposed you would have thought out some plan ere this. Ah! I am glad I did not take those bells off. Here is a troika behind us. I wonder if that can be Serge. There are few houses on this branch of the road. If he asks us where we are going, we are going after Father Gregory, who lives just beyond the country house. He has been sent for by an old friend, who is very ill. You are my friend."

Curt said all this hastily, for the troika was just behind them. With great deference Curt drew up to the side of the badly broken road, and let the other vehicle by. It went by, turned, and flew rapidly back toward the city.

"Now I wonder what in the devil's name that man could be doing?" Curt asked, drawing up his horses and looking back. At once the troika stopped and turned again. As it came alongside, the occupant leaned out.

"Can you tell me," he asked in broken Russian, "if this road leads to the estates of Prince Paulanoff? I have lost my way."

"The road you are seeking is in exactly the opposite direction. Leave Petersburg on the other side."

"Ah!" the man said in a disappointed tone. "I must hasten." He spoke sharply to his driver, and dashed rapidly back.

In an hour the two adventurers' horses toiled up a steep hill, on the top of which stood the country house of the Grand Duke Serge.

"I was brought up here," Curt said, as they drew near. "This house was refitted by my father for my mother's residence. The apartments of the grand duchess are those for which my father chose the furnishings. Doubtless Wasia has the rooms which were mine. They are there in that corner. Underneath is the library. What was afterward my sitting room was designed for my father's dressing room, and there is an inclosed staircase running up in the wall behind the bookcase. If Wasia is in my old rooms, and we could get into the library, all would be easy."

"We must leave the droshky here in the clump of trees," Howlett said, "and you may stay here. Why should you risk yourself in this? It can do you no good. Tell me where the rooms are, and let me trust to my own ingenuity."

"You will have me for a companion," Curt replied. "Am I one to lurk in a clump of trees? Of course there is only one thing to do. Wasia cannot be asked to come down and unlock a door like a lady's maid. I am going to awaken a servant, and take you into that house."

The horses were made fast with an easily slipped knot.

"If you are going to do that," Howlett asked, "why do you hide the horses?"

"This is a good place to keep the horses sheltered and easy of access," Curt said. "Come along."

There was no moon, but the broad expanse of snow served to throw up a light where the trees and the gloomy, square house did not shade it. Curt made his way toward the back. Going up to an iron wicket, which led into the offices, he whistled a peculiar call. Presently there was a sound of feet on a flagged passage, and an old man with a fur cap about his ears, and a lantern, came down toward the gate.

"Old Ivan has answered that whistle many a night," Curt laughed. "He knows my ways of old. Ivan," he went on, cautiously, with an air of great mystery, "are the ladies in their apartments?"

"Yes, your highness, hours ago."

"Very good. It is necessary that I should consult some of the records in the library—some of my father's old records.

It is about a matter of business. I have brought a lawyer with me. Can you let us in for a few minutes without disturbing anybody?"

"Is it another search for the will?" the old man whispered.

"Yes," Curt said.

"Please God you may get your rights, sir," the old man faltered. "Come in," and he unlocked the gate.

"I had forgotten all about the old man's craze," Curt whispered as they followed the footsteps. "He thinks my father left a will which has been mislaid; that he intended to leave me all the unentailed property. I know he did nothing of the kind, but it will do as a door opener."

The library was a long, narrow apartment, surrounded with books. On one side a table stood, and just over it hung the portrait of a beautiful, smiling woman, so real that she was almost like a presence in the room. It was not necessary for Curt to say that it was his mother.

"Soft!" he whispered. "Are the apartments of the Princess Wasia directly over this?" he asked, turning to old Ivan. "She might be disturbed."

"Be quiet, I beg of you. The young princess has been in her rooms all day. Her dinner was served to her there. She is not happy with the grand duchess. Something is wrong between them," the old man said. "They do not talk together."

"It strikes me that if my sister wanted to palm me off on a brute like Johann, I'd speak to her. I should have several remarks to make," Curt said in English. "You may go now, Ivan," he added. "We shall not be long."

"And if you find it?"

"You shall hear of it on the instant."

The old man had hardly closed the door when Curt pulled down his mother's portrait and showed steps behind it. His father had had it painted as if his wife were standing at the foot of the stairway, which she had doubtless often used. Curt slipped out of sight in an instant, turning back to say:

"I hope she won't scream and arouse the house."

Howlett listened intently. There was a little knock, faint as possible, then a low cry, smothered in an instant. Two minutes later Curt appeared again.

"Wasia will see you," he said. "Take this candle, and stop at the turn in the stairs. I will wait here."

Howlett, his heart beating in great strokes, took the taper Curt handed him, and stepped up on the stair. The canvas

rolled over the opening behind him. He found himself in a very narrow way, which turned abruptly after two steps. There was a niche here, in which a saint had stood before the house was remodeled. Howlett leaned against it and waited.

The door at the top of the dark space opened, and a figure in a long white gown stood there in a half light. Howlett could feel little chills coursing over the backs of his hands. He could see the pinkiness of Wasia's fingers where the candle light she was shading shone through them, and it made her seem human and lovable. He wondered what he could say to her.

Step by step she came down. She could see his face, as he could see hers, and they gazed at each other with half embarrassed eyes. Howlett took a step to meet her, and as he did, a great wave of crimson went over her white cheeks. He could see that there were circles about her sweet eyes, and the lids were red.

As the blood went over her face she ceased to be a princess, in Howlett's mind; she became all at once the woman he must protect, the woman he loved, the woman who trusted him, who loved him. The appeal in her eyes overmastered him. He put the taper on the pedestal where the saint had stood, and held out his arms to her. She went into them like a child. The sob of joy and relief that broke from her throat brought tears into Howlett's eyes.

"My darling!" he said. "My darling!" There was no rank between them now; they were only two young lovers in the first ecstasy of their passion. "Come away with me now," he whispered.

"Must I?" she asked, like a child.

The demon of temptation shook Howlett. Why should she not come? One can be no more than happy. Surely she would be happy with him. There was the droszky outside. They could go—where could they go? How could he ever leave the frontier with the Princess Wasia without a passport? It was impossible, however much he might wish it.

"It is impossible!"

The girl put one hand up to his cheek, and then put the other under his chin.

"Look at me," she said.

Their faces were almost together. Her lips parted over the pretty teeth, and her eyes looked into his. Howlett could not realize that she was a princess, that he was committing a crime in being where he was. She seemed like some sweet American girl. There was nothing foreign, nothing alien about her.

"Do you know," she said, "I do not even know your name?"

"Howlett."

"Do not be stupid. *Your* name. Not your family name."

"Robert."

"Do they call you Bob?"

She was laughing. Their eyes met for an instant, and then he kissed her again and again. Why should they be severe and wise? They had a right to be silly. They were young.

Suddenly Curt cleared his throat loudly. In another moment they could hear voices in the room below. Wasia put her hand over Howlett's mouth. They could hear every word. A high, cold woman's voice was speaking. "How came you here?" it said.

"It is Marie," Wasia whispered.

"I came to see Serge," Curt replied solemnly. "They told me that he was here. There was an important message brought to me."

"Not about—nihilists?" Marie's voice went to a whisper.

Curt was silent. There was a little giggle in Wasia's throat.

"What is that noise?" Marie asked fearfully.

"It was I, rustling this book leaf," Curt said. "You are in no possible danger from nihilists now. You owe that much to Wasia. I am afraid you are going to have a hard time of it when she has gone," he went on airily. "I think the fact that it pleased her to visit you has been all that has kept you—pardon me—in one piece, for some time."

"How can you say such dreadful things? What was your message, then, and why was it not delivered?"

"Serge is not here. Ivan let me in to reach the fire for an instant."

"And the message?"

"Related to the Czar. I must go back. But first, my dear princess, let me see you to the door of your own apartment. It is not wise for you to be running about, even in your own house, unattended, in times like these."

"Like these? It is nihilists!"

"The nihilist is always with us."

"I will go to Wasia's rooms. Let me around the table. I will go up the staircase."

"And frighten her to death? No." Curt was evidently holding her arm and trying to lead her toward the door. "And then, besides that, I will not leave you until I see you inside Wasia's door. I fear your sister

would hardly understand my walking with you up that narrow way."

There was a suggestion in Curt's last sentence which froze Marie's tones. "You may go," she said, and swept out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Curt rushed to the picture and rolled it back. "Come!" he said.

Wasia tore herself away and flew up the stairs, while Howlett joined Curt. Together they hurried out through the corridor, and, unlocking the wicket, started toward their droshky. They ran toward the trees at the edge of the wood. As they passed the first one, a bullet flew before Curt's face, so close that he felt the wind of its passage.

Howlett slipped one of his own pistols into his hand. He had left his furs in the droshky, and wore a short coat under which his belt was buckled. As another shot flew by them he whispered to Curt, "Run on and get the horses. I will hold them at bay."

He could see a man's arm moving in the open space where the light came through. It was almost pitchy dark here in the thick trees. Howlett fired and the arm dropped. But at the same instant he felt himself seized in a powerful grasp and pushed back. His pistol was knocked from his hand, and his right arm held. With his left hand he grasped the bone handle of his knife, and, wrenching his shoulder free, struck backward with all his might. He felt the knife strike and cut. The grasp on his arm relaxed, and with another effort he was free.

He could see nothing. Only a sense of locality that was one of his strongest instincts led him to the droshky. Curt whistled the lash about the horses' ears and they dashed away over the plain.

"I have killed a man, I think," Howlett said. "Who were they?"

"Heaven only knows. It may be anybody, from Serge's own men to Johann's. It is probably Johann's, guarding the princess. He is barbarian enough to expect somebody to carry her off; and circumstances are almost bearing him out. What did Wasia say? Does she want to marry the brute?"

"She does not," Howlett replied emphatically.

"I thought she didn't," Curt said, and then he laughed. He had heard every word through the picture, but there was no necessity for telling that. The sacredness of royalty had not been sufficiently ground into themorganatic nephew of the Grand Duke Serge. Lawlessness was in his blood.

He knew that the conventionalities must be observed on the crust, but what went on underneath was a matter of one's individual concern.

"Am I to make that throw for Carpathia?"

"I have a fortune," Howlett said. "My fortune and my life are with you."

"I wouldn't throw them away," Curt said seriously. "If by chance I succeed, Wasia will be taken from Johann, but she

will not be for you. It will only be to marry some one else."

"I will risk it," Howlett replied. He was ready to fight the world now.

He ran up the steps of his apartment. By his door stood a man, who pushed a note into his hand and slipped away. Howlett read it by his expiring lamp.

Johann has spies following you. Be careful, and leave Russia at once. Buy some embroideries in Carpathia. STEFANIE.

(*To be continued.*)

IN TWO CITIES.

PARIS.

HER eyes are full of laughter and of light ;
 She twines her flowers, all dew wet in her hair,
 Until their fragrance, as they wither there,
 Makes all the sunshine magically bright.
 She wears her beauty with a sweet delight,
 And smiles—as innocence alone should dare.

Yet those who in the gray night follow, where
 Sleeps high Notre Dame in massiveness and might,
 Have seen her bow her proud, glad head, and weep,
 With all the burden of the mystery
 Of woe—dead tragedies, and living cries,
 And sickening secrets her great heart must keep
 Of sin and sorrow—that no one may see
 Her solemn memories in her laughing eyes.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

HERE stand, and while that holy, well known strain
 Fills all the vaulted arching, lift your eyes.
 Ah, you will tremble, yes, and tears will rise
 With the oppressive awe of it, and pain
 Born of excess of beauty. But remain
 Quite motionless, until its beauty lies
 Like music in your heart, or like the skies'
 Own spotless noon, that waters clear retain.

Then, weep. For here is carved the soul's one prayer,
 Silent, unuttered principle of life
 Ineffably divine, that all things teach—
 The aspiration, and the yearning, there
 In secret, and the soul's unfruitful strife
 To touch pure, snow clad heights she cannot reach.

Edith Neil.

FOREVER AND A DAY.

MISS WINIFRED CRAIGIE gave one last glance around the room to see that everything was in readiness. She moved a Chinese bowl full of roses so that they could nod to their own reflections in the oval gilt mirror hanging above them. She pushed a low chintz covered rocker nearer to the fireplace, where some driftwood was smoldering. Her own straight backed stair stood in its accustomed corner, near enough to the fire but out of the way of drafts from the chimney. The small rocking chair seemed to be a disturbing element in the room, and the white haired old lady glanced at it apprehensively from time to time. For, after many years of silence, the old house was going to be awakened.

Priscilla, Miss Winifred's niece, had written to her expressing a desire to visit Craigport. She was going to be married in the fall to George Gorham, a naval officer stationed at Washington, and she told her aunt that she wanted to be away from the gay world for a little while. She wanted, too, to see the old homestead where the Craiges had lived ever since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and she wanted George to see it. Would her dear aunt Winifred be good enough to ask them to come to see her? And of course Miss Winifred had asked them.

For thirty years Miss Winifred had lived alone with her flowers, her beautiful old china, and a bundle of yellowing letters. No one knew what had gone wrong in her life, but suddenly, when she was about twenty four years old, she had disappeared from society and taken up her abode in the old family homestead at Craigport.

And now Priscilla was coming to invade her solitude, and George was coming a week later. There was a rumble of carriage wheels, and Miss Winifred drew her soft white shawl closer around her slender shoulders, smoothed her thin white hair, and glanced nervously at the chintz covered rocker. But when Priscilla appeared she was not a formidable object. She was even smaller than her aunt, and the old lady welcomed her with a kiss on each cheek. "A Craigie, through and through, my dear," she whispered.

There were old family stories to be listened to, old portraits and faded daguerreotypes to be examined, and all sorts of curious relics of dead and gone Craiges. To Priscilla, the house seemed to be tenanted by generations of ghosts. She saw them sitting in the high backed chairs, and she felt them wandering through the gloomy halls and darkened rooms, breathing whiffs of lavender and withered roses over her. Time crept by but slowly until George came, and then the ghosts of the past made way for present joys, and the days could not be too long.

The lovers spent hours on the beach and in the old woods of the farm. They were walking one day past a little old cemetery, and Priscilla suggested that they should go inside and sit under the trees. They went through the turnstile, and as they walked up the sloping path they read on the grave-stones the names of old sea captains and their wives. On some there was the name of the wife only, and a brief statement that the husband of the deceased had been drowned far away in the Indian Ocean or the China Sea.

Priscilla sat down and leaned against an old headstone. George stretched himself out at her feet, and they talked, as they always did, of the life they would lead together and the places they wanted to see.

"Well, it will take a long time to do all this, sweetheart," George said. "How long do you think you'll love me, and want to wander about the earth with a sailor husband?"

"'Martha Gilworthy' over there had been 'a fond and faithful wife for sixty years'; perhaps I will be that," Priscilla said, raising his hand to her lips. "But I will make you a promise; I will love you as long as the Martha or Nancy whose name is here loved her lord. It may be long or it may be short. But this is a vow, and I am superstitious; I know it will come true."

She moved aside the wild blackberry vines that clambered over the crooked old headstone. George watched her; he was not superstitious, and he knew that his love would last forever, and he knew too, that hers would, so why care what the stone might say? The letters had been worn

away by the rains of many years, and were almost illegible.

"Why, it's 'Priscilla,'" she cried, and in a moment added, with a little note of awe in her voice, "'Priscilla Craigie.' It is my own headstone. 'Aged nineteen years and three months,'" she read. She replaced the blackberry vines tenderly. "You see, she was neither fond nor faithful."

Priscilla smiled; it was only a jest, of course, but she shivered slightly. They left the cemetery and walked home through the gathering twilight. She was very quiet and thoughtful, and held George's hand tightly clasped in hers.

After tea they sat with Miss Winifred on the porch watching the great yellow moon rise and the long streak of light come across the water.

"Aunt Winifred, who was 'Priscilla Craigie, aged nineteen years and three months'? We found her today in the cemetery."

"Haven't I told you about her, dear?" Miss Winifred asked. "She was my grandfather's youngest sister, and lived here—not in this house but in the old one, nearer the cliffs. She was going to be married to a

young sailor. A few weeks before the day set for the wedding a vessel was wrecked out here on the rocks. He volunteered to go out to the ship with some other men, and they saved all the people who were on board. Priscilla stood on the cliff watching her lover, never thinking of his danger, but thanking God that he was so brave and strong. He was the last to leave the ship, and was coming ashore when the life rope broke and he fell into the seething waters. He was never seen again; even his body never came ashore. Priscilla went back to the house and sat down by the window facing the sea; she did not speak, she did not cry, but in the morning, when they went into her room, they found her sitting there, dead."

Miss Winifred shivered a little when she finished the story, and went into the house. George was sitting on the steps by Priscilla, but neither of them spoke for a few moments.

"You see I was quite right," she said, slipping her hand into his; "she could not live without him and so she followed him—they have been together ever since, and she will love him forever—as I will love you."

Kathryn Jarboe.

MADRIGAL.

SWEETHEART, the day is done,
And in the amber west
The shallop moon her port has won,
By twilight breezes pressed;
And faint through the sky rings a tender cry,
Sweetheart, in the fading light,
While the night winds sigh as they linger by—
Sweetheart, good night!

Sweetheart, 'tis night's high noon,
And through the blue sky's arc
The stars drift down to the harbored moon
In the western portal dark;
And low in your ear I whisper near,
Sweetheart, do you hear aright?
As with answering sigh you make reply,
Sweetheart, good night!

Sweetheart, the short night goes,
The daylight comes apace,
And high in the east the morning blows,
A flower like your face.
The lark's cry rings and the linnet sings,
Sweetheart, as the sky grows bright,
As faint and far fades the last pale star,
Sweetheart, good night!

Winthrop Packard.

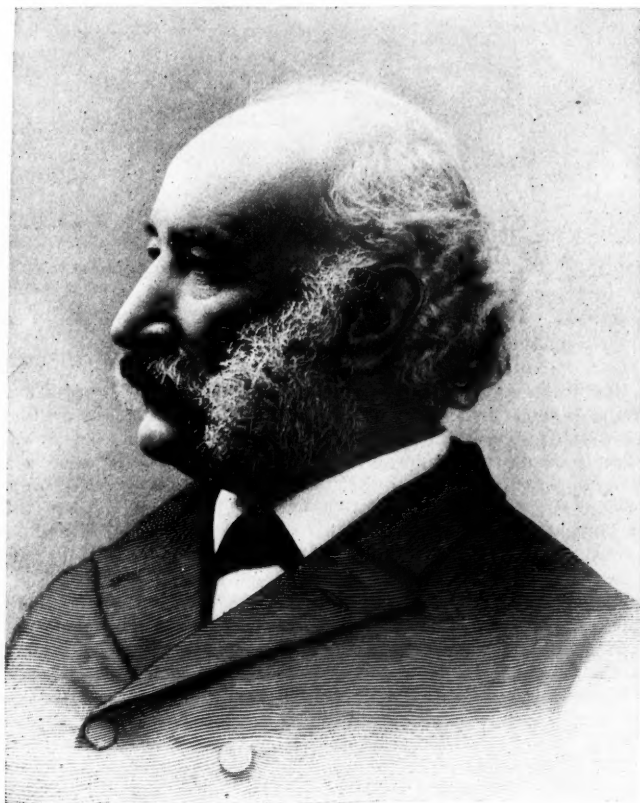
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SAN FRANCISCO has a "reform mayor" in the person of Adolph Sutro. His election—which, though Mr. Sutro is a millionaire, was a protest against the influence of organized capital—brought into the chief magistracy of the Golden Gate city one of its most remarkable personalities.

Mr. Sutro came to America from his native Prussia when he was a boy, and earned his way with his own hands. The foundation of his fortune was laid by the famous tunnel that bears his name, in the silver veined mountains of Nevada. He had a natural talent for engineering, and on visiting the Comstock mines he saw his opportunity. The engineering difficulties of his scheme seemed insurmountable, and

the mining companies received the young man's suggestions with indifference. But in the face of the strongest opposition, he began the gigantic venture and brought it to a successful finish.

Mr. Sutro next went to San Francisco, and invested his money—he was then worth about \$300,000—in the barren sand dunes known as the "outside lands." His forecast of the city's growth proved correct, and his property became immensely valuable. A tract of rocks and sand fronting upon the ocean he made into a beautiful park, in which he resides. He has generously thrown his gardens open to the public, and has promised to bequeath them, with his fine library, to the city.



Adolph Sutro, Mayor of San Francisco.

From a photograph by Tuber, San Francisco.

Mr. Sutro is close upon his three score and tenth year, but he is still full of energy and activity. All San Francisco knows and respects the keen eyed, white haired old gentleman, whose figure, wrapped in a fur lined coat and crowned with a soft felt hat, is daily seen upon Montgomery Street. When the sustenance of the unemployed

Colonel North's immense fortune has been dug from Peruvian soil, and nitrate of soda is its base. In the province of Tarapaca there is an area of about one hundred and fifty square miles, in which there is a deposit of millions of tons of that valuable fertilizer. Colonel North controls this area. As side industries, just to keep his fine



Colonel John T. North.

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

was a pressing local question, Mr. Sutro was one of the heaviest investors in meal tickets and work coupons. He is always one of the first to whom the promoters of a worthy charity appeal for aid.

* * * * *

COLONEL JOHN THOMAS NORTH is one of the remarkable figures of the nineteenth century. In the center of the financial world, London, where there are scores of men who are worth dozens of millions, he takes his place with the wealthiest in the line. His distinction is that he made all his money himself. Half a century ago he was a poor Yorkshire boy, in Leeds, apprenticed to a firm of millrights and engineers. His father died when he was twenty three, and he told his widowed mother to keep his share of the small property left to the family.

commercial hand in practice, he bought eight hundred acres of argillaceous land in Belgium, and organized an enormous plant which supplies the best cement in the world. He also owns a colliery in South Wales, where he employs three thousand men. He is a "son of the earth," and he has not done with nourishing himself at his mother's breasts.

Physically, North is of medium height, is moderately stout, and has a ring of reddish hair encircling the large bald tract on his skull, with a large nose, blue eyes, and a fine rubicund visage. He is quick and gliding in his movements. Mentally, he is still quicker. In his offices in the Woolpack Building, 3 Gracechurch Street, in the city, he is busier than a bee, doing twice the work without half the buzzing.

At one time the railroads in the nitrate

region became involved, and the agent of the Montero Brothers, who financed them, tried to raise £70,000 in London to pay off a mortgage which had been called in. Colonel North got the man in his office, made him an offer of £90,000 for the interest that his employers had in the road, and pinned him down to a five minutes' decision on the offer. It was accepted. That is Colonel North's characteristic style of doing business.

He lives at Avery Hill, on the outskirts of Eltham, one of the prettiest spots in Kent. It is an hour's ride from Charing Cross. The "Nitrate King's" residence here is a huge house covering a great deal of ground, but not rising very high into the air. There are a dozen guest rooms, a perfectly appointed Turkish bath, a billiard room, ball room, picture gallery, conservatories, and a strong room full of plate and jewels.

But our Yorkshire millionaire is a tremendous sport. As a penniless boy in Leeds he showed his sporting blood. Now, with his millions, he can gratify this taste fully. He has immense stables and kennels at Eltham. Among his race trophies are Goodwood, Brighton, and Liverpool Cups, beside three Waterloo Cups for coursing. He has political ambitions, too, and at the recent election made a bold and almost successful attempt to oust Herbert Gladstone from his seat in Leeds.

At Avery Hill lavish expenditure has produced comfort and luxury rather than great elegance or refinement. Colonel North will always be a bluff, direct, unpolished man, with a good heart. His only daughter, Miss Emma North, married a few years ago the man she loved instead of making a more brilliant alliance in which her heart would have had less play. She is a pretty girl of pleasant manners. The colonel has one other child, Captain Henry North, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers. He inherits his father's "sporting blood," and is an enthusiastic yachtsman.

Colonel North is, in a word, all that the poor Yorkshire boy gave promise of being,



Baron de Hirsch.

From a photograph.

and his good, sturdy character has not been spoiled by immense riches. This is praise enough for a man. The time may come when, like Bass and Guinness, the brewers, Blundell Maple, the furniture man, and "Gus" Harris, the theatrical manager, he may write a handle before his name. He certainly deserves it as much as they.

* * * *

A CHARACTERISTIC of many of the wealthiest Hebrews of the world is the quality, call it what one will, that leads them to disburse liberally of their shekels for the amelioration of their fellow beings. Sir Moses Montefiore made his name famous by his works of benevolence; Lord Rothschild gives \$250,000 yearly to charity; but Baron de Hirsch has surpassed all others in his readiness to draw upon his millions for the benefit of his own race. Four years ago he came to the rescue of the persecuted Jews in Russia, prepared to devote twenty or thirty millions of his money to the alleviation of their miseries.

Baron de Hirsch has never done anything more calculated to make him an interesting

figure in the public eye than his endeavor to transplant his down trodden people from Russia to the Argentine, and transform them into agriculturists. To the general public,



Mrs. Clara S. Foltz.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

the picture of any Jew, save those of the old Testament, contentedly working the earth's surface for a livelihood seems a little fanciful. Baron de Hirsch believed, however, that under the stress of adversity the race that made Palestine a land of milk and honey might again become agriculturists.

The baron's only son died some time ago, so he is defrauding no heirs by his benefactions. "Perhaps if a man could take his money with him," he once remarked dryly,

"he might not care to dispose of it in this way." This was apropos of his immense projected expenditures on the Argentine scheme. He is a thorough man of the world, and his religious views are of the broadest sort. He believes that "the best religion a man can have is to lead an honest life." He has a *bureau de bienfaisance* at 36 Rue de Belle-Chasse, Paris, of which Dr. Sonnenfeld is the director.

The baron's Paris residence is a magnificent house near the Avenue des Champs Elysées, but he spends much time in London. He is something of a friend of the Prince of Wales. He takes quite an interest in racing, and has had some crack horses, such as La Flèche. All his winnings on the turf are devoted to charity, as are those of the Duke of Portland, and some other prominent patrons of racing in England.

Baron de Hirsch is a man of fifty eight, slightly inclined to corpulency, with a florid complexion, and brilliant eyes of a clear, greenish hue. He is a well preserved, well groomed man, with a suggestion of self importance rather than an air of distinction. He dresses quietly and wears little jewelry.

* * * *

MRS. CLARA S. FOLTZ of San Francisco is one of the heroines of the "new woman" movement, but her work has been too serious and her achievements too important for them to be confounded with a fad. She has opened the legal profession to California women, and has given them, through her own personal work, the facilities for study as well as practice. She has created the Portia Club, of which she is dean, to give women such legal knowledge as shall enable them to take care of their own property and to understand their own rights.

Mrs. Foltz' history is an interesting one. She is the daughter of a prominent Indiana clergyman, one of the men who nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. She married and lost her husband when still a young woman, and was left with five little children dependent upon her. She says that the text of her law education was "Use your own rights so as not to infringe upon the rights of others." An effort to preserve her own rights from another's infringement caused her to realize that she had found her proper vocation in expounding the law. She studied for two years, and in 1879 was admitted to the bar of California. Previous to this, only male citizens had been eligible to practice in the courts. Mrs. Foltz had a bill presented in the Legislature amending the law. She fol-

lowed it, lobbying it through, and then stood beside the governor while he signed it.

Nor was this her only triumph. The Hastings College of Law was made a part of the State University, but women were not admitted to it. The regents of the university declared that the rustling of the women's gowns would interfere with the male students' studies. Mrs. Foltz went to the libraries and discovered that there was

When she returned from Europe last year, ready to take up her work, she learned that she was expected to make bricks without straw. There was no money in the treasury to make even the beginning of a "women's building." Mrs. Thompson called her aids about her, and by her own personal efforts has succeeded in erecting a thirty thousand dollar building for the display of women's work.



Mrs. Joseph Thompson, President of the Board of Women Managers of the Atlanta Exposition.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta, Georgia.

no mention of sex in the laws concerning the university. She presented this as her argument, and the school was opened to women.

* * * *

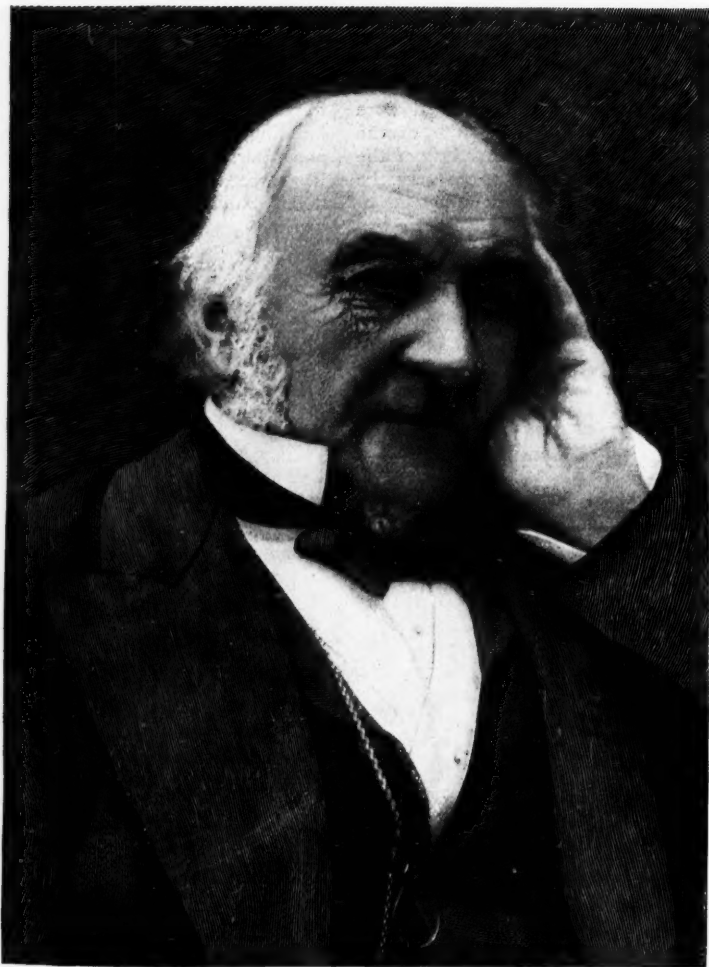
MRS. JOSEPH THOMPSON, the president of the board of women managers of the Atlanta Exposition, has proven that Mrs. Palmer of Chicago was not alone in possessing great executive ability combined with remarkable tact and personal beauty.

In both cases these ladies upon whom such responsibilities fell were society women, whose experience was gained in social fields. Mrs. Thompson has had one task which did not fall to Mrs. Palmer.

Mrs. Thompson is the daughter of Major Livingstone Mims, and before and since her marriage has been one of the famous beauties of the South, and one whose cleverness and wit have made her famous no less than her beauty.

* * * *

OF the three famous octogenarians of Europe—the Pope, Bismarck, and Gladstone—the last named, who hopes to celebrate his eighty-sixth birthday in December, is at once the oldest in years and the most youthful in mind and body. Never has the axiom of the longevity of genius found a more glorious exemplification than in this man. While the Iron Chancellor, who pro-



William Ewart Gladstone.

From his latest photograph by Mendelsohn, London.

jected the Baltic canal, was unable to attend its recent opening, Gladstone was there to receive the homage of the nations of the world represented by their greatest war ships. Even the fact—gratuitously recalled by the French press—that the Emperor William on one occasion referred to him as "that Home Rule humbug" could not deter the Grand Old Man from his purpose of personally inspecting one of the greatest engineering works of the century.

Periodically we are told by busy cable editors that Gladstone is on the eve of visiting this country. During the silly season of 1894 he actually had his grip packed to cross the ocean, according to these authorities. The truth is that while the great

statesman is appreciative of the admiration the American people feel for him, that dreaded disease, *mal de mer*, stands in the way of the fulfilment of his own and our wishes.

The charge that history will bring against Gladstone is that he has never been a creator. He has had four terms as prime minister, more than either Salisbury, Pitt, or Lord Liverpool, and during all of his sixty years in Parliament "he has been a chopper down of trees in private life, and a destroyer of rottenness in politics; but he has neither planted nor built anything to take the place of what he has removed." The writer of this much quoted sentence, it may be urged, fails to credit him with the

creation of local self government in the English communes; but we can hardly term the criticism an unfair one when we contrast Gladstone's life work with that of other great premiers of his time, Bismarck or Cavour, one of whom created an empire, while the other brought about the unity of the Italian nation.

At the present time scores of pens are busy writing biographies of Gladstone; but can we expect a really complete history of his marvelous career to be written in this century? In the cellars of Hawarden Castle lie thousands of boxes, well ordered and labeled, containing every important letter received by Mr. Gladstone since 1832, when he entered upon public life, and a copy of his own answer to it. There are also copies of all his important state papers, and of all the bills drafted by him. Only after this great historical storehouse has been explored and sifted, will the world have an authentic record of Gladstone's real life and aims from the days of his youth to his grave.

* * * *

ALMOST any man who arose and confidently announced that he had a perfect solution of the financial problem of the day would have received some sort of a hearing. William Hope Harvey went about the exposition of his theory in an entirely original way. He had been a school teacher, and he realized that the majority of the people must be taught like children; that nine out of ten good arguments, upon any subject, missed their mark because they were wrapped in such dry technicalities that they went over the heads of the masses. In "Coin's Financial School" he went down to the A B C of his subject, with the result that he has sold over a million copies of his first book and many thousands of its successors.

"Coin" belongs to the people. He was educated in a log schoolhouse in West Virginia, and was the master of one at sixteen. He studied law in an office, and then went to Denver, where he made a small fortune in real estate. He honestly believes in the theories he presents in his book. He thought that he saw a people fatally ignorant concerning the state of their own country, and he has made it his mission to enlighten them. He put all of his money into a little weekly journal in Chicago and started upon his crusade. His paper was

not a success, and his book at first fell flat; but earnestness such as his generally finds an audience at last.

Mr. Harvey is forty three years old, but looks younger. His eyes are gray and



W. H. Harvey ("Coin").
From a photograph by Thomas, Chicago.

earnest, and his mouth cool and determined. He looks what he is, a simple, resolute man, with a theory which he intends the world shall hear.

* * * *

WHEN Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the famous Cleveland beauty, married Captain Herbert Naylor-Leyland, of the Second Life Guards, people said that she had fallen short of the matrimonial mark set by American girls. It was not long, however, before



Mrs. T. Scarisbrick.

From a photograph by Alice Hughes, London.

her husband began to evidence the possession of the qualities that win distinction. He sought and won a seat in Parliament, and made a creditable début in public life. By instinct and connection a Tory, he espoused the Liberal cause, and resigned his seat at Westminster, being created—more or less by way of compensation—a baronet by the Rosebery government. At the recent British election he was a candidate in the Southport division of Lancashire, but after a hard fought battle was defeated by another young Englishman with an American bride—the Hon. George N. Curzon, who married Miss Leiter, of Washington, last April. It is likely, however, that Sir Herbert will not be permanently excluded from Westminster.

Lady Naylor-Leyland actively seconds the political ambitions of her husband, and her beauty and social brilliance have been an important aid to his career. She makes a charming chatelaine of one of the fine

houses of London—Hyde Park House, close by Albert Gate.

* * * *

MR. SCARISBRICK, of Scarisbrick Lodge, Southport, who recently married Miss Josephine Chamberlain, Lady Naylor-Leyland's sister, is rich and comes of a good, though untitled family. The wedding festivities were held at Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland's country place, Hillingdon Court.

The American girl's success abroad has come about through one of three possessions—wealth, beauty, or cleverness. The Misses Chamberlain were notably endowed with the two latter qualities, which have given them the entrée to the inmost circles of England's social life. These two young matrons may do as much for their husbands as did Lord Randolph Churchill's clever American wife for hers.

* * * *

FROM time to time the cable informs us that, on the eve of some great function or



Lady Naylor-Leyland.

From the portrait by Arthur Hughes.

some important government decision, M. Faure, President of the French Republic, has gone to Havre. There the former fellmonger buries himself in his old home, where he has been so happy and successful, to gather new strength and to steel himself in

bald, with strong features and gray hair and mustache. Naturally conservative and prudent, his character is that of a frank, amiable, pleasant, and polished gentleman. He has the tact, will, and energy to carry out the promise, made on the day of his



Félix Faure, President of France.

From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

self confidence. It was Gambetta, worldly and egotistical, that introduced M. Faure into public life ; and the pupil has never forgotten his mentor's maxims about success in politics.

Faure is the first business man to hold the chief magistracy of France, and his administration is above all based on sound business principles. Unlike Carnot and Casimir-Perier, who were *poseurs*, Faure gives one the impression of a comfortable *bourgeois*. He is rather stout and slightly

election, that he would be an arbiter between parties, and would show, as head of the state, special solicitude for the poor.

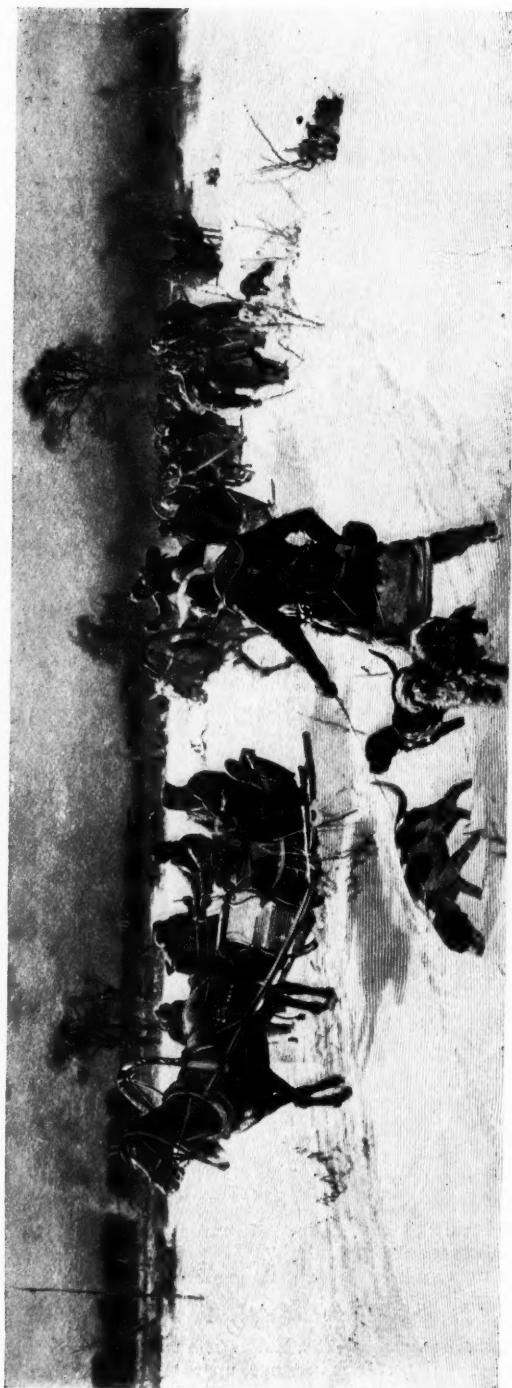
M. Faure was married young to a lady of good *bourgeois* family, who has since inherited a large fortune. He has two daughters, the elder of whom is married, while the younger, Mlle. Lucie Faure, remains with her parents. She is a very bright and vivacious girl, and is credited with having more influence upon her father than any other living creature.

THE KAISER AS A SPORTSMAN.

What William of Germany owes to the American playmates of his boyhood—His intense love of sport, and his prowess as deerstalker, bear hunter, whaler, and yachtsman.

THE popularity of the United States in Europe is largely due to the American girl, the American trotter, and American sports. A copy of Herkomer's celebrated portrait of Miss Adele Grant—now Countess of Essex—hangs in nearly every palace and museum on the continent. Our horses annually take prizes in London, Paris, Berlin, Venice, and Vienna. The achievements of the Yale boys, the Princeton "tigers," and the New York "giants" are commented upon in the cafés of the Boulevard des Italiens, of the Ringstrasse, and of Unter den Linden perhaps not as learnedly, but almost as eagerly as by the New York evening papers. Buffalo Bill made more money in London and in the German capitals than in New York; and American sporting goods are for sale in every city of the old world.

"If I ever come to America," said the Emperor William to Mark Twain, at a dinner given in honor of the humorist at the palace of General von Versen in the Kaiserstadt, two years ago, "I must see that trio of games—baseball, football, and polo. I have tried to introduce them in my country, but our attempts



The Kaiser's Return from a Bear Hunt.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Falat.



An Imperial Bear Hunt.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Fa'at.

proved very tame affairs. I am most anxious to see the real thing."

His majesty has witnessed these games in England, but, strange to say, the British players did not appear, in his eyes, to be the genuine article. The Kaiser is a man of fixed notions. For instance, up to the hour that he visited Rear Admiral Kirkland on the majestic *Columbia*, in the har-

bor of Kiel, he thought that England alone possessed a navy worth speaking of. After inspecting the splendid cruiser and her sister ships, the *San Francisco* and the *New York*, he changed his mind upon the subject of sea power, actual and potential, and with the honesty that characterizes all his utterances paid the United States' marine forces a high compliment.



The Kaiser Stalking Deer.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Fildes.

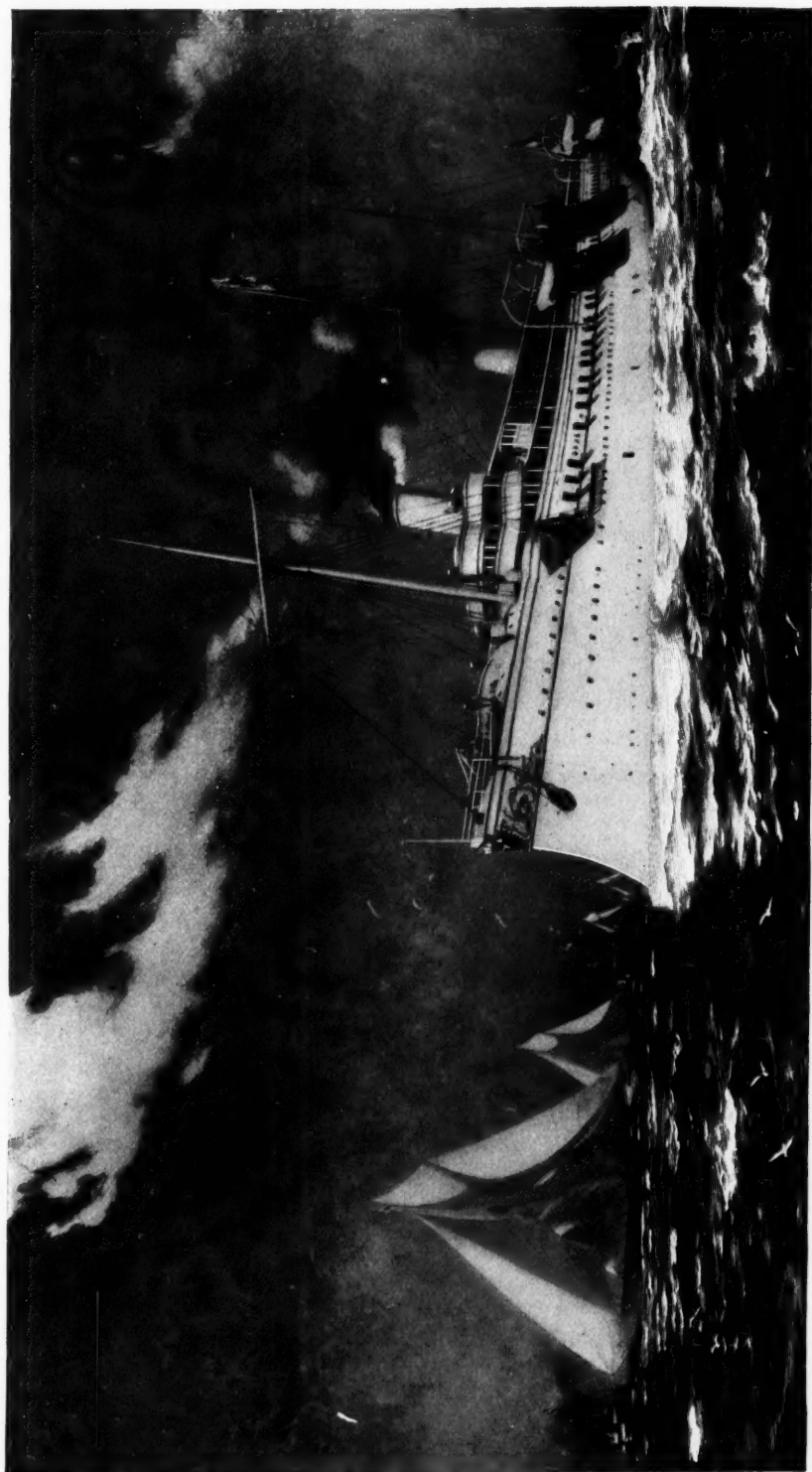


The Kaiser in Hunting Costume.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Falat.

The Kaiser's special admiration for American sports may probably be traced to the days when Poultney Bigelow and the late John Adams Berrian were among the closest friends of his youth. Mr. Berrian, whose

brother is now a teller in the Western National Bank in New York, was Prince William's school fellow at Dr. Lindenkohl's in Cassel. Mr. Bigelow, a son of the diplomat and editor of the "Writings and Speeches



The Kaiser's Steam Yacht Hohenzollern at the Kiel Regatta.
From the painting by H. Bährle—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 88d St., New York.

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The Kaiser on Board of the Hohenzollern.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by H. Prell.

of Samuel J. Tilden," never had the honor of sitting on the same benches with the mightiest monarch of the world, though he has time and again been credited with it. He was, however, the Kaiser's first instructor in the noble art of hunting Indians, in scalping and in tomahawking. Poultny, then about ten years old, led the merry chase through the halls and corridors of the ancient schloss on the Spree, wearing a profusion of red paint, long raven hair, a feathered crown, and a highly polished wooden knife. Prince William served as one of the minor braves until he was fully up in the business, while the children of court officials and army officers—all with the obligatory *von* before their names—masqueraded as the pursued palefaces. Happy days they were for the grandson of William the Victorious, and the wide awake American boy who was blissfully innocent of the meaning of *lèse majesté*, and entirely indifferent to princely favor or displeasure.

"The German playmates of his royal highness," a court official of the period informed me, "quite naturally for them, allowed him all the sway his imperious nature demanded, accepting his cuffs and childish bits of impudence as a matter of course. Not so Poultny. The mild mannered gentleman of today was a most pugnacious youngster, and taught the prince many a much needed lesson in modesty and self denial. The firm stand he took against boyish absolutism first startled and then fascinated the headstrong prince. Almost against his own will, he conceived a liking for the one lad among his comrades who refused to be 'bull-dozed.'"

While the future emperor mastered the intricacies of Indian warfare, Poultny introduced him to his own favorite author, Fenimore Cooper, in order that practical teaching should be properly backed by theoretical information. "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer" proved to be the pleasantest surprises his royal highness had ever encountered. Weisse and Salzmann, Nieritz and Von Horn, even J. H. Campe with his wondrous "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," paled into insignificance by the side of the "moccasin person treading into the tracks of the moccasin enemy, and thus hiding his own trail," and the master of woodcraft who had always a profusion of dry twigs ready, on which somebody stepped, thereby alarming all the reds and whites for several hundred yards around, and leading up to a gory spectacle to be pictured in another chapter. Young Wilhelm fairly reveled in

the delights of Cooper's romances—the accuracy of which had not yet been attacked by Mark Twain. He fully believed in the "craft of the woodsman," the "delicate art of the forest," as the redoubtable Fenimore pictured these phases of wild life. To him it seemed perfectly proper that a skipper whose vessel is driving towards a lee shore in a gale, should steer for a particular spot because "he knows of an undertow there that will hold her back against the gale and save her;" he admired *Bumppo's* military talents in his unequaled performance of "following the track of a cannon ball across the plain through a dense fog," and advertised the *Pathfinder's* crack shots to all his friends as achievements of superhuman skill. These romances helped to instill into the prince's breast a certain hankering for the land of the free, a liking for its institutions and its sports, that has steadily increased with years.

When Wilhelm and young Berrian met in Cassel, the former was past the age of romantic fiction. He sought the company of the American boy to receive lessons in boxing, tennis, baseball, and football, in exchange for tuition in riding, fencing, and marksmanship. As a result of this friendship, the heir to the German crown and the aspirant for New York professional life had many an exciting set to with each other; and as Berrian was a bold and frank young fellow, he taught the prince many things besides athletics. The fact that his majesty's imperiousness is tempered by a wholesome democracy that wins him the love of his people, is principally due to the influence of the American friends of his youth, who made him respect republicanism, and, by their example, demonstrated the value of self restraint and of deference to the opinion of others.

"I am satisfied," Baron von Richthofen, the late president of the Berlin police forces, recently said, "that the Kaiser would not have attained maturity had it not been for his love of sport and bodily exercise. As a boy and young man he redeemed himself from hereditary disease by a series of physical and gymnastic efforts entirely foreign to the German mind and customs. His parents, anxious that he should learn the English language thoroughly, selected playmates for him among the young people of the English and American colony in Germany, and these lads taught him the sports which he was most eager to learn, and which benefited his physique immensely."

Occasional rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, the Kaiser enjoys today the

very best of general health. He is an accomplished tennis player, a splendid skipper and yachtsman, a fine shot; he sits a horse better than any Hohenzollern did before him, he is an enthusiastic hunter of bear and elk, and on his northern trips he has shown skill and daring in harpooning whales. All this activity would have been impossible without the rigid corporal discipline to which he owes his triumph over constitutional defects that have in the past imperiled his faculties and even his life.

Unlike most princes, Wilhelm, at first, did not take kindly to the chase. He had read of Frederick the Great's conviction that "hunting is a pastime for butchers," and he regarded his illustrious ancestor as a monarch of infallible judgment. Initiated into the delights of deerstalking and bird shooting, however, he changed his mind. Now the various game seasons in Germany, Italy, Austria, and Sweden know the emperor panoplied with gun and knife, bird rifle or spear, as occasion demands. His castles and hunting boxes are decorated with hundreds of gorgeous antlers belonging to deer and elk that at one time or another have paid with their life blood for the imperial Nimrod's triumph. Nine tenths of these trophies, it is true, would not be greatly prized by American sportsmen, for they are the product of deer driving, not of stalking; and the slaughter of a deer drive on the continent of Europe certainly deserves Frederick's biting criticism.

Imagine yourself in the midst of the royal preserves, in readiness for the great hunt. At one end is the chateau, filled to overflowing with guests clad in gray suits trimmed with green and set with buttons cut from buckhorn; at the other a stockade, guarded by hundreds of peasants and packs of fierce hounds. While the lords in the comfortable castle make merry and drink one another's health, a multitude of animals, driven together and imprisoned in the inclosure, tremble with excitement and fear. In the royal preserves in East Prussia, Brandenburg, the Rhineland, and Silesia, the game will include roes, several kinds of larger deer, boars, and foxes. In front of the stockade a long, narrow strip of forest is cleared, and among the trees scaffolds are erected. On these the hunters take their places to shoot down the animals that rush from the inclosure when its gates are opened. While this is being done, the game beaters and hounds are admitted at the rear of the stockade to drive out any game that may be left there.

It is said that at these drives the emperor

frequently kills from fifty to sixty head of deer and boar, together with a few stray foxes, without moving from his stand. Two chasseurs sit behind him, constantly reloading his stock of rifles, and considering the advantages of his position, he scarcely does better than would be expected of a good marksman. And Wilhelm is a crack shot, one of the best in the Fatherland, which is all the more creditable when we remember that he handles the gun with his right hand only, his left being crippled and useless.

To the Kaiser's credit it should be stated that he prefers a good, old fashioned still hunt, or a spirited chase on horseback, to all other forms of the chase royal. Count Eulenburg, General von Waldersee, or some other trusted friend, usually accompanies his majesty on these private hunting expeditions in the forest wilderness of East Prussia or Silesia, or nearer home in the game parks close to Potsdam and Berlin. In the deep shades of these great woods the Nimrods, entirely unattended but for their rifle loaders, creep stealthily upon the game, trying to outwit and outgeneral it, anticipating at every crackling of the brushwood the tread of an advancing stag. The chase ends with an impromptu luncheon on the grassy carpet, under the shade of a rocky crag, or beside some sylvan stream.

Count von Moltke, the imperial adjutant, told the writer that on one such occasion the luncheon party was surprised to hear behind them the crashing step of an elk. Climbing upon a rock, the Kaiser saw the magnificent beast plowing among the dry leaves with his great antlers, as he thrashed them about in defiance of a supposed adversary. Suddenly he was observed to start forward at a run, and—the wind being behind him—in another minute he burst into full view of the hunters. Fearful only of the danger behind him, he reached the ford with one elastic bound, when a shot rang out from the Kaiser's unerring rifle, and the elk stumbled, threw his hind feet high into the air, and fell in a heap.

"This rare good luck," concluded the adjutant, "so pleased the emperor that he insisted upon having his venison that very evening, cooked in a chafing dish dusted with capsicum and lubricated with slices of fat pork. Of course the prime flavor of rare old port was added, too, but I had my doubts as to the meat's identity. Fresh venison could hardly be expected to be so sweet and juicy. Our royal cook, the old forester, probably substituted a haunch that had hung for a week or so."

Though he greatly prefers these unconventional expeditions, etiquette requires that the Kaiser should occasionally take part in the less interesting formalities of an official hunt. The pleasantest of these affairs is the "Hubertus hunt"—named after the patron saint of the chase—which is held annually in the fall of the year at the *jagdschloss*, or hunting castle, of Wusterhausen, near Berlin. The imperial family, the princes and princesses of the blood, and all the great aristocrats, drive out to the forest in state coaches drawn by four, five, or six horses, with bugles and pages and outriders galore. At the grand meet they find awaiting them richly caparisoned saddle horses, the master of the hounds with his pack, and a small army of foresters and gamekeepers. After a little ceremony all mount and gallop to the place chosen for the hunt, where at stated intervals a roe, stag, or boar is liberated, to be pounced upon by the dogs, and promptly brought to bay. The huntsman who chances to be first in the field thereupon jumps from his horse and distinguishes himself by plunging his knife into the victim's throat—a feat that requires some skill and involves a spice of actual danger.

Of his numerous trophies, the emperor prizes none more than the bear skins and gigantic aurochs horns that he has brought from Russia. Bears may be hunted almost in any part of the Czar's country, but the aurochs, the *bison bonasus* of scientists, the European counterpart of the buffalo of our Western prairies, is much rarer. But for artificial protection it would long ago have become extinct, and today it is found only in the remote valleys of the Caucasus and in the imperial preserve of Beloweschki, in the Lithuanian forests. There the rarest species of the bovine family lives wild in his natural state, fed and protected by an army of keepers at an expense of a million dollars a year. The aurochs is a ferocious animal when attacked, and a hunt in Beloweschki is royal sport, indeed. Only the most exalted persons are permitted to engage in it, as the Russian emperor's guests.

Quite as exclusive a sport is the *auerhahn* shooting of a few mountainous districts of southern Germany and Austria. The fact that only about a hundred of this rare species of grouse are shot annually in the two countries shows what a scarce and almost inaccessible game bird it is.

That the Kaiser has long since overcome his early prejudice against the huntsman's sport is shown by the fact that he has sat for several portraits, by Falat, Deiker, and

other leading artists of Germany, in the picturesque garb—said to be of his own designing—which he wears during his winter hunting expeditions. He displays no reluctance, nowadays, to add the character of a modern Nimrod to the many guises in which the world knows this versatile monarch who is at once a soldier, a sailor, a statesman, a musician, an artist, and a traveler. Some of these paintings are reproduced on the preceding pages.

One of the best portraits of the emperor is the one that appears on page 642, representing him as he stands on the bridge of the royal yacht Hohenzollern. It was long his ambition to own just such a ship as this splendid flier, one of the finest and most powerful steam yachts afloat, and the proudest creation of the Vulcan works, near Stettin. Every summer he spends much of his time on board of her, and she is as well known in the fiords of Norway as on the coast of the Baltic or the Channel. After his first trip on the Hohenzollern the emperor wrote to his mother:

"Any man who, standing alone on the bridge of a ship, with the star lit firmament of the Lord Almighty as his canopy, and the boundless sea as the only object presenting itself to vision, takes occasion to question his conscience, to weigh his responsibilities, and to contrast them with his inclination to do good and keep in the path of righteousness, will not hesitate to pronounce a sea voyage a salutary thing for himself and those depending upon him. It would greatly benefit some people if they experienced at least once in their lives such an hour of supreme meditation, and thus were put in a position to be their own judges. A short space of time spent in the manner described is well adapted to rid one of self conceit and convey a healthy lesson, of which, I dare say, we all stand in need."

The preceding sentence, indited in the Kaiser's own somewhat Germanic English—a style which Mark Twain successfully imitates upon the platform—may sound a trifle inflated, and yet its sentiment has a true ring. According to the testimony of all observers, aboard of one of his own vessels Wilhelm becomes a comrade among comrades, and on the ocean his real good nature and ready sympathy, especially for those who most need sympathy, shine forth brightly.

About the middle of the coming month we shall probably hear of the Kaiser at Cowes, with his fine cutter yacht, the *Meteor*—which once, as the Thistle, before the emperor bought it and changed its

name, raced unsuccessfully for the America's Cup. Since then his majesty has sailed it in several of the English south coast regattas, against such champion cutters as the Prince of Wales' Britannia and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie II. Two years ago the last named yachtsman took dire offense

at the management of the Kaiser's boat in one of the races off Cowes, and is said to have expressed a highly unfavorable opinion of its owner's sportsmanship—an opinion that found few to indorse it. This year it is to be hoped that everything will pass off smoothly.

Henry W. Fischer.



CANDIDA PAX.

I.

A GLASSY river winding through rich fields,
Where scent of hay is in the evening breeze,
And where, within the shadow of the trees
I linger, while a subtle rapture steals

II.

About me, with the sense of hidden things—
The touch of vanished hands, a whispered word—
A chord, long lost, from some sweet throated bird
Returns to me with whirr of angel wings.

III.

Mute, spellbound by the presence of a guest,
I stand with arms outstretched, and lifted face ;
To feel again the passionate embrace,
The kiss from lips that speak of love and rest.

IV.

The daylight fades, the shadows deeper lie
Under the trees, no sound of life is heard ;
Even the song is hushed from that sweet bird,
And peace reigns over earth and sea and sky.

V.

O white robed messenger of peace, come when
My eyes are closing to the light of day ;
Lift up in thy strong arms, and bear away
My soul in peace—I shall be happy then.

Charles Williams Barnes.

A NEW ENGLAND LITERARY COLONY.

*"Nook Farm" at Hartford, and the notable group of writers who have settled there—
Glimpses of the home life of Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles
Dudley Warner, and their neighbors.*

GROUPED together in and about the old New England city of Hartford are some of the best known literary people in this country. Their homes form what might almost be called a literary colony, and so close are their lives that one thinks instinctively of the old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together." Here are the adjoining homes of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Charles Dudley Warner, William E. Gillette, the noted writer and actor of the drama, Richard Burton, poet and literary critic, and Isabella Beecher Hooker, philanthropist and writer on sociology.

It is not mere accident that the charming homes of these noted writers are thus side by side. They are inclosed in what was formerly known as "Nook Farm," and still bears the name. The nucleus of the colony was formed by the buying of Nook Farm by the families of Isabella Beecher Hooker and William Gillette, who are closely related. Harriet Beecher Stowe is Mrs. Hooker's sister, and it was natural that she should be drawn thither. The city of Hartford could not offer a fairer site than that selected by Mr. Clemens, in a neighborhood of culture, refinement, and natural beauties; and to Mr. Warner and to Mr. Burton the magnet of a literary atmosphere must have been strong.

These homes of genius are adjoining, and are all within a stone's throw of each other—though I am sure the inmates never throw stones, for they are on the most friendly terms.

Mr. Clemens, who "has made more people laugh than any other living writer," has a house which is decidedly unique in design, and would at once be singled out from many fine residences in the same locality, because of its unusual appearance. The site is one that combines the best of city and country. The house is built on an elevation above the roadway, towards which slopes a faultlessly graded and grassy lawn. The architecture cannot be designated as any particular style. It seems rather to

have been a fancy of the designer, who must have sought to carry variety of outline and detail as far as it could go within artistic bounds. As a result, it carries a distinctive individuality.

The structure is of brick, in which variety of color is prominent. In the rear of the house, and entirely hidden from view from the street, is a large, broad, covered balcony, beautifully floored. This is a symbol of hospitality, and was built for the sole purpose of serving teas and holding banquets with congenial souls during the warmer months of the year. From the roadway one singles out what looks like an offshoot from the main building, jutting out from one side of the front of the house. It is of one story and one room size, extending out on the lawn and overlooking it on three sides. It is isolated from the household—an ideal study or work room, you would imagine. But in point of fact, prosaic as it sounds, this is the kitchen. "Mark Twain built his kitchen in front of his house," as passers by observe with a smile at what they regard as an instance of the eccentricities of genius.

In the original building the kitchen was in the rear, but it was found small, inconvenient, and inadequate to the needs of the household, and so the house was relegated to the rear and the kitchen put in front, as that was the only available spot. The effect on the architectural appearance of the building is certainly unique. Combined with the setting of trees and grassy slopes, the place has something of the appearance of a lodge house.

Reaching out from the house on the west, and sloping down to a beautiful little valley through which a diminutive river winds lazily along, stretches a chestnut grove. In winter the river is alive with skaters. Groups of children pass you, and you hear them saying, "Where are you going skating?" to which the usual answer is, "Oh! to Mark Twain's."

When Mr. Clemens went abroad last year, he left word with his gardener to give the

children the use of his chestnut grove. The children felt this to be a right royal grant, and the autumn following the grounds resounded with their shouts and merry making.

The interior of the Mark Twain house is made artistic and interesting by various rich and antique pieces of furniture and bric-à-brac, collected by Mr. and Mrs. Clemens on their travels abroad. Mr. Clemens' own work room is on the top floor; but for the past two years he has spent most of his time on the wing, with his wife and his three daughters. One of these daughters, while in London recently, was asked a question about one of her father's latest books. She replied, quite characteristically, "Really I can't give an opinion. Papa is the nicest thing in the world, but oh, dear, I do wish he was not a famous funny man!"

In the absence of its inmates the house is left in charge of a man and wife, who look closely after its interests; the flowers are culled daily from the large greenhouse adjoining, and disposed of.

In the mellow glow of an autumnal day the outlook from this beautiful home has tempted many an artist's eye.

Next to Mr. Clemens on the south is the home of Charles Dudley Warner. Their rear yards are divided by a low fence, but a much used and very friendly looking gate joins them. Mr. Warner's home is surrounded by a noble grove of the original monarchs of the forest, and in this setting seems so complete as to need no other accompaniment.

The house is colonial in style, spacious and hospitable, and stands uninclosed among the magnificent trees. It is quite an imposing structure as seen from a distance. To the west, at the foot of a steep bank, winds the little river, which seems very generally to be called "Mark Twain's."

Mr. Warner's "Summer in a Garden" is not associated with his present abode, but was written in another home—a house near by, where the town looks into the country. A deep ravine, wild and picturesque, is on one side of it, and the "garden" on two others.

A Southern lady, who had been greatly charmed with the character of *Polly* in "My Summer in a Garden," and who had supposed the original of the character to be the author's wife, was greatly disappointed when told that Mrs. Warner's name was not Polly at all. She declared that she was ready to cry with vexation and disappointment, and that she would never again be quite as en-

chanted with the book, because she had learned to love Mrs. Warner as *Polly*. "Backlog Studies" was also written in this earlier home.

The interior of Mr. Warner's present home is artistic without being luxurious. It is genial, cheerful, and hospitable; trophies of its inmates' travels are placed here and there, and many beautiful pictures and engravings adorn the walls. Every part of the house is more or less of a library, for books are everywhere. Mr. Warner's study is on the third floor. He is very methodical in his literary labors, and can lay his hand in an instant on whatever he desires. Of Mrs. Warner it is said that whoever is so favored as to spend an evening in this charming atmosphere, will go away wishing to write an article on the home and its mistress. She is president of the Memnon Club, which has justly gained a reputation for devotion to the best in music and literature, and through which Hartford has been able to enjoy the talent of some of the most famous artists.

East of Mr. Clemens, its grounds adjoining his, is the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The house is an unassuming cottage, facing the east. The plot of ground on which it stands is planted with shrubbery and bright with flowers. The interior of the home is tasteful and refined in all its appointments; the rooms are large, comfortable, hospitable, and by no means lacking in artistic adornment.

There are abundant proofs of literary culture to be seen on all sides. The place is quite a treasure house of relics, and testimonials of reverence to this gifted woman, whose memory will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the people, are everywhere to be seen. I am informed that it is Mrs. Stowe's intention to bequeath to the public, in some fashion, many of these valuable relics, including a collection of her original manuscripts.

Although you see many marks of genius in the house of this noted woman, it is still difficult to realize that you are actually in the home of one of the most famous authors of the age. Mrs. Stowe is now eighty five years of age. She has lost her active interest in the affairs that formerly absorbed her time and energies. Only the fairest weather tempts her out, and she is no longer able to take the long country walks which in former years were her greatest delight. But in her advanced age her fondness for children and music is just as warm and spontaneous as during her active life. Childish and happy, she is most affection-

ately cared for by her twin daughters, Harriet and Eliza.

The home of William E. Gillette adjoins that of Charles' Dudley Warner on the south. You follow a delightful winding road that leads around among the trees to its door. In summer it is so completely hidden in this miniature forest that you would scarcely suspect its existence until you are at its very portals, and then you are overwhelmed with surprise at its beauty of setting. You hardly care to study the design and architecture of the house, but drink in with a long inspiration the beauty of the whole. There is a restfulness about the place, and a seclusion that seems to shut you off completely from all the bustle and hurry of the busy streets a few blocks away from you. Seemingly you are in some sylvan bower in the heart of the country.

To this spot Mr. Gillette always comes when worn with his literary and theatrical labors. He was born in Hartford in 1853. As a boy he had been famous among his playfellows for his proficiency in the language of dogs, cats, and poultry, and as he grew up he developed a taste for the stage. This, however, was not to the minds of his parents, who had a thorough New England prejudice against all actor folk. In later years it was through his neighbor, Mark Twain, that he first obtained a position with John T. Raymond and appeared at the Globe Theater, Boston, in "The Gilded Age." Later, turning toward dramatic authorship, he set to work on a piece called "The Professor," taken from a character sketch. This was followed by "Esmeralda," in the writing of which Mr. Gillette assisted Frances Hodgson Burnett. Many of his later comedies have been adaptations from German and French sources. In "Too Much Johnson"—which, with Mr. Gillette in the principal rôle, was one of the popular successes of the last season in New York—he owed the central idea of a part of the piece to a French play, but beyond this the comedy is an original conception.

East of Mr. Warner's home, with adjoining grounds, is the home of Richard Burton, author, critic, and poet, at one time professor of literature at the Johns Hopkins University, and now literary critic on the *Hartford Courant*. He is a versatile, bright, and most interesting speaker, and his lectures on literature are artistic and scholarly. Of his work as a poet the following may be taken as a specimen:

We walk with fellow mortals cheek by jowl;
We clasp warm hands; by interchange of speech

Do strive to show our meanings each to each—

The undercurrents of our central soul.

Yet what may know my brother of the goal

Whereto I would attain and cannot reach?

And how know I what saints he does beseech
With secret tears, or what his joy and dole?

Such thoughts begat a greater thought than these,

To leave them dwarfed and starveling far behind;

How wide and wonderful the sympathies

Of God must be, than mortal measures higher,

To comprehend the hordes of humankind,

And know the darling of each heart's desire.

Mr. Burton's home is the most modern in build of the group, but its design is antique. It is not large or imposing in appearance, and is colonial in style. With its long, slanting roof, the irregularity of its windows, and its delightful portico, the place has a great fascination for a lover of this style. It is shingled in natural wood.

Isabella Beecher Hooker lives opposite the former home of Mr. Warner. She is the youngest sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher. She married a successful lawyer of Hartford, and has been a very close student of social, political, and religious questions. Her work in later life developed into a series of "conversations," extending to Boston, New York, and other cities. Her best known work is "Womanhood, Its Sanctities and Fidelities." She is well known, too, for her platform work.

Mrs. Hooker's home is a charming spot. The house is of the Gothic order, large and rambling. Under its roof have been welcomed many distinguished people. It is set far back from the road, from which it can be approached on two sides, and marks the confines of Nook Farm on the east. It is inclosed in ample grounds, set with rare trees, in the shade of which Mrs. Hooker loves all friendly minded people to roam at will.

Hartford also claims the home of Anne Trumbull Slossen, beloved by American readers for her clever stories of country life, of which "Fishin' Jimmy" is fairly representative.

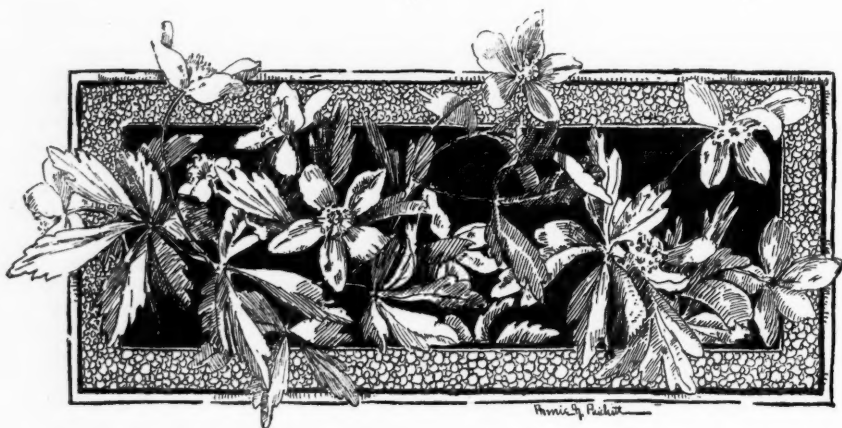
Mrs. Slossen's home is just beyond the heart of the city. In winter you would see in it little to distinguish it from the other attractive homes on Asylum Avenue, unless it were the look of loneliness and isolation it generally bears, for the author makes her home in New York during the greater part of the year, and the old homestead is closed. But in the summer it carries a notable individuality. It is a veritable "wild wood"

among its sister homes. All sorts of native shrubs, plants, and flowers have been set out in the garden in front of the house; and as nature alone nourishes these relics of field and wood, they grow in the wildest confusion. Set in the midst of highly cultivated lawns, the effect is certainly interesting and charming; and though, to an unsympathetic eye, it may give the home an air of neglect,

it is restful and refreshing to lovers of unadorned and untrammelled nature.

Mrs. Slossen is a charming hostess. Interested in all educational matters, she has been preëminently the friend of students, who, deprived of the home atmosphere, and among strangers, have found at her hearthstone a gracious welcome, and the direct inspiration that her personality gives.

E. Sherman Echols.



HEART'S DESIRE.

I LOOKED into her eyes and saw her soul—
A placid tide, upon whose mirrored face
A hundred trembling breezes held control,
Wooring the rippling wave with kind embrace,

And sometimes through their midst a mighty wind
Strode like a giant with resistless sweep,
Whitening a space before him and behind
With broken waters moaning to the deep.

And her unquiet eyes looked down on me,
And all my pulses fluttered for a while;
It was the tempest calling to the sea,
The mistral brooding o'er Egyptian Nile.

"Oh, love, the lotus flower is blooming now—
Its pedals white, its heart a rosy fire—
And I will bind it to your anxious brow,
And tread with thee the path of heart's desire."

She turned her face, and bowed her gentle head,
Nor ever echo to my words did speak;
I read the answer of her heart instead—
A glistening tear that fell upon her cheek.

A. H. Gardner.

THE TRUTH ABOUT STOUTENBOROUGH.

THE army officer who has gained from his comrades the sobriquet of "The Christian Soldier" on account of his endeavors to educate and Christianize the Indians had not been very long nor very successful in his work, when the story of Stoutenborough began.

In some quarters—soldiers' quarters, chiefly—there are still some sneering doubts as to the real civilizing effect of clothing, water, and algebra upon the savage mind. There appears to be some difficulty in distinguishing the braves who have had the advantages of a thorough education, from the ordinary "blanket Indians," when they live side by side. The accomplished squaws are usually easier to identify. They wear the clothing of civilization. They wear, all at the same time, whatever they can lay their hands on by fair means or foul, irrespective of the sex for which the garments were originally designed.

But when the school project was first broached, almost everybody except the soldiers who had fought Indians, and the settlers who had turned the prairie sod with a gun in their arms, and bitter anxiety for wives and children in their hearts, supposed that the key to the Indian problem had been found in the spelling book. Philanthropic people, ladies' sewing societies in country towns, and the like, sent almost as many boxes of clothing to the Western reservations as they sent during a later period when they were weeping over "Ramona." One maiden lady, who lived in a Pennsylvania farming village, went even beyond this.

Stoutenborough, at fourteen, was spending a summer with his grandmother in the old homestead where his Dutch grandfathers had lived for generations. The week after his arrival he was whipping a trout stream, which ran through a meadow hidden from the dusty country road by a little thicket of oak. The stillness was the humming silence of a sunny afternoon, when bees made a waving tracery of shadow over the meadow grass and an early cricket sang from a weed.

Suddenly, down the hidden road, there was a hubbub that made Stoutenborough lift his head. He was a boy, and he knew the

hunting cry of his pack. He ran, reeling in his line, and leaped the low stone wall near the thicket.

The crowd had stopped, and stood in a rude semicircle about a tree against which something leaned. A larger boy was in the midst, and appeared to be jeering at a half clothed object which shrank back as though it would find protection in the heart of the oak. Stoutenborough only had time to see a handful of dust flung toward the object, which whitened a brown skin and straight black hair, when there was a flight through the air, and the big boy went down as if a catamount had struck his breast.

"Take her off! Take the Injun off," he yelled, digging his head deeper into the dirt as he rolled it from side to side to escape from the rain of blows from a hard little fist, and the scratches from ten sharp nails, which were reducing his features to ruin.

Stoutenborough made his way through the crowd, and by the exertion of all his boyish strength tore away the child and held her almost rigid, her eyes glaring, in his arms. She was about eight years old, and he knew she must be the little Indian girl he had heard of Miss Matheny having taken to educate.

"Me kill him! Me bite him!" the little savage said, panting.

"I'll switch her within an inch of her life!" The fallen hero arose, and seeing the grin on the faces of his followers was ready to do anything to prove his prowess. "She was onto me before I knew what she was doin'. That's their Injun treachery."

"I think it would be a good idea to get a weapon before you try to hurt her again," Stoutenborough said. "You'd better go home. And see here; let me catch you hurting a young one again, and I'll kick you."

"She can whip him every time. She's Injun!" a youngster yelled, and sneaked over the wall out of the way of vengeance.

Stoutenborough put the child in the road, and started toward Miss Matheny's virgin abode. Then he stopped and laughed. The child had evidently been dressed after the most approved fashion of old maids' charges, but a pinafore had become her only garment, not counting the pink sunbonnet tied about her waist.

"Where are your clothes?"

She pointed toward the thicket.

"Go put them on, and I'll take you fishing with me."

The child looked at him with bright, suspicious eyes, as though she would read in his face the half understood words. Then she trotted off, and came back with her garments clinging to her body in some eccentric fashion.

"Me Gwen-do-len," she said proudly.

Miss Matheny, cut off from the right to give a romantic name to any child of her own, had bestowed it upon this savage waif.

Gwendolen became Stoutenborough's shadow. One day she bored him, and he sent her home rather crossly, and went off on his pony to a trout stream five miles away. As he ate his luncheon he turned suddenly, in time to see the wistful little brown face peering longingly at him from a clump of willows. The child had toiled after him, running like a partridge inside the stone wall that bordered the turnpike.

The summer ended, and I am afraid that in the hurry of packing, and the anticipation of school and home, Gwendolen was forgotten. Stoutenborough told his mother about her, and a doll was sent down. It came back with the message from Miss Matheny that the child had become so unruly that she had been sent back to the school. And that was the last that Stoutenborough thought of her. He did not even remember to tell his brother officers about her when they talked Indian about the club room fire at Fort Wylie, eight years later.

Fort Wylie was on the very edge of the world, then. Stoutenborough had one year's service in the East—soft service. He had the qualities that go to the making of a good soldier, but they are traits which are apt to develop in abnormal directions unless they are pruned in warfare. A good soldier's temperament needs a little blood letting now and then, just as a vigorous nation needs wars. There had been dancing and studies and society in the East. At Wylie there was nothing except rolling plains, cowboys, and the gossip of a captain's wife.

Stoutenborough knew one of the neighboring ranchmen, a Philadelphian named Ridley, whose square cut father had sent him out here from the tumult of life for his pulse beats to slow down. It was natural that the two young men should renew their acquaintance. Sometimes it was a rowdy crowd that gathered about Ridley's hearthstone; but Stoutenborough was not mealy mouthed, and he played poker and drank

with the rest, and behaved, in general, just as a good many other men cast on the frontier have behaved before him.

One night, when the wind went whistling over the prairie, and the whole air was bleaker and the landscape more dreary than in the depths of winter, when snow covered the dead grass, Stoutenborough directed his course over the open to the spot where Ridley's light burned. As he drew near, figures moved before the uncurtained window, and he could hear a confused murmur of voices which made him think—he did not know why—of the shouts of a crowd of boys. He had not expected to find Ridley at home so early, for it was the day he was accustomed to drive to the town for mail; but in that wild country the latch string always hung out, and any wanderer was welcome to come in and find such warmth and food as the house afforded. Stoutenborough hesitated, and had half turned his horse's head around, when the door burst open, and in the broad blaze of light an Indian girl ran out, followed by a crowd of reeling men, whooping with drunken laughter. Behind them, wrapped in his blanket, came an Indian, who gave one call of angry command as he stood in the door. The girl, her hair loose, turned, as if bewildered by the darkness, and ran down toward Stoutenborough. The light shone on his face as he reined his horse in. She stopped when she reached him.

"For God's sake, Mr. Ridley," she said, "save me from those men! I have used every argument to stay until you came. You won't let me go. You will save me!"

She spoke evenly, with a very good accent, and calmly, although he could feel the quiver of her panting body as he alighted and stood beside her, his hand on his pistol. Stoutenborough had put a heavy felt hat on his head, and his overcoat muffled him to his ears; but as he reached for his pistol the buttons of his blouse caught the light, and the crowd stopped. For the instant, the boy lieutenant represented the might of law and order—the government of a great country.

The girl saw it too. "I thought you were Mr. Ridley," she said, and she half drew away from him again. She had evidently heard good reports of Ridley.

"It's all right. What are you doing here?"

At the sound of his voice the young squaw turned towards him, straining her eyes and wrinkling her forehead. She did not attempt to answer, but put her hand on his arm and drew him towards the open

door. The men had disappeared, and the thud of hoofs on the prairie grass told that they were putting space between themselves and possible identification—although, as they said to each other, they were doing nothing unusual.

The Indian had gone back to the fire, and sat, a huddled figure covered by a blanket, almost among the coals. Stoutenborough fastened his horse to the door and went inside, the Indian girl looking at every movement.

"Now tell me what all this trouble is about. Is that your husband?"

"No," the girl said; "it is my brother. He was"—if an Indian could blush, Stoutenborough would have said that she blushed—"selling me to those—*devils*. I would have killed them all—any one of them—sooner or later. You have saved me again."

"Again? I never saw you before."

"I do not know your name," the girl said, "but once, when I was a child, you saved me from a band of vicious boys who might have been the children those men have grown from. You took me fishing with you, I remember."

Her rather pretty oval face, with its too broad cheek bones, softened, and her lips parted over regular and even teeth. Stoutenborough gazed back at her wonderingly, and then smiled in delighted surprise.

"You are Gwendolen!"

"I was for a little while, one summer. I am Kataka now—a squaw, a despised thing, as I always was." There was a passion that had none of the stoicism of the Indian of tradition.

The Indian by the fire slowly arose to his feet and walked toward them. "You buy," he said, touching Stoutenborough, and pointing toward the girl. "How much you give? She good squaw. Talk your talk. Cook heap."

"Oh, stop," the girl said.

Stoutenborough shook his head.

"Fifty an' gun."

"I have no money with me," the young man said. He was hot with mortification. The girl was neatly dressed, and she had spoken to him almost like a lady. He stole a glance at her, and saw that she was looking at him anxiously. He began to realize what awaited her if he did not buy her liberty.

"You may take my horse and saddle, and leave her," he said finally.

Evidently the bargain was much better than the one the Indian had expected to make. There was, too, the additional triumph of having sold a squaw to one of the

very men who were doing all in their power to put down the dreadful traffic, as cold blooded as any other slave dealing.

The Indian stalked majestically to the door, and mounting the horse, galloped rapidly away, leaving Stoutenborough alone by Ridley's fire with the girl who was, in the eyes of her family and her tribe, his lawful wife. And in the instant, like a flash of fire, Stoutenborough saw that the girl thought so as well. She could speak English very well, she had learned to sew and to parse a sentence—tricks she might forget presently—but she was not Christian enough to ignore the marriage rite of her tribe when it united her to the hero of her life. She was sixteen, at the age when a squaw has all the beauty nature ever intends to give her. She had been cared for at Carlisle in a way that was hot house culture to this daughter of the open, and made her delicate to look at. The month she had spent with her people had been full of a trouble which of itself had cast a refining influence over her. Love, adoration, worship, shone from her eyes, and Stoutenborough found himself losing his head and his conscience.

He pulled himself up short.

"Where would you like me to take you?" he asked politely.

"Where?" She spoke in a startled fashion. Her reasoning had not gone beyond the instant.

"I suppose you can stay here all night."

Stoutenborough began to wonder if Ridley would come home sober. He must borrow a horse from the corral, and get back to the fort before daylight. His leave did not extend past sunrise. But how could he leave this young girl here? Of course he couldn't take her to the fort. He could see the faces of the fort ladies when he brought in a pretty young squaw and announced that he had purchased her.

Stoutenborough was only twenty two. A squaw who considered him her husband! He groaned with horror, and smothered his groan in a cough, while the girl looked at him.

Suddenly he had an idea. Half a mile away was the cabin of a friend of Ridley's, who had sickened of ranch life, and had gone back East a few weeks before. There was nothing in the cabin, but he could find some wood for a fire. The girl would not be afraid; he would leave her there for the rest of the night. She was an Indian, she wouldn't mind discomforts. He went to the corral, saddled a horse, and brought it back. Then he tore a leaf from his note-

book, and left a note for Ridley pinned to the door. The girl sprang lightly behind him, and the frightened horse reared, and pounded its way over the prairie.

All that winter Stoutenborough lived almost entirely to himself. He had been ready for any sort of a frolic that the ladies in the fort made out of the scanty materials at hand; but now, when his duties did not demand his presence on the reservation, he was riding his horse, even through the deep winter drifts, across the plains. The major in command, careless, accustomed to young men on the frontier, paid no attention to him. His captain gossiped a little concerning him, spoke once or twice of "Ridley and the devil getting in their fine work on Stoutenborough," and that ended the matter. It was bitterly cold, and for isolated companionship the collection of officers in this little Western fort was not particularly happy. There were hardly any women, and the men were almost like prisoners on the plain.

As late spring came on with its sense of exhilaration, of upspringing life and sweetness, the prairie became one rolling carpet of flowers, and the world seemed to waken from its sleep and run singing around its daily course.

The major's wife had been talking for two months of a visit she was to have from her dead sister's daughter. The buckskin draped mantelpiece behind the airtight stove in the major's parlor had been decorated with many photographs of this young woman, who was finishing her last year at boarding school. They had been the admiration of all the young men except Stoutenborough, who had never seen them; so when the young woman arrived on the scene, he was quite unprepared for the vision of beauty. The prairie sun and wind had slipped over her soft, white cheeks, and left their first mark in a little flush that made her eyes bluer and her hair brighter. In her blue serge gown, loyally slashed with cavalry yellow, almost the color of her hair, she took away Stoutenborough's breath. Perhaps there could have been no stronger contrast than that between the major's niece and an Indian girl who had been stolidly sitting before a fire in a prairie cabin all winter.

Stoutenborough met the many seated spring wagon, with its four mules, as it brought the major and his wife and their friends through the fort gates. He lifted his cap and sat his horse stiffly until they passed. He was the first of the bluecoats the young girl had seen, and as she looked

there was all unconsciously a challenge of innocent coquetry in her glance. Then Stoutenborough rode slowly away over the prairie.

He did not go near the major's until one day he was passing the veranda, which almost leaned over the sidewalk of Officers' Row, and his commanding officer's wife, large and fair and good natured, called to him and brought him in. Her niece, who was the probable instigator of the invitation, sat demurely back in the vines.

Stoutenborough was awkward. It seemed to him that it had been a thousand years since he had talked to a girl like this. He did not know what to say, and in his heart there was deep and bitter humiliation. He let her talk on, full of the happiness of youth and new experiences.

"We passed such a queer place today," she said; "a little house by itself out on the prairies, and all around it were tepees full of Indians. They had evidently just arrived, for they were unpacking things from bags and building fires. The old sergeant who was driving said that probably some ranchman had married a squaw, and her family were coming to make him a visit. Poor fellow! I wondered how he would like it."

Stoutenborough made some muttered excuse, rose hastily, and almost stumbled down the steps. The major's wife, offended, and yet good natured, asked him to come in again—to come in to luncheon or breakfast. They would be glad to see him at dinner. But Stoutenborough only looked at her like some poor dumb thing whose capacity for understanding was not well developed.

"I do think," she said pettishly, as she sat down again, "that Mr. Stoutenborough has the very worst manners I ever saw. They say he spends his time with that wild Ridley at his ranch. He asks for leave to pass off the reservation almost every day."

But after this Stoutenborough stopped his visits outside.

"Has Ridley gone East?" somebody asked him.

"Ah—yes—I believe so," the halting answer had come. There was no need to say that Ridley had gone last November, leaving Stoutenborough the key to his cabin, and that its new inhabitant was an Indian girl. Ridley's cowboys had disappeared with him and his cattle, and there were no other travelers toward the lonely ranch.

Now Katàka's relatives had come. He rode over to the cabin the night he heard it, and ordered them off. They had sat in

stolid, speechless rows, and Kataka, her gown soiled with cooking, had held her head high and said, "These are my people!"

Stoutenborough had been brutal. "Your people who sold you for a horse," he had flung out, and had ridden away.

All night long he had cursed himself for a coward. In midwinter he had asked Kataka to go to an Eastern school, and stay until he could get a long leave, when he would come and marry her. She had utterly refused to leave him. Now he determined that he would make her go. She was his wife. He set his lips together against any other sort of temptation—a temptation that passed like a golden haired vision before his eyes. There were a thousand little habits of Kataka's which it made him sick to think of, but he was an honorable man.

The next night, when he went to the ranch, the tepees were gone, and the moonlight streamed into the open door of the cabin and lay on the cold hearth. With a sense of loss, which yet thrilled him with its liberty, Stoutenborough rode back to the fort.

For ten days he gave himself up to the wildest sort of happiness. The major's niece had had a surfeit of attention from everybody else, and Stoutenborough had taken her young fancy that first day, as he sat his horse bare headed in the sun. Now they rode together, and played tennis, and amused themselves in the happy way of a boy and a girl. Stoutenborough's face lost those heavy, mature lines which had looked so out of place in a boy's countenance. He put care behind him. He counted instances of men who had done no more than he had, and he was happy in the presence of a young girl of his own world. It was easy to forget.

Weeks went by, and he heard nothing of Kataka. They were nearing cold weather again, and the major's niece talked of going home. Stoutenborough argued with himself as to whether he should tell her of Kataka or not. With the conscience that said that he must, he argued hotly that it was no story for a young girl to hear. He would tell the major. The major might understand such things. But while he argued the days flew by, and he was by his sweetheart's side.

One day they were racing along, crying out to each other in the very exuberance of life. It had been a cool, brilliant summer, and now the autumn was the summer with a mysterious haze, and tempered by a chill air. They had not noticed hoof beats behind them, in the sound of their own steeds.

Stoutenborough's horse, excited by the race and the air, became unmanageable. Catching the bit, it tore on, leaving the girl behind. Its rider heard a shrill scream, and turned in his saddle.

An Indian was holding the bridle of the other horse, and had his arm on the girl's shoulder. By a superhuman effort, Stoutenborough twisted his runaway around, and, grasping his pistol, fired as he rode. He did not mean to kill the man, or even wound him, but his aim was too good. The Indian's horse jumped and broke away, leaving a convulsive figure on the ground.

Stoutenborough did not even notice the fallen Indian. The girl was fainting. He lifted her to the ground, and holding her in his arms led her away, until she was able to mount her horse. Then they rode on toward the fort, understanding each other, holding each other's hands.

Stoutenborough went at once to the major, told him what he had done, and offered to lead a party out to bring in the body of the Indian. They found no body, but in the place where it had lain was a small package, plainly addressed to Stoutenborough. The men, and the two or three officers who had come along, crowded around to see him open it. It contained only a tiny embroidered moccasin.

"Now what's that the sign of?" somebody said curiously. "Is it, 'I am on your trail'?"

Stoutenborough, his heart in his throat, looked up to see Flynn, the old Indian scout, looking curiously in his face. Flynn knew.

He stuck the little shoe in his pocket, and followed the rest as they walked their horses carefully along. There was a low wooded butte near by, and the trail led around it. It was a plain trail, and once or twice Flynn looked around and cautioned the men to keep their guns ready.

"More than likely there were only half a dozen, and they have gone, but it's impossible to tell," he said.

Only Stoutenborough had no gun. He had his hand on the little shoe in his pocket. It seemed to send nervous shocks all over his body. They were around the butte now and could see that a fire had been recently smothered. The Indians had gone. The soldiers let their rifles fall by their sides, and began to look about and to talk. They had hardly found their new ease, when a volley of bullets poured into them, a volley which seemed to have been directed toward one man, for it had taken effect only on a woman who had suddenly sprung

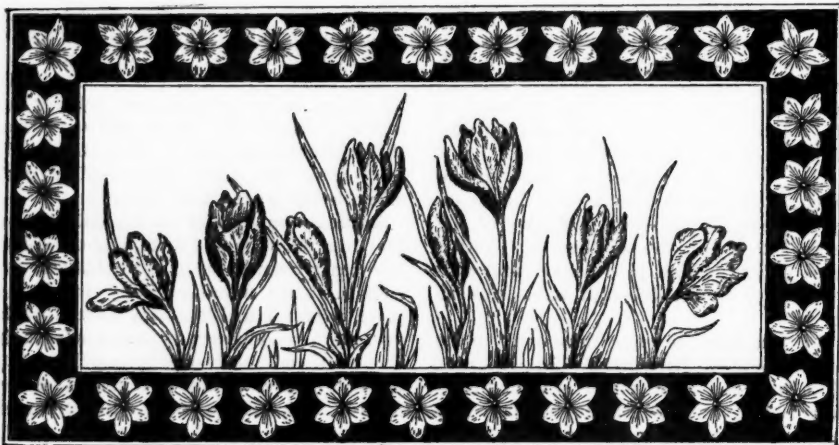
up beside him, as if out of the ground, and had shielded him with her body. Quick as the Indian fire had been, the movement of the woman had been quicker, and Kataka lay dead at Stoutenborough's feet, while the answering volley and charge of the soldiers pushed the Indians back as fast as they could get away.

When the skirmish was over, with nobody

killed but the woman, the soldiers came back to find Stoutenborough holding the dead woman's head on his arm, while the other hand was placed on the head of an open eyed baby which gazed solemnly up into his face.

"This is my wife, and—my child," Stoutenborough said. "Will you help me to take them into the fort?"

John Lloyd.



A SONG.

O LOVE of mine, the shallop waits ;
 Come sail away with me
 To the shining gates of the fairy straits
 That lie beyond the sea.
 By night, at least, we defy the fates ;
 By night I come for thee ;
 The boat is manned by a fairy band ;
 Come down to the strand, and see.
 Come sail away ; we are slaves by day,
 But tonight we may be free.

A fate unkind, when morn shall rise
 Across the silver sea,
 When the fair morn flies from the brightening skies,
 Will tear thee away from me ;
 Come, sail away till the starlight dies ;
 I wait on the strand for thee.
 Oh, thou and I to the west will fly,
 Where the fairy islands be !
 Come, sail away ; we are slaves by day,
 But tonight we may be free.

Cora Hardy.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE furore created by Patti's reappearance in Italian opera in London recalls a little story of Christine Nilsson. Madame Nilsson was once asked her opinion of singers, which she frankly gave, mentioning Mme. Albani and herself as belonging to the first rank. The interviewer called her attention to the fact that she had overlooked Madame Patti.

"Ah, but you asked me about singers! Patti is an angel! A Patti comes to a planet but once in that planet's existence."

But notwithstanding the English enthusiasm over Patti, America asks only that she will retire and let herself be remembered as the incomparable queen of song. We have fresher voices. Patti's contemporaries are almost all off the stage.

Lucca, who was never a rival of Patti's, although she sang in the same decades, has built up a reputation as a teacher which equals her reputation as a prima donna. For several years she has had a conservatory, to which an ambitious American found her way now and then. This year she has opened a small theater at Gmünden, the little mountain watering place in Austria, and the greatest musical critics and opera managers in Europe have paid her the compliment of going to hear her pupils. It is with pride that Americans learn that the prima donna of her opera company is an American girl, Keva Stanhope of St. Louis.

When Miss Stanhope appeared on the Gmünden stage as *Brunnhild*, Hanslick of Berlin, who has long been known to have an unfortunate prejudice against Wagner, was in a box. To the astonishment of every one he rose to his feet and cheered. He afterwards went to Miss Stanhope and told her she was the first American he had heard who possessed a Wagner voice. Director Fuchs, of the Vienna opera, heard Miss Stanhope at the same time and offered her an engagement. But she realizes what Lucca is doing for her, and will remain with her a while longer. The critics speak of her dramatic power as well as her beauty of tone. Her personal beauty also fits her admirably for the great rôles.

MADAME MARCHESI says that America is the land of golden voices, and as she has had more of them to train than almost any other teacher, she should be an authority. Eames and Sanderson are both pupils of

Madame Marchesi. Neither of these will be likely to be heard next year with the Metropolitan Company.

The story of the Sanderson fiasco here last season was common property. She has lately been making an effort to explain it away with her denial of the cruel rumors which have culminated in a false report of her suicide. Miss Sanderson says that she had become so Parisianized that she was not at home over here, which reminds one of the boy who could not spell because he "hadn't got the hang of the new school house." Miss Sanderson claims that our theaters and hotels made her ill, and that her illness continued after she went abroad.

A California girl, with the characteristics of the Western type, Miss Sanderson has always had some of the first requisites of a woman of the stage, the ability to keep herself before the public, and to make powerful friends, being among not the least of them. Massenet wrote operas for her, and also wrote letters, saying that her voice was beyond compare. When she came to America her voice was hardly heard over the footlights. By the side of Melba and Nordica she was the veriest amateur; a weak little voice in a plump little woman, whose ways and manners pleased a Paris public, but whom America had little time to consider.

THE public is divided concerning Eames. She is beautiful and she has a voice, but Theodore Thomas is quoted as saying that her failure in Cincinnati, the year before last, was due to his playing the accompaniment to the oratorio as it was written, and to her singing it as she knew how, which was not at all.

It is hardly likely that Mme. Eames will be heard here this year, unless it is in Damrosch's German opera company.

Her historic quarrel with Calvé has never been bridged, and we all know now that Calvé is coming to delight us in "Carmen" again. The managers of American opera found that there was a hole in their exchequer last year which "Carmen" had more than filled the year before. This year they had to choose between paying her one hundred thousand dollars for the season, or having her here with a company of her own. As she has vowed never to sing in the same company with Eames, it is likely she will not be asked to do so.

There will be several changes the coming season in the opera singers. Nordica may not come back. Her intended husband, M. Doeme, has signed a contract to sing three years in Paris. He will open with "Lohengrin," and it is likely that Nordica will sing *Elsa* in his company.

Melba, the incomparable, will come to us in a new rôle, that of *Eva* in "Die Meistersinger," one in which she has long wished to appear.

It is said that there is a young son of the Melba household, eighteen years old, who has as fine a voice as his sister, and who is being educated for opera. They come of a very talented family. We hear of Melba arriving in Paris from Australia a badly dressed, awkward girl, to learn to adapt herself to the ways of society and to sing. Her people, the Mitchells, were originally Scotch, of a strict Presbyterian family. One of Melba's sisters is a singer and another a writer.

* * * *

WE are not to have Signor Mancinelli back at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter, notwithstanding the many announcements of his coming. Those who are acquainted with the conductor say that the leading of German opera is one of his ambitions, and that the engagement of Anton Seidl to conduct the Wagner performances which are to be part of next year's program will keep him away. One of the Italians who is conducting the orchestra at Covent Garden this season is mentioned as Mancinelli's successor here.

The fact is that Mancinelli's wife is very ill, and he will spend the winter with her abroad. He is too much of an artist to be jealous of Seidl. More than once at Covent Garden, while it was under the direction of Mancinelli, foreign conductors came in. Once it was Herr Felix Mottl of Carlsruhe, who came to take charge of the German works; on another occasion Flon, of the Opéra Comique in Paris, crossed the channel to conduct "L'Attaque du Moulin." This year Mancinelli expected to conduct "Tristan" while Jean de Reszke sang it, but the great tenor is not appearing at all in London.

Mancinelli has lately had an opera produced at the National Theater at Rome, which has met with great success. It is called "Tizanello."

* * * *

It seems as if an annual trip to Europe is almost a necessity of life to the American composer. When his music fails to achieve more than a "success of esteem," he

amasses the necessary shekels by dint of much teaching, organ playing, and "concertizing."

Mr. E. A. MacDowell, who stands at the head of native composers, sailed for Berlin with his wife in June. Horatio W. Parker, who is now professor of music at Yale, also spent most of his summer in the German capital. Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith and Mr. Arthur Foote went to London. Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin have taken up their abode indefinitely in Florence, but did not find the quiet they expected in the sleepy old town, thanks to the recent visitation of earthquakes. Mr. Nevin wrote not long ago that he was tired of bounding out of bed and into the *plaza* every night or two, and said that his "workshop" was an interesting sight, with one corner caved in.

A large body of Cleveland people chartered the steamship Berlin and sailed, in the latter part of June, for a tour of the European cathedrals. As a number of special organ recitals were prepared for them by the greatest English and French masters, many musicians took advantage of the opportunity. Such pilgrimages should become very popular; they certainly redound to the advantage of home music.

* * * *

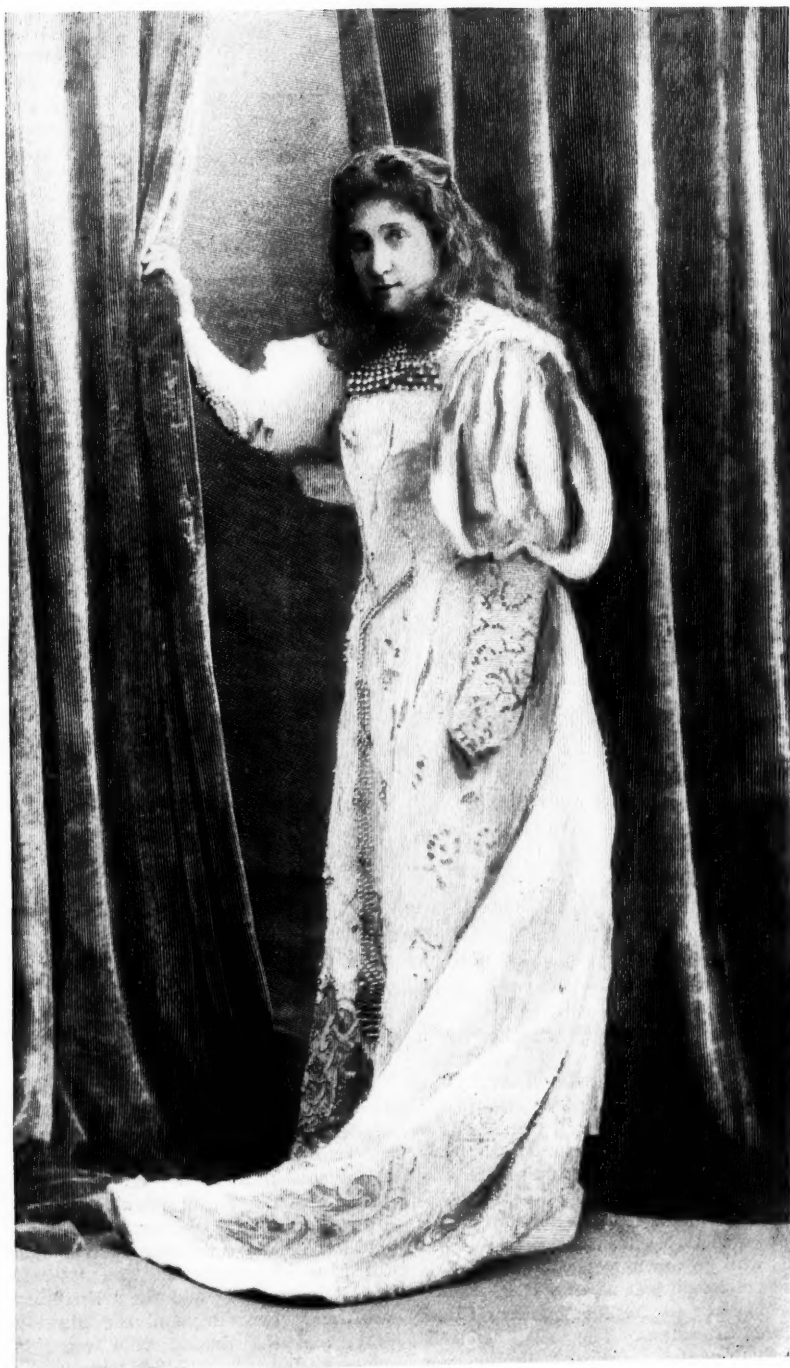
THERE is a grain of consolation in the fact that the Cornell Glee Club did not repeat the fiasco suffered by the unfortunate crew it accompanied. The glee club was uproariously received when it sang in London and the English were quite as enthusiastic as the Americans sojourning abroad.

It is surprising to look back to the original band of college friends singing together at evening, as they do on the Yale Fence to this day, and to note how the idea has grown till there are clubs with professional coaches, managers, and a literature of their own. Song tours about the country in vacation time, weaning the sophomore from his homeward yearnings, are too common to excite more comment than the personal enthusiasm of *alumni* and susceptible femininity; and now a glee club has crossed the ocean.

A baseball club has rounded the world, and why should we not have native troubadours chanting on the peak of Cheops the glories of our national epic, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or giving concerts in Buddhist temples to the enlightenment of the monotonous voiced priesthood?

* * * *

THE Seidl Society has been in full swing at Brighton Beach all summer, while the deep



Nellie Melba.

From her latest photograph.



John Philip Sousa.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by Gibson, Photographer, Chicago.

tones of the Sousa band have echoed over the ocean at Manhattan. The unmistakable line of demarkation between New York and Brooklyn is shown in the patronage of the two concert pavilions. In one, Anton Seidl gives concerts of classic music to audiences composed almost entirely of Brooklyn people. The Coney Island of the newspapers and the Iron Pier is generally quite unknown to these music lovers and enthusiasts, who go down to the Seidl concerts with as serious intent as they come to Carnegie Hall or to the Metropolitan Opera House in the winter. The well known Viennese dramatic soprano Georgine von Januschowsky was one of the attractions for July and August. She will probably be

seen here in grand opera later, and will sing Wagner rôles.

At Manhattan Beach, Sousa delights the multitude that goes down from New York. Clever as a musician, he is equally clever in his judgment of the taste of the metropolitan million. His audience is made up of lovers of popular music who have come to the seashore for relaxation, and who find in Sousa's concerts a delightful form of recreation. The "Washington Post March" and the "Directorate" set the feet moving and the blood tingling, and the demon who cries, "It's pleasant, but is it art?" is happily absent.

Portraits of the two popular conductors are given on these pages. Herr Seidl's garb

is of more than dog day warmth, but the likeness is his latest.

* * * *

POVERTY stricken composers of classical aspirations are frequently advised to devote themselves to the composition of popular music. That is all very well, but not all

The picturesque career of one of the most successful writers of cheap music is good enough proof of this. Poor Joseph P. Skelly, who died recently in the charity ward of a hospital, wrote more songs that created a craze than almost any composer of his class. He sold his first success, "I've



Anton Seidl.

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

trash is "popular" by any means. Indeed, a smaller percentage of it pays the expenses of publication than is the case with music of the higher order. In the former case, success is sometimes more rapid and sensational, but it seldom lasts, and little is gained for the reputation of the writer. Really good music, however, goes on building up a clientage for its composer, and has a sale that lasts a lifetime—for centuries, sometimes.

Only Been Down to the Club," for \$15, to a publisher who made thousands out of it. His "Pretty Red Rose" brought \$200 to the composer, \$50,000—so it was said—to the publisher. Drink was Skelly's ruin. Business ability he had none, and many of his songs were sold for a dollar or two to satisfy his craving for liquor. He spent what money he had with a lavish hand, and lived in direst poverty the last two years in Bowery lodging houses. His sister saved

his body from the Potter's Field, and was the only mourner at his funeral. He died at the age of forty two. Schubert suffered equal poverty, and died before he was thirty

power have not quite forgotten the existence of artists on the earth. Occasionally we give architecture an opportunity in the erection of some public building. Some-



Sybil Sanderson.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

two. Yet what a difference in the heritages the two men leave!

* * * *

If good can come out of Nazareth, one ought not to be surprised that Pittsburgh has set the country an example worthy of emulation, in the shape of an official recognition of music.

Though America is by no means where it should be in the matter of aid to the arts, there is an occasional sign that those in

times the decoration of a court house demands the talent of a fresco painter. Several cities give aid to local art galleries, and now and then a sculptor gets a commission to carve a prominent citizen into undying fame. It is a poor town that has no library, to buy the pen produce of countless writers; but where is the municipality that has given any aid, directly or indirectly, to the cause of music? That Pittsburgh has taken the first step in this direction is proof sufficient



Emma Eames.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

that Boston and New York have not such a monopoly of musical culture as they would have us believe.

The Pennsylvania city, which has probably the finest music hall in the country—the Carnegie—has selected for “official city organist” Mr. Frederick Archer, who has possibly the greatest reputation of any organist domiciled here. Mr. Archer has contracted to give two recitals a week, to drill and conduct large choruses for a series of public concerts, and to deliver at least

six lectures a year, for three years. His salary, \$4,000 a year, must be considered a fair recognition of the worth of a good musician. He predicts that Pittsburgh will become the musical center of the country.

It is interesting to go back a century and a half to the days when the great Sebastian Bach was a municipal organist. He received, when he could collect it, the princely remuneration of \$75 a year, with \$10 at Christmas time, to say nothing of two cords of wood, six trusses of brushwood, three



Emma Calvé.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

measures of corn, and three pounds of fish. On this the master supported a family of twenty three.

* * *

IN the German opera which Walter Damrosch will conduct next winter we are to hear Frau Klafsky and Fraülein Ternina, whom Mr. Damrosch calls the two European singers of Wagnerian rôles.

Klafsky is the wife of the musical director

of that name. Fraülein Ternina has signed for a season as prima donna at the Royal Berlin Opera House, beginning in 1896. She follows Rosa Sucher there. She is said to be a young and beautiful woman, is a native of Trieste, and made her reputation in her native town. Mr. Damrosch has secured the Academy of Music for his season here. Its restoration to grand opera will recall many things to the old New Yorker.



HER GREYHOUND.

WHEN I upon my mistress call,
In grave but welcoming wise
Her gracile greyhound, firm and tall,
Uplifts his faithful eyes.

The secret of my unreprieve
He seemed to understand,
And thrusts his sympathizing nose
Within my drooping hand.

Then let Dame Fortune whirl her wheel,
And Fate make frolic sport ;
I am content, because I feel
I have a friend at court.

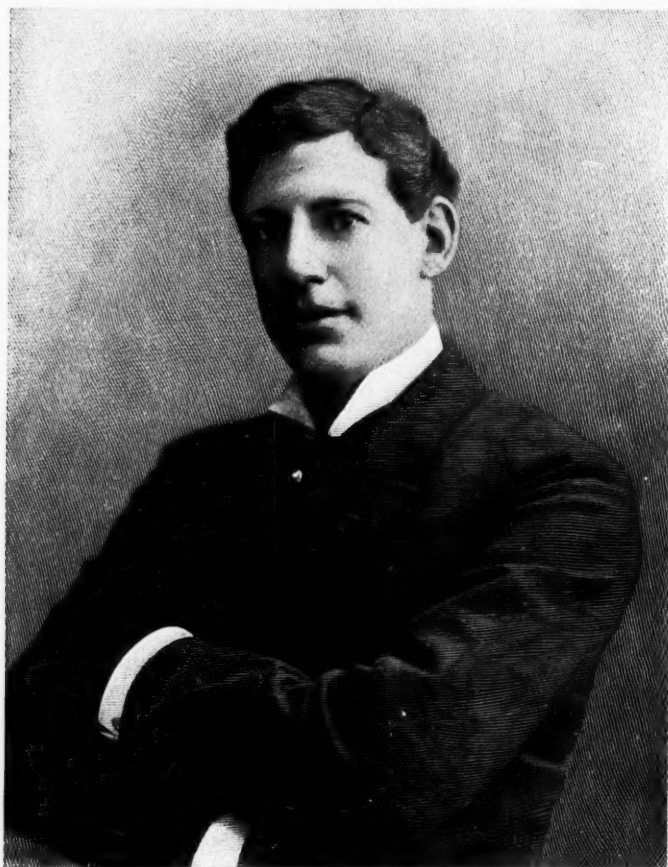
Clinton Scollard.

THE STAGE

ONLY a pair of theaters open was the midsummer record of New York this year. Chicago beat it by three. But then Chicago managers have only one roof garden with which to compete, and no Coney Island; in New York there are four aerial stages, to say nothing of Rice's "1492," sumptuously produced in an airy pavilion at the edge of the breakers on Manhattan Beach.

As to the New York roof gardens, however, there is only one conceivable reason why they should be patronized, as at present conducted, and that is their coolness. This quality, indeed, extends to the management that dares offer a metropol-

itan public such fourth rate entertainment as has characterized these roof stages during the season now closing. The public has not submitted without a protest, mute though it has been. Formerly the audiences remained until midnight; now they begin to make their escape long before that hour. Some of the gardens have sought to "head off" the exodus by sprinkling through the program, in heavy type, pleadings to "Wait for So-and-So," or the promise that "So-and-So's catchy songs are worth waiting for." Even the alleged artists themselves at times defy any one to leave before their song is finished. Alcohol and atmosphere are the only props on which



De Wolf Hopper.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



Mlle. Dufrène.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

these degenerated entertainments now rest. They have simply become open air saloons, with a weak variety entertainment to give the thirsty an excuse for frequenting them.

* * * *

SOUSA, the famous band leader, has written De Wolf Hopper's new opera, to be produced in New York at the Broadway Theater next April. It is called "El Capitan," is in three acts, the scene is laid in Peru during the Spanish occupation, and the star will have a dual rôle.

"It was my 'Desirée,'" said Mr. Sousa, in the course of a talk about "El Capitan," "in which Mr. Hopper first made his appearance on the comic opera stage. This will be my fifth 'offense.' My first

was called 'The Smugglers,' and was written in my student days. For this reason it was wildly ambitious, abounding in tone pictures of the most classical dye. Naturally, this was enough to kill it with the average audience, and it is the average audience, of course, the composer who hopes for success must bear in mind. The story of 'The Smugglers,' by the way, was from the same source as Francis Wilson's new opera, 'The Chieftain.'

"Yes, there is a march in 'El Capitan,' but I have sought to vary the themes as much as possible. The book is by Charles Klein, one of the authors of 'The District Attorney.'"

Pending the production of "El Capitan,"



Mlle. Nebbia.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Mr. Hopper will continue with "Dr. Syntax." A story has lately been going the rounds to the effect that Hopper takes adverse criticism deeply to heart, at times being affected even to tears. To us, Mr. Hopper does not appear to be that sort of man. According to credible report, indeed, his manager has a hard time of it to preserve the dignity befitting a regularly organized company. The comedian believes in fun, and has a habit of making it for himself and his associates, as well as for the audience, when on the stage, so that periodically the entire company is called together and lectured in a body for offenses in which its star is the ringleader. Each time Mr. Hopper meekly acknowledges his

failing, and promises to amend his ways for the future.

* * * *

WHY, when grand opera is the most expensive of stage entertainments, comic opera should be offered at prices far below those demanded for simple plays, is a question that only the managers can answer. Certain it is that during the dog days a grand combination of humor, music, and clever people to furnish both, may be enjoyed at one third of what it ordinarily costs to see a simple play performed by a company of eight or ten actors, with one or two sets of scenery.

At the Castle Square Theater, Boston, Edward E. Rose has been giving a differ-

ent opera every week all summer—such as "Clover," "The Bohemian Girl," and "The Brigands"—with new scenery and costumes, eighty people in the company, and the highest priced seats in the house at fifty cents. And not many of the latter have been empty.

Herein is food for reflection. Is it not time for a reaction from the high priced tickets? MUNSEY'S has established a rational rate for magazines. The Castle Square has proved that it is possible to present first class attractions at a reasonable cost to the public, some of the time. What manager will come forward as the pioneer to show that it can be done profitably all of the time?

* * * *

THE comedy success of the past season on the Paris stage was "*L'Hôtel du Libre Echange*," with a record of more than three hundred performances. It was brought out at the Nouveautés theater, succeeding "*Champignol Malgré Lui*," another notable success, which attained only moderate prosperity when given in New York two years ago as "*The Other Man*." In fact, it was the last new piece produced by Charles Frohman's Comedians before the disbanding of that excellent organization. For a time farces from the French had a great vogue here, but today their chances for success are about even with those of failure.

Among our portraits this month are a quartet of Parisian favorites. Agnes Sorel is well known for her participation in "*Madame Sans Gêne*"; Mlle. Nebbia has delighted the habitués of the *Horloge café chantant*; Mlle. Dufrène is of the Odéon, while Otero, who has been dancing at the Folies Bergères, is still fresh in the memory of those who saw her here a few years ago.

* * * *

THE London theatrical season has not been especially noteworthy. No one piece



Agnes Sorel.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

has stood out before all the rest as "*Trilby*" has with us. Irving's production of "*King Arthur*," "*The Artist's Model*" at Daly's, and "*The Shop Girl*" at the Gaiety have all been successful, however. Our portrait of Hetty Hamer, on page 674, shows a favorite member of the Gaiety company.

* * * *

A NEW play, with one of the freshest faces ever seen on the New York stage, is an attraction of the late summer. "*Other People's Money*," at Hoyt's Theater, is by Edward Owings Towne, a Chicago man, and has had a unique experience. It was written during a busy lawyer's holiday trip to the city of

Mexico, and was never offered to a manager. After it had spent several months in Mr. Towne's desk he felt as if he would like to see it acted. Somewhat as another man would set up a yacht or a stable of fast horses, he collected a company and put

diploma was handed over to her, she announced her intention of becoming an actress. Her mother took her to Mr. Daly, expecting that his discouragement would effect a cure of the stage fever.

Mr. Daly looked at the girl. "She ought



Mlle. Otero.

From a photograph by Reullinger, Paris.

the play on the road. It was then known as "By Wits Outwitted," and from the beginning it was a success. Charles Dixon saw it and negotiated for it, changing its name to "Other People's Money."

Georgia Welles, a very young actress, who created the ingénue part in Mr. Towne's play, comes to New York with Dixon. She is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory, and one of the youngest ever turned out by that institution. When her

to have the training of a genuine actress," he said. "Put her in a company where she will get an all around experience." Her first "experience" was something very much like a hit.

Last year when Miss Welles visited Washington, an old friend of her father, a Western Senator, introduced her to President Cleveland. She told him how she, a small child of nine, had built bonfires in his honor during his first campaign, whereupon



Georgia Welles.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

he took her to the White House conservatory and loaded her arms with roses.

"I wish," he said, "I had a few more friends like you. Yes"—looking her over solemnly—"I need a few more friends like you." The blasé theater goer is very apt to echo the president's remark when he sees Miss Welles on the stage.

* * * *

JANET ACHURCH is a brave woman. After an experience here in the late spring calculated to discourage an amateur aspirant to *Hamlet* or *Rosalind*, she has announced her intention to return to America in the fall. She will be accompanied by her husband, Charles Charrington, and proposes to produce Ber-

nard Shaw's "*Candida*," which she brought over for Mr. Mansfield in the spring, but which he did not like well enough to put on. There will thus be presented to the public an interesting opportunity to indorse or take issue with the judgment of Richard Mansfield.

Miss Achurch was the *Nora* in the original London presentation of Ibsen's "*Doll's House*," the *ne plus ultra* of realistic plays. Of course the piece is unpleasant, and what is even worse, intolerably stupid. For no apparent reason all so called realistic plays are unpleasant; but fortunately not all of them are so uninteresting as Ibsen's. The principle on which he writes is plain

enough. He takes a certain space of time out of a person's life, and sets himself the task of depicting *all* the incidents that would be likely to befall within that period. The result is that characters are introduced of whom nothing is made, and whose comings and goings are of not the slightest interest

fifteen in those days could have forecast the brilliant future in store for Jessie Bartlett? There were two sisters in the family who sang. Belle, the elder, possessed a fine soprano voice. The children came rightfully by their musical ability, for the father had a deep bass, and taught a



Janet Achurch.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

whatsoever to the audience. Art is art, not transplanted nature, Zola and Ibsen to the contrary notwithstanding.

Miss Achurch still retains "A Doll's House" in her repertoire. We admit that it is difficult to find a good play in these days of pieces put together patchwork fashion, but she could hardly chance upon poorer stuff than Ibsen's.

* * * *

SEVEN dollars a week for touring country towns with an Old Folks' Concert company! How many that noticed the girl of

singing school. But they were in very humble circumstances. When Jessie sang in a church choir in Chicago she wore the same dress Sunday after Sunday, and a calico one at that, fresh laundered by family hands each week.

Then came "Pinafore," and the company made up of Chicago church singers. Jessie Bartlett was chosen for *Buttercup*. In this first season she gained both fame and a husband, marrying Will Davis, now one of the leading theatrical managers of Chicago. Her connection with the Bostonians began



Jessie Bartlett Davis and Her Son.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

seven years ago, and each season finds her a stronger favorite than ever with the public. Not only are her singing powers of rare value, but she plays each rôle she assumes with a heartiness that is delightfully refreshing after the careless acting to which so many singers with reputations have accustomed us.

Mrs. Davis' hobbies are her boy and her chicken farm. Willie Jesse, who appears in the engraving on this page, is now ten years old. Ever since he was two, he and his mother have played together as though they were both children. Although she enjoys her work, her summer vacations are very precious to her. They are passed chiefly at "Willowdale," near Crown Point, Indiana. Here the Davises have a farm of eight hundred acres, with a lake close by on which it is Mrs. Davis' great delight to row

—an exercise which she finds of special value in expanding the lungs.

* * * *

A. M. PALMER'S Chicago production of "Trilby" has duplicated in drawing power the success of the New York presentation. Wilton Lackaye was transferred from the original cast for *Svengali*, and Edith Crane is the *Trilby*. Of course, every company made up will suffer from comparison with the now famous creators of the parts in Boston last winter. Who, for instance, can think of any other *Laird* than whole souled, delightful John Glendinning, with a brogue that is as natural as his breathing, and a sunny Scotch humor that glints cheerily through the whole play?

Although Mr. Glendinning is an Englishman, both his parents are of Scottish descent. He spent most of his youth in Yorkshire,



Hetty Hamer.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

and his first appearance on the stage was made at Greenock, Scotland, fifteen years ago. He played all sorts of parts from *Shylock* and *Macbeth* to *Jeremy Diddler* and *Pittacus Green*. Later he created the leading rôle in "Hands Across the Sea," and attracted the notice of the Kendals, with whom he came to this country in 1889. Here, after leaving them, he played in "The Merchant," was leading man for Clara Morris, and at the beginning of last season went out starring in a melodrama, "which," to quote his own words, "was not very successful, but all's well that ends well, and in *The Laird* I have found an interesting and congenial rôle."

And there is *Zou Zou*. Can any one who has heard the "la, la, la-la-la" of Leo Ditrichstein ever feel that any other player of the part is the lively Frenchman of Du Maurier's creation? And yet Ditrichstein is not a Frenchman. He was born in Temesvar, Hungary, and at one time was a tenor in comic opera, singing in Vienna, Hanover, Dresden, and Hamburg. Coming to New York, to play in German comedy at the Irving Place Theater, he was seen by the omnivorous eye of Charles Frohman, who offered him an engagement if he would undertake to learn the language. Mr. Ditrichstein worked hard for seven months, and then appeared as *Dickerson* in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." After playing in "The Other Man," he retired from the stage for a year and a half, and devoted himself to play writing. It was during this period that he collaborated with Clyde Fitch on "Gossip," produced by Mrs. Langtry last winter. Then came the offer from Mr. Palmer to create the part of *Zou Zou*, with which his name will from now on continue to be identified.

* * * *

MME. PONISI, the well beloved "old woman" of the Wallack company, is neither French nor Italian, in spite of her last name and the Gallic title that has always preceded it on the playbills. She was born in Huddersfield, in the north of England, and her family had no connection whatever with the stage. She married an actor—an Englishman, but bearing the foreign name Ponisi, and appeared as Mrs. Ponisi until she came to play in a London theater.

"It will be much better for both you and myself," said her new manager, "if you are billed as 'Miss Ponisi.'"

"But I am not 'miss,'" stoutly returned the matter of fact actress. "I am a married woman. I am not ashamed of the fact,

and I don't propose to sail under false colors."

Now, Mrs. Ponisi, who had footed it for twenty five miles over country roads to secure an opening, and had succeeded, had come to believe that her word was law, and as the manager went off upon hearing this dictum, she supposed that she had won the day. But by and by he appeared again with the announcement that "Mrs." was too short a word to look well on the program. A compromise was made on "madame," and Madame Ponisi it has remained ever since.

Mme. Ponisi is very frank in explaining why she married her first husband. "I wanted to be an actress," she says, "and I felt sure that the wife of an actor stood a better chance than if she had to rely only on herself to secure openings."

Her second marriage was to a cousin of Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur." He was a widower with eight children, and it is with one of these stepdaughters that the accomplished artist, now over seventy, has gone to Washington to live, having retired permanently from the stage.

* * * *

WHAT will the new season, now opening, bring us? Whether it be crowned with success or shrouded in failure, depends not so much upon the men and women who play the parts set down for them, as upon the maker of these parts. In short, "the play's the thing." What a poor thing it very often is, bankrupt managers and stranded actors sadly testify. But there are good plays written, and even produced sometimes, whose worth goes unrecognized until discovered by accident.

Take the case of "Jim the Penman," for instance. Its author, Sir Charles Young, had been writing plays for a good many years, but without achieving any success. Finally his health gave way, and then it was that "Jim the Penman" was written and produced merely for one time at a matinée performance. It was well spoken of, but nothing more seemed to be expected of it, and the piece was shelved. A little later the new lessees of a London theater made a total failure with an American piece on which they had relied, and found themselves at their wits' end for something to take its place. In the emergency, "Jim the Penman" was seized upon as a desperate venture, and upon this second production it immediately made a hit that carried it triumphantly around the world. But poor Sir Charles died in the first flush of his dramatic fame.

LITERARY CHAT

ZOLA is coming to New York. It may be the indirect outcome of our recent wave of "reform," but more likely his coming may be laid at the feet of an irresistible desire to "write us up." New York is never without an apostle of some sort. Some of them, fortunately, are not residents. It might as well be an apostle of realism, and he might as well write us up and put us into a circulating library of realistic fiction as not. Chicago was none the worse for Stead's burst of sensational nonsense. The few people who read "If Christ Came to Chicago" were only disgusted with it. It lacked the sincere touch of truth. Matter that might have appealed to the sympathies of the philanthropic was so handled that it sickened its readers and destroyed their interest in the subject. That is the pitfall into which Zola would be in danger of falling if he came to New York. There may be matter in New York for such a work as "Germinal" or "La Terre," but few readers would have the stomach to swallow it in English.

Still, Zola in New York might be a very different man from Zola in Paris. He might come to New York and see nothing that was not clean and good, breathe no air that was not fresh and pure, and, going home, have no thoughts of us that were not pleasant. It would not be the fault of New York if he did the reverse. And if his book were all that his thoughts had been, and his thoughts had been all that they might have been in the line of purity while here, Zola would be made an Academician at once.

ZOLA is at his old trick of advertising his new novel. There is a saying that "good wine needs no bush," but there is no doubt that curiosity judiciously awakened will assist the sale of the best novel.

His new book, "Rome," is being put together at the author's house in Medan like some delicate piece of mosaic. The plot has been sketched out long ago, and all its intricate parts laboriously fashioned. All that remains is the careful putting together. The hero is a priest who was one of the characters in "Lourdes." This priest is called to Rome, and the story centers about the Pope.

"Oh, I studied the Pope," the author said to a visitor. "I followed him from his start to his present greatness; but his true character was not revealed to the world until he put on the tiara."

It is Zola's conclusion that Leo XIII is one of the most skillful diplomats in Europe.

The books that come from Zola's pen today are radically different from the Rougon-Macquart series, which made his reputation. They are treatises instead of novels. The throbbing life full of drama, of action, is entirely absent

in these later books. It was necessary for him to write a "Nana" to attract the attention of the general public to his other work. If he expects to keep it with him, he must give us human beings in his novels again. As we hear that "Paris" is to be the third of the present series, and that it is to represent the modern French capital, we may expect something lively at last.

ALPHONSE DAUDET's son Léon has not one grace of his father's style in his works, but he manages to attract attention upon his own account. He was educated for the medical profession, but appears to have permanently abandoned it for literature. Perhaps it was not in the best taste that his first work of any consequence should be an exposé of some of the methods of the medical profession in Paris. He has said that he expresses his admiration for physicians as having the noblest of all professions, but as numbering the greatest percentage of charlatans in their ranks.

He delights in expounding theories, in teaching, and he finds it difficult to keep this tendency out of his stories. He is at present writing a new novel dealing with phases of modern Parisian life.

In the story of Sonya Kovalevsky Europe has found a literary sensation which almost equals the Marie Bashkirtseff fad.

We who have seen literary sensations come and go, have almost reached the conclusion that a success can be made of any book that is attractively advertised in some new and catching way. Half the country is continually asking "What shall I read?" and it is prone to accept the answer which it hears oftentimes repeated, or which appears to be given with authority. Mr. Gladstone, in one of his hours of ease, was caught by the pose of the Bashkirtseff, and said so. The book became popular, although nine out of ten of its readers found it about as interesting as a chemical formula. Literary men and women enjoyed it as they would have enjoyed any other study in humanity. It gave them material. To those who seek the morbid in literature, it was not half so attractive as Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Confessions," or the caustic essays of Schopenhauer. Today it stands almost uncalled for on the book shelves.

The story of Sonya Kovalevsky is the latest addition to the "human document" literature. Sonya was a Russian who distinguished herself by becoming a great mathematician. She had a combination of a man's mind and a woman's weaknesses. When she was very young she made a "nihilistic" marriage with a young student. It was intended to be a bond only in name, leaving them both free. As the years

went by, she became professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm and the author of several books. Her husband gave her a touching devotion; yet, capable as she was of exquisite tenderness, she did not hesitate to crush her nearest friends to gain her ambitions. At last she fell in love with her husband, and, becoming very jealous of him, left him. With all her gifts and all her friends, she was a very unhappy woman. Her desertion drove her husband to suicide, and filled her heart with agonies of remorse.

In the book that has been given out we have the story of her childhood from her own pen. The records of her successes are told by her intimate friend, the Countess Cajanello, who is an experienced writer.

"When I met Henrik Ibsen last summer," she says, "and told him that I was writing a memoir of Sonya Kovalevsky, he exclaimed:

"Is it her biography in the ordinary meaning of the word that you intend to write, or is it not rather a poem about her?"

"Yes," I answered, "it will be her own poem about herself as revealed to me."

This is what the Countess Cajanello has tried to do, and the fame of the feminine mathematician has been sufficient to advertise the book.

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HERMANN SUDERMANN is one of the foreigners whose work is just beginning to be popularly known in the United States, coming to us by way of France, as so many others have come.

"Magda," the play of Sudermann's which has stirred all Paris to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and set it to reading the author's books, was given here by Modjeska to empty houses. It was not that Modjeska was not a good *Magda*. There was probably something in bad management, and something in that desire a large class of Americans have to mold their admiration on the foreign model.

Sudermann is the popular idol in Germany. His books go into edition after edition, and are read by all classes. Leaping into fame within a comparatively few years, he has reached a popularity that was never enjoyed even by such men as Spielhagen and Paul Heyse. "Frau Sorge," his first novel, still ranks as a universal favorite. Its appearance marked a new era in German novel writing. Previous to its publication, there still clung to every novelist who came up for consideration something of the school which he had been taught to call classic—the school of Goethe's novels. Sudermann broke loose from this, and made his studies from life in an entirely original manner. His women are delightful. He can take the veriest maiden, whom almost every novelist of today declares to be only chalk and water after all, and can make her as real and full of interesting human nature as any of the shop worn heroines to whom we are becoming so painfully accustomed as "women who have lived."

Sudermann's last novel, "Es War," was

heralded by the entire German press as a masterpiece. The young author has a personality as fascinating as that of the old fashioned hero of romance. He is described as young, blue eyed, and golden haired, his face alive with a brilliant intelligence.

* * * * *

OLIVE SCHREINER—or Mrs. Cron Wright Schreiner, for she insisted upon her husband taking her name—seems so well content upon her South African farm that she does not care to invite the public to share her life by writing books about it. "The Story of an African Farm" was written before she was seventeen, before she knew what it was to live. The German in the story was said to be a portrait of her own father, who was a German missionary. Her mother, who had twelve children, has become a nun. One brother is a clergyman of the English church.

Olive Schreiner herself is thirty three years old, and is a tiny, elf-like creature with brilliant eyes. Her only child recently died.

* * * * *

ONE of the remarkable books of the hour is a revival of an eighteenth century romance, discovered and edited by that very clever young man, Gilbert Burgess, and brought out by that enterprising young firm, Stone & Kimball. It is called "The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R." "Mr. H." was Hickman, a London clergyman. He was in love with a Miss Reay, who had such a past that she refused to marry him. They were real personages in the London of the eighteenth century, and the tragedy of their lives ended in Hickman killing Miss Reay on the steps of a theater.

It was a matter of doubt whether these letters were genuine, or the work of a man named Croft, who edited them. Mr. Burgess is fully convinced of their genuine character, and it would take a very skilful novel writer to give the delicate touches which here and there appear in the letters of Miss Reay.

* * * * *

"As for my damned literature," wrote Stevenson with playful profanity, in his Samoan diary, "God knows what a business it is, grinding along without a scrap of inspiration or a note of style." It is a curious fact that one whose style is thought by many to come nearest to perfect English should have been so little conscious of the purity and strength of his writing; yet that was Stevenson.

The publication of the Samoan diary with its wealth of personal matter—the drink for which a writer's admirers are ever thirsty—will be an event in the torpid book market. We have had glimpses of Stevenson's quiet, tropical life on that little island of the South Pacific; but of the history of his days there as they followed each other in monotonous succession, and of his thoughts unrecorded, we know little. Now and then the scrap of a letter to a friend has crept into print; and often it has been like a breath of the tropical forests of Apia, or a throb of the heart of the writer. In them has been sounded the keynote of Steven-

son's life in Samoa, but it is to the diary that we look for the full melody.

IN the general search that is being made after every scrap that Stevenson ever wrote, it is not improbable that his lost novel, his first work of the kind, may be found. Some time in 1879 Stevenson was at Monterey, California. The place itself may have been his inspiration. Its ruined adobe buildings and its traditions of the old Spanish days, when the alcaldes ruled supreme and the mission fathers taught the native Indians to pray the prayers of the Christian, have a peculiar fascination, and Stevenson, who loved such things, may have succumbed to their influence. Feuds between the old Spanish families are told of by those who live there now. Stevenson may have heard such tales when he wrote "A Vendetta in the West," for that was the name of the lost novel.

He could not have cared for his work, for he lost his manuscript, and he told Edmund Gosse that it was about as bad as Ouida. But now that every one is hunting, perhaps some one may find it, and young writers will have an opportunity of judging whether the old saying regarding the necessity of birth in a poet applies also to the production of novelists.

RIDER HAGGARD has arisen to denounce the paragraphers who write concerning authors. He thinks there is too much talk about successful writers and their earnings. "Many men make incomes on the stock exchange without being noticed by paragraphers," he says. "Why should they pursue a man who makes his living by his pen?"

If Mr. Haggard does not know the reason why, he knows less about the public and its human nature than a novelist should confess to. The most interesting item that the public can read is something which has a personal sound. When we know that one magazine last year rejected some twenty thousand manuscripts, we can readily see that the subject of the earnings of authors has a personal interest for a large class.

Mr. Haggard should not object to the paragrapher. If it were not for his busy, gossiping pen, the English novelist's income might be considerably less than it is.

Quite recently Mr. Haggard was defeated in an attempt to get into Parliament, and the mob took his candidacy so much to heart that upon one occasion it took a hundred policemen, the newspapers said, to escort him from his hotel to his train. Doubtless the experience will make an incident in a new novel.

"DODO" BENSON, whose first book went into fifteen editions in England, to say nothing of the countless American forms in which it was published, has written a new book called "The Judgment Books." It surprises even his admirers.

Mr. Benson is a pessimist. Dr. Nordau would probably find still more unpleasant things to say of him, if the cynical German

talked of him at all. He made his *Dodo*, whom he drew from a well known English society woman, a perfectly heartless creature. He took her surface faults and mannerisms, her buoyancy of spirit and cleverish talk, for utter frivolity of soul. He played the prophet and went into futurity, and told us what might be expected to be the logical outcome and conclusion of this sort of a person. His *Dodo* was shown to be utterly without what we call "character."

But the facts have proven that Mr. Benson's premises are altogether wrong. The original of *Dodo* married Mr. Asquith, recently home secretary of England, and is said to have become one of the most faithful and careful wives that an English political man ever possessed. The cleverness that found vent in epigrams on trivialities was equally useful when applied to serious subjects; the boundless energy and light heart of the brilliant girl have been assistance and diversion for the busy man of affairs.

Mr. Benson has seen life upset his theories. We may be amused by his books, but we are not going to accept his demonstrations of a living problem.

DU MAURIER holds the record as being the most painstaking author since Turgenieff. The Russian wrote a dozen books, out of which he culled the material for one. The characters of his stories were living human beings to him, and he drew up the most intimate descriptions of them before he introduced them to the outside world. It is said that one man who was more than usually troublesome and complex kept a diary for years, which Turgenieff, his creator, carefully wrote out for him every day.

Du Maurier wrote "Peter Ibbetson" in English, then in French, and finally back in English again. The new novel from his pen, "The Martians," deals with life on both sides of the Channel, and at both ends of society, from grand to gay. It will introduce the mystic element, but we can be sure, remembering the two books that preceded it, that it will be no hackneyed phase of the supernatural that will be worked into the story. It may not be possible for the artist to join with the author in this venture, as Mr. Du Maurier's eyesight is said to be failing rapidly now.

THE story of Mark Twain's misfortunes has been heard with sympathy, which had in it, as an editorial in a morning paper suggested, a sneaking hope that his troubles would drive him back to his best work.

Mark Twain's earnings have far exceeded those of any other American writer of the first class. We hear of enormous fortunes made by people whose books are never recognized in the good and self respecting society of literature, and their claims are not questioned. Mr. Clemens is reported to have made half a million dollars from his wholesome, quaint fun. "The Innocents Abroad" brought him a hundred thousand dollars in three years, "The

Gilded Age" almost as much in book form, and more than half as much as a play.

Mr. Clemens and Mr. Howells are living examples of the disastrous effect of "new ideas" upon literary work. Just as soon as an author reaches the place where he tries to teach the people, his art suffers and they rebel. Royalty may be ridiculous, but there are several millions of people in the world who believe in the divine right of kings as they believe in Heaven, and when Mr. Clemens cheats them into swallowing a satire upon caste by means of his fun, they dislike it. To us others, his "story with a purpose" sounds strained and dull. The brotherhood of man is not by any means so new a doctrine that Mr. Howells need stand on a pedestal and remind us of it as if it were his own discovery. It has been nearly nineteen hundred years since the world first heard the golden rule. Mr. Howells and Count Tolstoy seem inclined to claim its authorship, and as a result they weary us. "Anna Karenina" was a great novel—a living novel. "The Lady of the Aroostook" was a wholesome bit out of life. But "Master and Man," Count Tolstoy's latest, and "A Traveler in Altruria" are full of pose and entirely uninteresting.

We can spare Mr. Howells and Count Tolstoy, but we need Mark Twain. There is one thing certain: if he has to begin at the bottom and earn money, he will go back to his original fields and make us laugh without leaving us restless or argumentative. It is plain, human wholesomeness that the public is willing to pay for.

* * * *

AT Onteora and Twilight Park, across the hills of the Hudson, a little artistic and literary colony has been set up. It contains the cottages of all sorts of clever people, from Mark Twain to Miss Frances Willard. Onteora ("Hills of the Sky") is built upon a spur of the Catskills, and comprises about fifty cottages. It is "very exclusive"—which means that it would hardly be pleasant for a stranger to build a cottage here uninvited. Indeed, few would care to do so, as it is more like a family than a community.

* * * *

WE have not noticed any "new poem by Poe" included in the last edition of his works edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The love for Poe is an old, old love with Mr. Stedman. When he was a boy at college, he became fascinated by the genius of the half mad poet. It was a genius that thrilled a boy whose home had been in a country village in Connecticut. His was a life full of the flavor of colonial days, which had scarcely died out in New England before the war. The quaintness of the little town of Norwich has been immortalized in some of Mr. Stedman's poems.

Through an interrupted career at college, through the editing of country newspapers, he made his way to New York and into the old Bohemian set that used to gather at Pfaff's historic restaurant. Many of the men who were his companions there have won well deserved

fame. Edward H. House, whose books are not half as popular as they should be, was one of them.

Something of the flavor of those days, when he and his wife and his friends were young, is given in Stedman's "Bohemia":

Roaming blithely many a day,
Eftsoons our little hoard of gold,
Like Christian's follies, slipped away,
Unloosened from the pilgrim's hold,
But left us just as blithe and free;
Whereat our footsteps turned aside
From lord and lady of degree,
And bore us to that brave cuntrye,
That proud and humble, poor and grand,
Enchanted, golden gipsy land,
The valley of Bohemia.

But the charm of Bohemia lies in the fact that for men like these it is only a temporary abiding place. Mr. Stedman became a journalist about New York, a war correspondent at Bull Run, and went through the thick of the great battles between North and South. When he returned to peace, he concluded to leave literature long enough to earn money, and consequently time, for the work he loved best. He left Bohemia for the Philistia of Wall Street.

It is remarkable that while he has been successful in business, Mr. Stedman has never lost his hold upon the public as a literary man. His poems have always appealed to the most delicate perceptions. He is a reformer, too. He was the prophet of "Looking Backward" when that book hung fire.

* * * *

MISS VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," has at last written a book. She calls it "The Veiled Doctor," and her mother vouches for the "founded on fact" which accompanies it. It appears to be a weird and dreadful tale, in which a man with a cancer on his face sees his wife kiss another man and give him a lock of her hair. The husband determines to be revenged. He approaches his erring spouse with frightful mien, and tells her that she shall "give up that beauty with which you sought to kill men's souls." She grovels at his feet. She clasps his knees. He cries, "Back, woman! Do not try to mesh me in your toils again!"

"Oh, for God's sake, don't kill me," she begs, crawling along after him on the floor. But he is obdurate. He makes her stand up while he takes the scissors and—neatly cuts off her hair.

The intent of the story is not humorous.

Miss Winnie Davis would probably be better able to write a story of New York hotels than of the South. She was educated in Germany, and has since spent most of her life in the North. She is a quiet, rather sweet faced woman, whose preparation for novel writing came through a number of syndicate articles in which the signature was the most conspicuous line.

* * * *

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, who is now in London, has written a new book. It

is to be published after the style of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sarah Crewe" and illustrated by Mr. Birch. It is called "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress: a Story of the City Beautiful."

It is not surprising to learn that Mrs. Burnett's last book, "The One I Knew Best of All," has had a very poor sale. As a member of her publishing firm said, it "was neither flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring;" neither for children nor thinking people. The public found it egotistical and dull.

* * * *

A CURIOSITY of book making will be the edition of Francis Saltus' works, which his father is having made at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. There are to be ten copies, we are told. One is to be presented to each of the great libraries of the world. Each of these remarkable volumes is to be accompanied by a magnificently carved ebony table, a silver mounted glass case, and a black and white velvet pall. There was no loom in the world large enough for the weaving of the palls, so a special loom was made. The books are made of vellum. Leather lasts only a century or so, and it is intended that these volumes shall be immortal. The poems are inscribed on the skin in twenty three languages, as the author wrote them, and are accompanied by unique paintings as illustrations.

Francis Saltus was undoubtedly a genius—erratic, but a genius. His mind was like a perfectly tempered instrument, which had received a twist that caused it to depart from its best uses. He had a talent for all sorts of artistic pursuits. He could play every grand opera known to the stage, from overture to finale. He led the Matri orchestra in Paris while it rendered twenty waltzes of his own composition. He left material for thirty or forty books, although he died a very young man. The elder Saltus, whose labor of love it is to bring out his son's works, is said to have made a fortune from his inventions in gun making. He lives in a quiet Connecticut town.

* * * *

CHIMMIE FADDEN is with us again, and, if possible, is more amusing than ever. *Chimmie's* salient quality is his wonderful naturalness. In Mr. Townsend's new book we are impressed anew with this, and the very natural reflection arises, "Who is *Chimmie Fadden*?" It is disappointing to discover that the genial scion of the Bowery is not what the children would call "real." In a letter to MUNSEY'S, Mr. Townsend tells us that *Chimmie* is purely an imaginary person.

"I am not working," he says, "from a flesh and blood original *Chimmie Fadden*. The character of *Chimmie*, and his relation to *Miss Fannie*, were suggested to me by observing the frank manner in which some oldish boys in a tenement district charity institution idolized the lady in charge of some holiday festival I happened to be reporting."

This influence of gently bred women over the lower orders, "this absolute subjugation

of the savagery in the very toughest east side boys," to use Mr. Townsend's own words, was, it will be remembered, the groundwork of Mr. Howells' arraignment of all the *Chimmie Fadden* stories for untruthfulness. Mr. Howells is no doubt a very wise literary mentor, but one wonders if he really knows much about Bowery and east side influences, after all. Somehow *Chimmie Fadden* and William Dean Howells seem to be a little incongruous; and when he of the literary passions accuses Mr. Townsend of not knowing his business, it is more than likely that the critic is at fault. Reporters are, as a rule, shrewdly conversant with their work, and the creator of *Chimmie* tells us that he is "dead cocksure from frequent observation" of what he has written.

Edward W. Townsend has been doing newspaper work ever since leaving school. His apprenticeship to the business was on the *Chronicle* in Virginia City, Nevada. Thence he went to San Francisco, and remained there for some time, writing short stories for the *Argonaut*, and one novel, which appeared as a serial in the same paper. At present Mr. Townsend is on the local staff of the New York *Sun*, and tells us that he is at work on a novel which will appear under the title, "A Daughter of the Tenements." He is also, in collaboration with Augustus Thomas, preparing a dramatization of *Chimmie Fadden*.

* * * *

IN "Princeton Stories," Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams has given us another volume of college yarns. Harvard and Yale having already been heard from, it is not unlikely that Columbia, Cornell, and the rest of the universities will before long contribute to the series. "Princeton Stories" are fully up to the standard of college fiction, and Mr. Williams has succeeded in creating in them an admirable atmosphere of university life. In "The Hazing of Valliant," and "The Responsibility of Lawrence," the author reaches his highest level, although for faithful description and analysis of student ways the sketch called "College Men" is well deserving of mention.

The second of the stories designated is a strong picture of the failings of even the most influential and popular college man, and of the effect those failings produce on under classmen who look up to him as the personification of all a student should be.

There is but one objectionable feature in the book—the occasional obtrusion of a somewhat sickly sentimentality. It is not in accord with our ideal of the manly, independent student when we are told that he stands admiring another man's hair because it is "pretty"; and some of Mr. Williams' characters have a way of doing this and kindred things that is decidedly trying.

* * * *

EVEN if one has no Bohemian tendencies, it will not require more than a few pages of "Songs from Vagabondia," from the press of Copeland & Day, to arouse in one the longing for the music of the open road. The book is

the joint work of Messrs. Richard Hovey and Bliss Carman, and it fairly shouts with a great spirit of freedom and happy-go-lucky existence. The best judges of poetry have long since pigeonholed Bliss Carman with the true sons of song, and Mr. Hovey has amply proved that he is entitled to the same consideration.

We are in verity
Free!
Free to rejoice
In blisses and beauties!
Free as the voice
Of the wind as it passes!
Free as the bird
In the way of the grasses!
Free as the word
Of the sun to the sea—
Free!

That is clipped from the opening poem by Mr. Hovey—assuredly a measure to be sung along a stretch of highway, with one's stick in hand and not a thought beyond the moment to trouble the wayfarer. One of Bliss Carman's best lyrics is a "Spring Song," in which he gives full rein to his remarkable versifying ability. The opening stanza has a peculiar music, as follows:

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

On the inside cover we find a quotation, which is not only one of the best things in the book, but one of the most deliciously smooth bits of verse we have ever seen.

Have little care that life is brief,
And less that art is long;
Success is in the silences,
Though fame is in the song!

This is probably from the pen of Mr. Carman. At all events it seems to be his creed, for recently, while storms of criticism surged about him in the columns of the Canadian press, and a splenetic rival was attacking him with childish vehemence, Mr. Carman has maintained the silence that means success.

"THE Story of Bessie Costrell," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is a distinct relief after "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella." Not that these two famous books were deserving of anything but praise, but because they dealt with questions too involved to suit the average reader, while "Bessie Costrell" is simplicity itself.

Mrs. Ward has given us a very plain, straightforward story of an old laborer possessed of what in the neighborhood is considered an imposing fortune—seventy one pounds sterling. He intrusts it to *Bessie Costrell*, his niece; but during his absence the eternal fascination of gold lays hold upon her, and she appropriates a part of the old man's money for herself. Her

stepson, finding her alone in the house, secures all the rest. There is a very serious element of tragedy in the return of the old uncle and the ultimate downfall and suicide of the woman. And perhaps the tragedy is heightened by the absurdly insignificant size of the "fortune," and its ability, nevertheless, to precipitate disgrace and death.

In "*Bessie Costrell*" Mrs. Ward proves herself thoroughly competent as a story teller when abstruse reasoning is laid aside, and for vivid color, simple and unvarnished narrative, and depth of pathos the book will rank high among the novels of the year.

ONE of the most fatal defects in a novelist is lack of control over the emotions of his characters. The ravings and spasms of the cheaper novels are proverbial, and it has come to be regarded as the particular attribute of a deservedly successful writer to hold emotion well in hand until the exact moment when it is most needed and will be most effective. Judged by this standard, the last book from the pen of Mrs. Forrester is a failure. It is called "*Too Late Repented*," and it has a climax every eight or ten pages. Whether Mrs. Forrester succeeds in controlling the emotions of her characters can be inferred from the fact that the word "God" is used as an exclamation over twenty times in the book, and it is rather a short book at that.

It is a pity that the author of "*Too Late Repented*" was not more careful in handling her story. It is rather a novel and clever conception, but well nigh ruined by exaggerated conversation.

WHEN Mrs. Thaxter's first important verse, "*Landlocked*," made its appearance, there could be no question as to what standing its author was in future to occupy among poets. The infinite pathos and longing of the sea loving soul bound by the mountains and pining for the sweep of salt breezes and the roar of the surf, had a beauty and naturalness that went straight to every heart.

From her rocky retreat in the Isles of Shoals, nine miles at sea, came from time to time bits of song redolent of surge and seaweed, and a myriad hearts leaped in answer to the words of the gentle poet who lived with her children and her flowers, and loved all men.

In her letters we find, as we might expect, the same thrill of the sea that pervades her verse, the same tremendous, overwhelming love of nature. It is a genuine treat to read these letters, so ably and sympathetically edited, for in the reading we are brought very near to a personality our literature could ill afford to lose.

IN July we inadvertently mentioned "*A Superfluous Woman*" as being published by the Lippincotts. The Cassell Publishing Company call our attention to the fact that the book is one of theirs, and we note the correction accordingly.

ETCHINGS

OUTWARD BOUND.

INTO the dusk of the east,
Gray with the coming of night,
This we may know at least—
After the night comes light !
Over the mariners' graves,
Grim in the depths below,
Buoyantly breasting the waves,
Into the east we go.

On to a distant strand,
Wonderful, far, unseen,
On to a stranger land,
Skimming the seas between ;
On through the days and nights,
Hope in each sailor's breast,
On till the harbor lights
Flash on the shores of rest !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE YOUNG POET.

LIFE'S new and pleasant paths he trod
Among the sunlit hills of truth,
And lifted up his heart to God,
Who smiled upon the dream of youth.

There listened he while nature taught ;
There felt his timid heart grow strong ;
And there an inspiration caught
From Heaven that filled his soul with song.
Frederic F. Sherman.

WAITING.

SHE trips to me across the grass, my little lass,
my little lass,
The birds call to her as they pass, the daisies
kiss her feet, O,
The golden kingcups nod and sway along her
way, along her way,
As if they, too, this happy day, the dainty
maid would greet, O.

And listen ! With a liquid gush a misselthrush,
a lover thrush,
Pours out across the ev'ning hush a welcome
from the wheat, O,
Till all the green field seems astir with love of
her, with love of her,
And ev'ry feathered chorister is caroling my
sweet, O.

She droops her eyes as she draws near, but ah,
my dear ! but ah, my dear !
Your roses tell the tale you fear your bright
eyes to repeat, O ;
And I—I stand beside the stile, and wait the
while and watch the while,
Till I shall catch your sunny smile, and heart
to heart shall beat, O.

Vincent F. Howard.

A SONG.

I HEAR a sound of weeping,
A dirge of bitter tears,
Like the sea rains keeping
The tally of the years.

I ask myself what sorrow
Must needs be loosened so ;
Whence mortal grief could borrow
Such litanies of woe.

And the sad voice, replying,
Is strange and yet well known ;
It is my own soul crying
Through God's great house alone!
Bliss Carman.

THE SCORCHER.

HE tumbled from his weary wheel,
And set it by the door ;
Then stood as though he joyed to feel
His feet on earth once more ;
And as he mopped his rumpled head,
His face was wreathed in smiles ;
"A very pretty run," he said ;
"I did a hundred miles !"

"A hundred miles !" I cried. "Ah, think !
What beauties you have seen !
The reedy streams where cattle drink,
The meadows rich and green.
Where did you wend your rapid way—
Through lofty woodland aisles ?"
He shook his head. "I cannot say ;
I did a hundred miles !"

"What hamlets saw your swift tires spin ?
Ah, how I envy you !
To lose the city's dust and din,
Beneath the heaven's blue ;
To get a breath of country air ;
To lean o'er rustic stiles !"
He only said, "The roads were fair ;
I did a hundred miles !"

Harry Romaine.

A RIVER IN ARCADIA.

BENEATH Arcadian skies of blue
And romance haunted air,
The tangled mountain woodlands through,
'Twixt moss grown banks where maidenhair
Uncurls its fronds of lacework rare,
From rock to rock and pool to pool,
Where light the shadows quiver,
With depths all clear and waters cool,
Flows down the laughing river.

Here, where it widens broad and deep,
When Arcady was new,
The Indian drove with graceful sweep
His frail built bark canoe ;
And, treading lightly to the brink
Of some deep shaded pool,

The stag, broad antlered, stooped to drink
 The waters clear and cool ;
 While played the sunbeams to and fro
 With many a glancing quiver,
 And now in haste, and now more slow,
 Flowed on the shining river.

Slow loitering through the meadows green,
 As if to catch the gladness
 Of sun kissed grass and emerald sheen,
 Reflected back in sadness ;
 Then leaping like a thing possessed,
 A demon struck with madness !
 From rock to rock a foaming swirl
 Of waters sweeping down,
 From bank to bank a seething whirl,
 A curling torrent brown ;
 Till, prisoned in a depthless pool,
 With many a rippling quiver,
 Again serene, 'neath shadows cool
 Flows on the peaceful river.

Laura Berleau Bell.

QUATRAINS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

DRUNKEN with dew, a bandit bee
 Across my flower garden goes,
 The noisy knave, what recketh he
 To stab a beetle, rob a rose ?

A SUNRISE.

UP from the under wonder world,
 A thousand battles won,
 The east hath every flag unfurled,
 Good morning, Signor Sun !

A SUNSET.

A CRIMSON, gray, and gold
 Enchantment to the eye ;
 Some artist saint spilled all his paint
 Adown the western sky.

Robert Loveman.

TO ESTHER.

I SAW the west wind tenderly caress
 The spotless lily, pure and snowy white ;
 Then on her petals, drowsy with delight,
 He slept, and dreamed about her loveliness.

Oh, if that lily lay upon your breast,
 And your eyes, sweetheart, rested on it there,
 Soon would the wind forget his flower fair
 And only dream of you—the loveliest !

Ernest Peabody.

IN SEPTEMBER.

ROSELIT gold, the maple's dower,
 Glorifies the smoky view,
 Like a mammoth autumn flower
 Haloed in the distant blue,
 Or a sunny April shower
 With a rainbow gleaming through.

Goldenrod encampments kindle ;
 Flame of fleecy amber spreads
 Into heaps that drift, and dwindle,

Dropping floss, like curling shreds
 Blowing from a slender spindle
 Wound about with yellow threads.

In the mellow wind and weather
 (Golden silk and satin husk),
 Knights with spur and spear and feather,
 Waving scents of milk and musk,
 Shake their plumed heads together
 In a misty golden dusk.

Orange waves and cloud wrought dimples
 All the western heavens fret.
 Blooms the sun, in vapor wimples
 And in foamy billows set,
 As when in a river's ripples
 Floats a golden violet.

Hattie Whitney.

REMEMBRANCE.

ONE faded flower I keep for aye ;
 In mem'ry's book 'tis laid away
 Between the leaves !

No token from a loved one's hand,
 No treasure from a foreign land,
 Yet round it weaves

A spell beneath whose power my heart
 Becomes of those faint ashes part.
 My blind thoughts grope

Far backward to the buried day
 I plucked it from the grave, where lay
 My fondest hope !
Catharine Young Glen.

TO LOUISE—WITH ROSES.

HO, roses ! will your color please
 That lady fair—our dear Louise ?
 The roses breathed a perfumed wail :
 " Alas ! if she should find us pale !"
 Then blushed the loveliest pink e'er known,
 To think they'd be Louise's own.

Lydia Avery Coonley.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE heaviness of earth and air,
 The force of passing breeze,
 The weight of crowns and ships and worlds—
 I wonder not at these ;
 I see the awful griefs and pains
 That faint souls undergo,
 And wonder how the human heart
 Can stand such weight of woe !

The measurement of time and space,
 The depth of deepest seas,
 The distance of the faintest star—
 I marvel not at these ;
 The measure that I marvel at
 All measurements above
 Is this : the wondrous height and depth
 And length and breadth of Love !

Clarence Urmey.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

TWO QUESTIONS IN DINING.

THE relief of the poor is one of the themes of life with which the people of a great city are constantly brought face to face. Like the people themselves, the question of their relief is always with us, not in an obscure way but insistently, demanding thought, awakening our sympathies, and inciting us to action. Men and women braver than the rest of us devote their lives to giving us the facts about the poor; scholars take these facts and deduce theories of relief, and lecturers go about proclaiming them with telling words, and with a stereopticon to picture the scenes their words fail to paint. Charity societies spring up at the first call. Churches send out their workers with words of comfort and material aid. The State appoints its commissions, legislates its relief bills, and builds its poor houses. And yet, with all the lives this question has demanded, with all the thought and energy, all the time and money, that have been given to its solution, of what a small amount of truth are we possessed!

Is something wrong in our methods? Are we spending too much time in investigation and too little in the actual work of relief? Is it, after all, a matter of method? If a man is hungry, is it important that he should be satisfied through a meal ticket to be cashed only at a certain restaurant, on a certain street, in a certain way? Or is it our purpose—we who try at all to answer this question—to feed the man? Is it a question of which man in a thousand hungers the most or is the most deserving, or is it a question of stopping hunger here, there, anywhere, wherever we meet it?

A clergyman well known in New York for his charity made a night trip through the poorest part of the east side, not long ago, giving out meal tickets to the hungry and finding beds for the weary. He asked those he met when they had had their last meal. Some said, "A day ago," others "Two days ago," or "Three days ago." It was the clergyman's intention to discriminate, but he did not, he could not. The stare of hunger was a stare of hunger whether it was one day old or three.

"Why do the charities never seem to help you people?" he asked one poor fellow.

The man looked at him. "Too many better than us; we ain't in it," he replied. And workers among the poor find this to be so.

Workers among the poor say that you do a man no good unless you make him better, unless you give him some hope for a brighter future; and so, unless they can make better, they are apt to leave hungry. Their theory is right; but a question always suggests itself in this connection, and that is: Is a dime thrown away that simply feeds a man when he is hungry? You can't expect to purchase a bright

future for a man with a dime, nor to secure for him a guide to a wholly good existence; but you can at least satisfy his hunger, for the time. No one can be really good who is very hungry, nor very bad who is really satisfied.

But it is one question how to satisfy appetite, and another how to create it. The son of the Philadelphia millionaire who is said to have spent \$20,000 on a little dinner at a Paris restaurant, the other day, was quite as much bothered about this matter of dining as is the tramp who has to raise a dime on the street for his hot cup of coffee and sandwich. Indeed, the young millionaire is much more an object of pity than the tramp, and ought to be a livelier subject of attention. Twenty thousand dollars spent on a dinner for twenty two people, can satisfy only an appetite for the unusual and a craving for vulgar display of money—two desires which need investigating and remedying much more than the condition of the poor.

While \$20,000 is an altogether exceptional expenditure for a meal, even among the wealthiest Americans, there are not a few who allow their dinner bills to reach the thousand dollar point. And a question naturally presents itself here: Is there not work to be done among the rich as well as the poor in the matter of eating? It is not a question for Edward Atkinson to figure out alone, either.

FOUR LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

THE four writers and thinkers who have exercised the greatest influence upon the general trend of thought in our day are probably Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley. It is only the comparatively few, even of the intelligent class, who have any actual familiarity with the works of these men, yet their power is none the less wide and real. They have been the leaders of our intellectual leaders, the teachers of our moral teachers.

It is interesting to speculate how far such men may be regarded as simply the mouthpieces of their time, and how far as its molders and modelers; how far they are the expression of widely working tendencies and how far they are those tendencies' creators. In any view, however, their importance as personal factors must be admitted.

The death of Huxley leaves Spencer—the eldest of the four, except Darwin—as the sole survivor of the group. The world is looking around for its successors, and will find them, for the law of genius and the advancement of thought are continuous.

FOR A GREEN OLD AGE.

WHAT does humanity long for more ardently than an elixir of youth? What secret do we

seek more earnestly than that of the hale and hearty octogenarian?

Unfortunately, no definite formula for vigorous longevity has yet been evolved. The men and women who have reached four score with undimmed sight and unquenched energy utterly fail to agree upon any set of hygienic rules. A collection of their opinions was recently published. "I have never smoked, and for sixty years have wholly abstained from intoxicating drinks," says Dr. Newman Hall, now in his eightieth year. "I smoke moderately, and take three quarters of a glass of whisky at night," says Samuel Smiles, who is three years older. Equally marked were the differences—all based on personal experience—in regard to the proper amount of work, of sleep, and of exercise, the benefit of abstemiousness, and other fundamental points of hygiene.

According to the familiar proverb, every man at forty is either a physician or something far less pleasant. The same idea is expressed by Miss Anthony, who gives what is perhaps the best recipe for a green old age thus: "Tread the natural path of human development."

THE TORTURE OF HOPE.

WITH all the many inventions of our truly enlightened age there are some talkers just pessimistic enough to declare that we have not gotten ahead very far, after all. Such ideas may seem to creep into the present paragraph, though its aim is in the opposite direction.

The other day there was executed at Sing Sing prison a man who had killed his wife by an ingenious administration of poison. He was not the first man executed for such a crime, but his case will serve as an example. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death in the regular way—which in New York State is sometimes said to be a more advanced and refined way than prevails down South or out West. He had been led to believe by his lawyers—or perhaps by his own belief in the ignorance of the law or its power to punish crime, not to say by the possible knowledge he may have had of his innocence—that he would be acquitted. He knew that a death sentence was the extreme penalty, the worst the law could do for him; but in this expectation he had not considered the advancement made in legal science, and he did not know the torture in store for him.

Two or three hundred years ago, when monkish inquisitors, learned in the administration of torture, grew tired of tearing and cutting their victims physically, they sought a keener, more intense source of pain—a punishment which, administered without the shedding of blood, would extend the time of suffering and put off death as long as possible. It was then that they attacked the mind, and introduced that most terrible of all punishments—the torture of hope.

Our idea of justice in this country used to be that the old doctrine of "a life for a life" was right, but now there is a new theory. The ancient monks found that taking a man's life

was not so severe a punishment as that of keeping it in suspense; and the law of today, while it may not definitely prescribe so refined a means of torture as the administration of hope, sanctions it by allowing the decisions of its courts, which should be above question, to be set aside on the slightest technicality, and the execution of its sentences deferred again and again.

Cutting a man's head off at the block or guillotine before a crowd of depraved wretches was the old style of execution; making of him a storage battery for a couple of thousand volts of electricity before half a dozen refined and educated physicians, scientists, and officials, is the new; but to the wretch himself it is quite the same in the end—so long as that end comes quick.

But it does not come quick; that is the trouble.

The man in the ancient dungeon found the door of his cell ajar, the gate unguarded, and the sentinel asleep—all of which had been carefully planned to torture him with the hope of escape, a hope that always failed. Today, the convict under sentence of death is allowed to believe that he will get a new trial, or will be reprieved, or that his sentence of death will be made imprisonment for life, and that that, in its turn, will be reduced to a few years' confinement.

And the difference in the two cases?—Is as clear as the difference between the guillotine and the electric chair—a difference in the times; but to the condemned himself the torture he suffers, in hope deferred, is quite the same, quite as terrible today as three hundred years ago. An open door and a guard asleep, although purposely arranged as a means of torture, in reality are no more a torture to the man who sees in them a means of liberty, than is a weak spot in the criminal code, or the decision of a court that can be tampered with and set aside, to the sentenced convict in the death ward at Sing Sing.

It is right, of course, that a man charged of a crime should have every possible chance to establish his innocence while he is on trial. Humanity demands it, and the intent of the law is to allow it. But his trial over, his guilt once established to the satisfaction of the law, and the sentence of death pronounced upon him, the hope of escape should be withdrawn. Such is the intent of the law; but the letter of the law and the intent are confused at times, and in the tangle the torture of hope creeps in, and our method of fitting a punishment to a crime runs back to the atrocities of the dark ages.

IS MARRIAGE DECLINING?

THE tendency among men toward celibacy is said, by many writers who are taking up this question afresh, to be the surest proof of "bad times." In the uncertainty of his business outlook, they say, a young man hardly feels like taking upon himself the responsibility of a family, and so he remains a bachelor. This

is the most common ground of argument, but it has no great strength, nor do observed facts support it to any extent.

The human quality that chiefly makes for celibacy is selfishness. A man cannot afford to marry, because he wants what he earns for himself. A wife means the division of his earnings. That is one of the commonest reasons why the modern youth remains a bachelor—if he does so remain; and the other is that he does not undergo the process or condition known as "falling in love." He is no longer a creature of romantic fancies and fresh desires. He was once; man always is, to a greater or less degree, at one period of his life, but nowadays he passes that period earlier than he did fifty years ago, and reaches a point at which he does not care to marry.

As a matter of fact it is still a very small minority of men who do not marry. The age at which they marry is increased, that is about all. No great issue is involved in the matter, and there is no fear that the earth will be depopulated through the increase of celibacy.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the supersession of the horse by the bicycle, and by electric vehicles—a subject which was treated in MUNSEY'S last May. The statistics of the Department of Agriculture show that the total value of the horses in the United States is more than three quarters of a billion of dollars, and gloomy forecasts are made of the loss which the country, and especially its farming interests, will suffer from a threatened drop of one half or one third in the price of the average steed.

It is unlikely, however, that any serious calamity is impending from this quarter. If it be true that half a million horses were dispensed with last year, they represented only three per cent of the total number, and a slight shrinkage in the supply—sure to result from a fall in price—would be sufficient to restore the equilibrium. It is not probable, nor even possible, that the service of our equine carrier will be suddenly or totally abandoned. Its cheapening will no doubt bring it within the reach of many who would not otherwise keep a horse, and so create a new demand.

Few will regret the horse's disappearance from the street railways, and from street traffic in general; but on the race course, the trotting track, the farm, the park where fashion parades, and the country road where the million seeks pleasure, his reign is scarcely threatened as yet.

THERE are few higher testimonials to the value and beneficence of our American colleges than the respect with which they are spoken of even by those who do not regard them as the best training school for a boy destined to a

business career. Henry Clews, the well known New York banker, whose view of the matter was presented in an article published in this magazine last month, asks us to add to his part of the controversy the statement that he considers a university course a valuable and even an absolutely necessary qualification for many of the most important departments of action—medicine, literature, journalism, art, the church, public life, the army, the navy, and such scientific pursuits as civil engineering. "But," says Mr. Clews, "for the counting house, the best training is in my judgment a good, common English education, comprising a thorough knowledge of grammar, spelling, arithmetic, history, geography, bookkeeping, and penmanship." To these elements he adds one more, which recalls Herodotus' description of the education of those Persians who conquered the eastern world for Cyrus, and who were taught "to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to tell the truth." "At school," Mr. Clews declares, "a boy should be taught to tell the truth. Truth is the foundation of an honorable career." This last sentence is a good maxim.

It is certain that the growth of the Catholic church in the United States has been very large in recent years. It is believed in many quarters that its growth has been larger than that of the Protestant churches. The final tabulation of the statistics obtained by the census of 1890 does not throw decisive light upon this point. It does show, however, that Protestantism is not declining. Between 1880 and 1890 the country's advance in population was a little less than 25 per cent; the Protestant churches' increase of membership was 42 per cent.

This is a remarkable showing at a time when it has often been said that religious faith is upon the wane. It might be made still more remarkable if the corresponding figures for the Catholic body were available.

A VERY fine point in the matter of liberty of speech and action that is an American birthright has been brought up in the West over the production of a play. It is a play that tells on the stage—through the medium of cheap actors and lurid stage settings, no doubt—what the newspapers of the country paid sensational reporters and artists to prepare for their readers—the terrible Durant church murders in San Francisco.

The play was stopped. Of course it should have been. Its manager and the actors who presented it were arrested. Of course they should have been. But just wherein their technical guilt lay, does not appear. The newspapers wallowed in the horrors of those shocking crimes, and were praised for their enterprise. Why not the stage?

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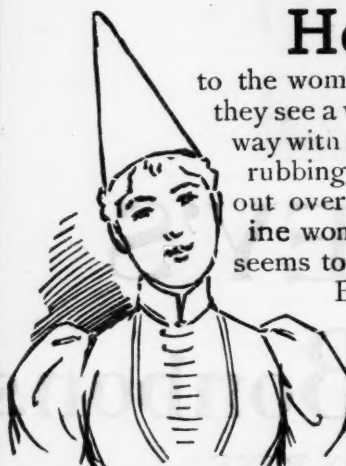
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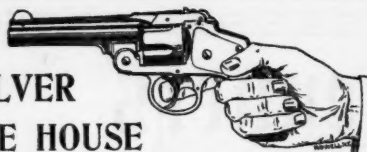
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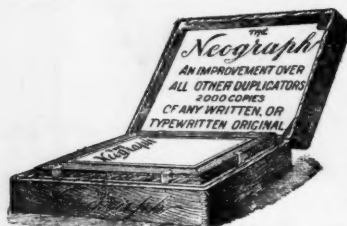
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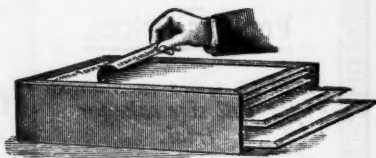
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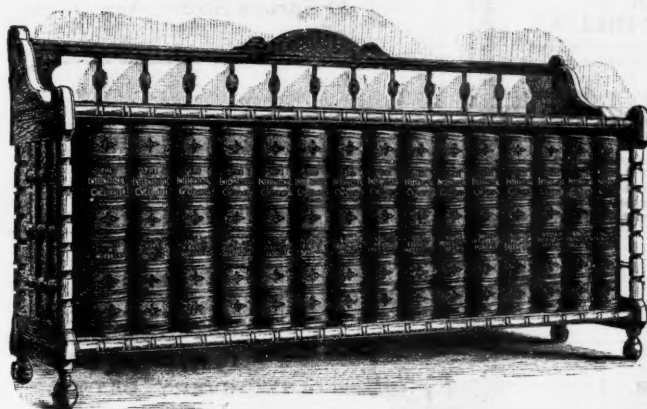
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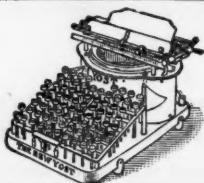
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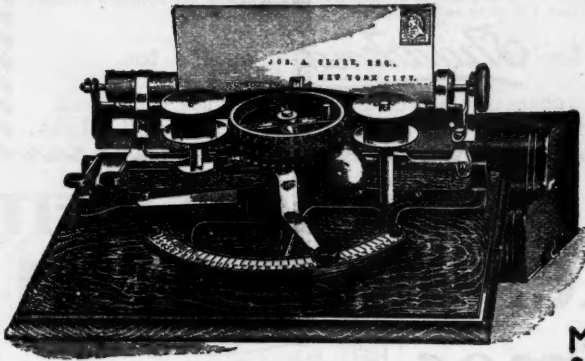
Construction, Beauty of Work,
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PERFECT

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\$ 15



WRITING EQUALS
THAT OF A \$100
MACHINE. IT IS
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OVER 8000 SOLD
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IT HAS METAL
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HOW did it gain the name of "THE LIGHT
RUNNING DENSMORE"? Because, in
actual operation, owing to the compound
leverage, the fingers in striking the keys
gradually, instead of suddenly, overcome
the inertia of the typebars.

This principle is made exceedingly clear by illustra-
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Adopted by the U. S. War Department in 1893;
Government contract renewed in 1894; supplied Dens-
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U. S. in 1895. First Densmore purchased by the Car-
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Densmore Typewriter Co.,
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Not all the 30,000

Bar-Lock operators have been heard
from, but the testimony of the
great many who have, reads
all one way—

"Above all things else, the modern
typewriter must include **actual vis-
ible writing.**"

VISIBLE WRITING

Bar-Lock's distinctive feature, with Bar-
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Write for our book, "As Others See Us."

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Coarse, Fine, and Extra-Fine (half-hose), in solid colors and mixtures, for Men and Youths; Super-Stout (hose) in black for Boys and Girls.

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They are Played in a Million Homes.

HIGHEST AWARD, WORLD'S FAIR, 1893.



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FOR COMFORT AND GOOD LOOKS, WEAR

Scientific Suspenders

because they support the trousers at the natural pivot of the body, the hip joint, don't pull or drag down, and for outing wear they are the only kind which


Don't show in front.

Buy a pair of your dealer—50c. to \$2.00—or order a pair mailed from
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Bridgeport
"New" Rochester
has these advantages over any other
Lamp
manufactured to-day.
Better combustion;
Larger perforations;
No crawling of oil;
Chimney springs
riveted (not soldered);
Patent filler float,
(cannot run over in
filling);
As a test, send
\$1.20 for this
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or Gift
Sewing Lamp
mailed postpaid, with-
out glassware, which
will give the points of
our Seventy other Styles.
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FOR THE WORLD
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GIVE THE
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AS EASY TO
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lamp, you can rest assured that you are
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MANY A MAN
has gone without a bath
because he could not
wait for hot water



INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER
FURNISHES HOT WATER INSTANTLY
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NO LIMIT TO QUANTITY
TWO CENTS PER BATH WHEN USING GAS.
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Sweeps Hard and Soft
Carpets,
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WITH A
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Dorflinger's American Cut Glass.

This trade
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STYLISH LOOKING
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WEAR RESISTING
PRICE POPULAR

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The stays and our superior
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WHY, explained and il-
lustrated in our book, "Cor-
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A Brocaded English

Sateen Corset \$3.00
With Red or Blue
Design, also Plain

White, Black or Tan

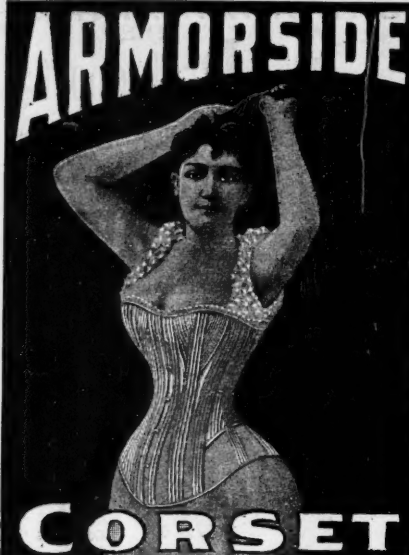
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NEVER BREAKS DOWN ON THE SIDES

and Gives the Wearer a Beautiful Figure.

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don't stay buttoned — but-
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saves time, saves husband
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Unlike all other methods it cleans the finest glove without injury to the kid. Rubs dirt off, not in. Requires no moisture, soap nor preparation. Cleans in two minutes, easily, quickly, and thoroughly; finger tips necessarily become soiled, it removes soil in a minute; keep it on your dresser for use before going out, it saves 50 per cent. of your glove money and keeps you cleanly gloved; try it; all dealers, or sent postpaid. **Price 10c.**

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Nothing but the best materials are used, and we guarantee our goods superior to all others for comfort, elegance and durability.

*Can be taken all apart by any one.
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The skin food Milk Weed Cream is found in every beautiful woman's toilet. Its effect is positive and unerring, effaces wrinkles, restores the tissue making the flesh firm and plump.

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HOW TO FURNISH
THEM**

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Cant see how you do it.

\$50 Kenwood Machine for - \$25.00
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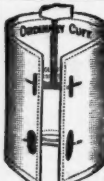
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and you can walk all day and be fresh in the evening. They brace the entire body. The stored energy in the elastic stirrups assists the muscles and prevents fatigue. For everybody who wants easy walking: Lady shoppers, mail carriers, militiamen, dancers, waiters, floor walkers, convalescent patients. Bicyclists find them a wonderful help. Testimonials, etc., mailed free. Price \$3.00. Express or P. O. Order. Send waist measure. B. KHR DAVIS & CO., 527 Marquette Bldg., Chicago



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"PROVE IT"? YES! Write your name and address on postal, and send it to us. We will mail you free samples and full directions.

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Have Stood
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Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.
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We are specialists in one line—that of making
Heating apparatus. We give all our thought,
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the bold claim of offering the most efficient, most
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who are using our Heaters, and the fact that
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Send for our "up-to-date" book, entitled "*How
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If you
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Barler's Ideal Oil Heater

is perfect in every particular,
free from smoke or smell,
and absolutely safe. You are
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weather comes. More than
25,000 people all over
the country confirm our
claims that it is unapproach-
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*Guaranteed as represented
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NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

Its frequent use purifies the air, prevents Malaria, Influenza, and all epidemic diseases, as it destroys the microbe, or disease germ, and leaves an exhilarating aroma. Beneficial to the skin and will not injure the most delicate fabric. Indispensable to the Ladies' toilet and bath. Kills parasites on dogs and all animals.

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THE IMPERIAL HYGIENIQUE FLUID CO., 61 Beekman Street,
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—Skin and Toilet Soap for 25c.
Cures all skin defects and beautifies.
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Post Office Box, 1532.

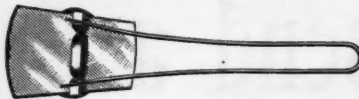
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that much needed article, by brain workers especially, as well as sanatory treatment for the semi-invalid and those who feel the need of recuperation mentally and physically, can best be found and enjoyed at the

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has never been equaled for the instant relief of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Headache. Cures Deafness, restores lost sense of smell. Sixty years on the market. All Druggists sell it. 25c. per bottle.

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Made of asbestos, which every one knows will not burn. As large as a full sized cigar, and cannot be told from one. Fill with tobacco same as a pipe. It makes a good smoker, and will last for years. Ten cents' worth of Havana tobacco will give you as many smokes as a box of cigars. Beware of per imitations. Sample by mail, 25 cents. **NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY CO.,** Stamford, Conn.

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should have pearly teeth behind them. To make the teeth pearly, and to keep them so, there is nothing like

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

It neutralizes every element of impurity that affects the soundness or whiteness of the teeth.

SOZODONT should be used by every one who values a good set of teeth. It has none of the acrid properties of tooth pastes, etc., and instead of contracting the gums, renders them firm and elastic.

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BANNER OIL HEATER \$6

FREIGHT PAID

Will heat a room from 15 to 20 ft. square perfectly, in the most severe weather. Our patent double-drum gives twice the radiation of any oil heater made. Indicator shows exact amount oil in font. Inside feed wick, burns oil till exhausted. Outside ratchet controls flame perfectly. Handsomely made and the only heater that does not use a glass chimney.

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No Smoke!
No Chimney
to Break!**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. When not kept by dealers will send, charges paid, on receipt of \$6. Our book of Points on stoves and lamps free.

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Factories: Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.

Irrespective of Price,



The Best

A Ton of Steel makes

175 National Typewriters—

The Lightest, Strongest, Most Compact and Complete Standard Writing Machine made. Write for Catalogue "J." Ask for specimen of COLOR WORK and picture of our TRAVELLING BAG.

22d and Arch Sts., National Typewriter Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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2** **SAVED**

ON TYPEWRITER ANY

We have machines of every make. Guaranteed in perfect order or money refunded. Sent anywhere with privilege of examination.

TYPEWRITERS

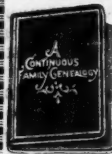
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NO TROUBLE AT ALL to carry and use the

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Perfectly Contrived—Faultless Tubular Feed. Your dealer is likely to have them. If he hasn't, write us, and we'll send you the information you want and our handsome illustrated catalogue free. Parker Pen Co., 22 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Corticelli Color Card.

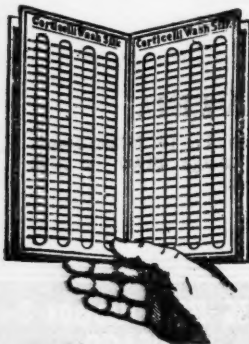
It shows more than 200 colors in which we sell our Corticelli Fast Dye Wash Silk in different sizes and kinds, including Roman Floss, Rope Silk, EE Embroidery Silk, Etching Silk, Lace Silk, Filo Silk, Crochet Silk and Knitting Silk.

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have been awarded to Corticelli Silk for Superiority. We mail one of these cards for 12 cents.

"Florence Home Needlework" for 1895 is now ready. Subjects: Lace Embroidery, Mosaic Embroidery, (new designs), Crochet, and Correct Colors for Flowers. Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book, 96 pages, 66 illustrations.

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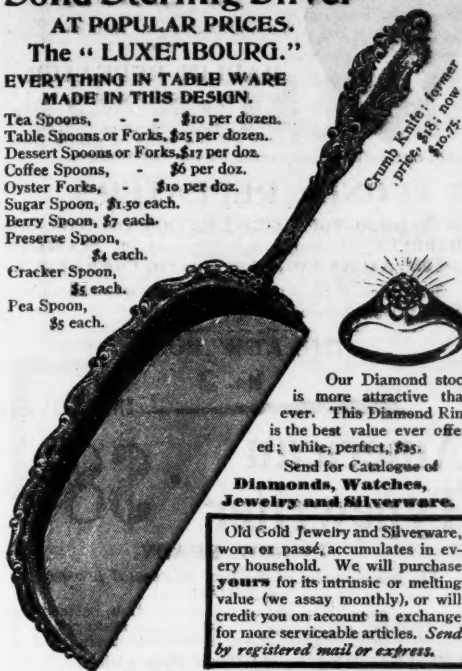
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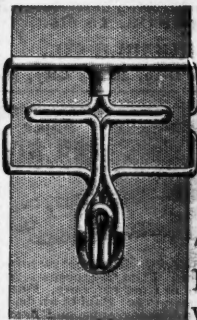
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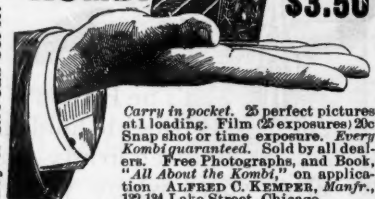
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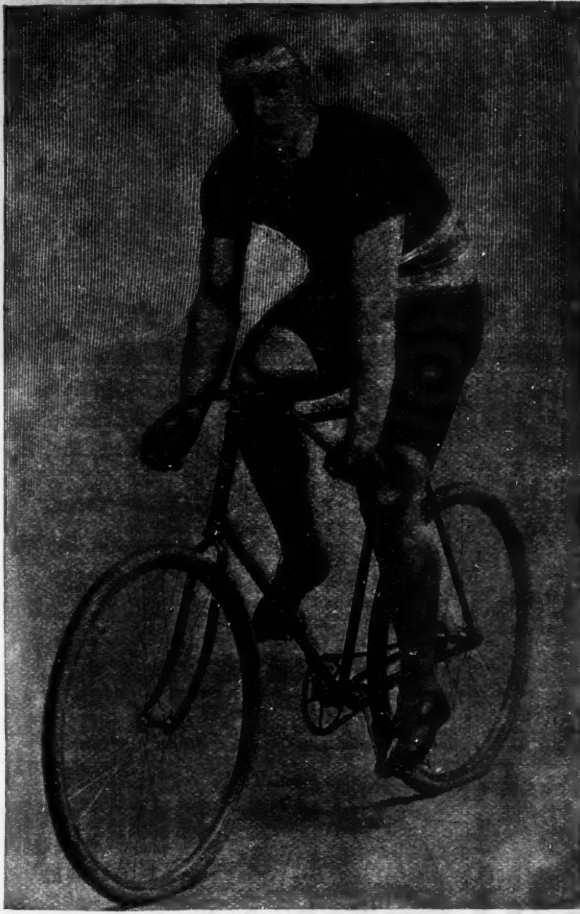
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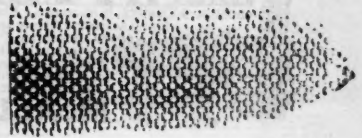
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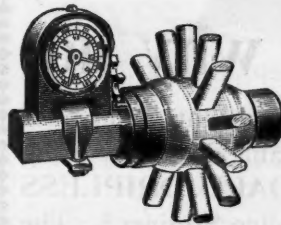
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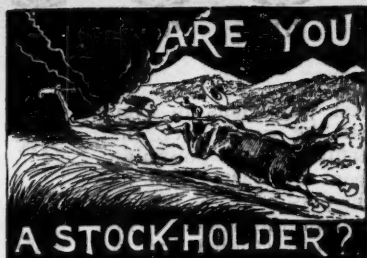
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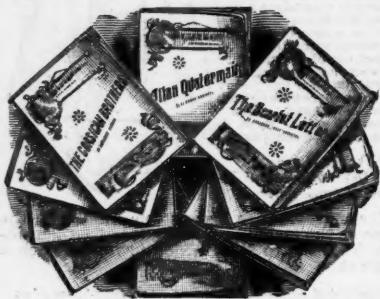
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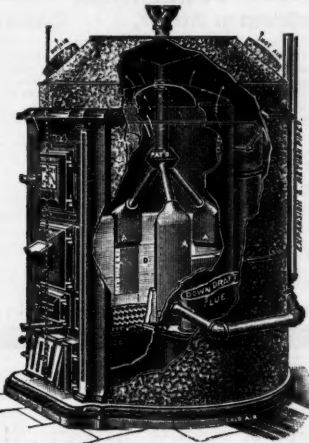
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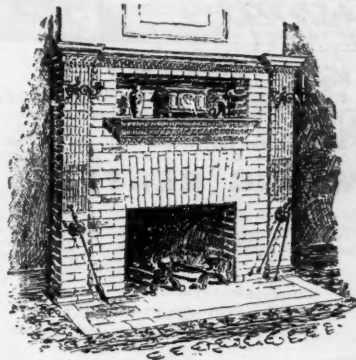
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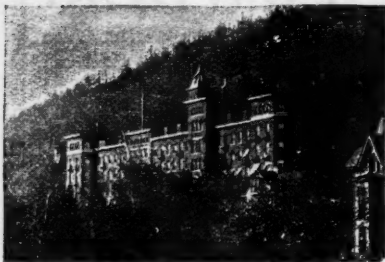
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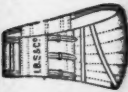
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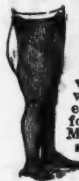
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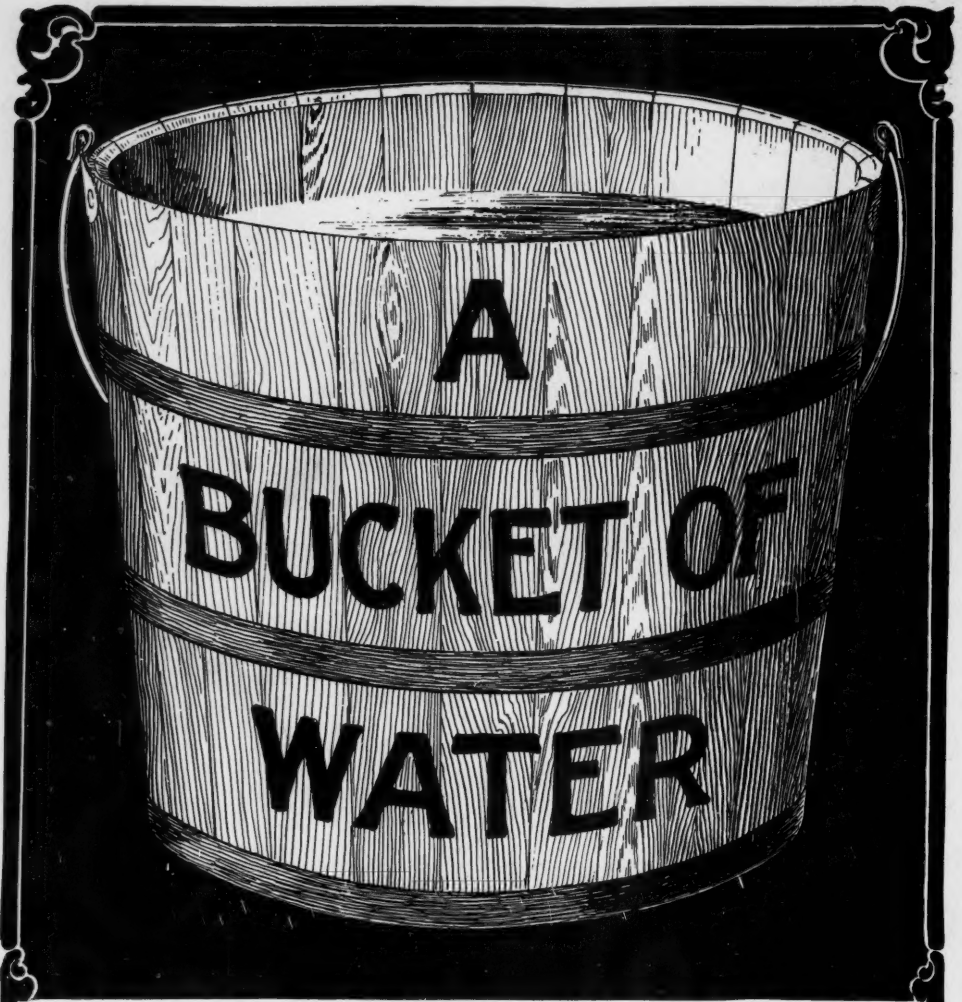
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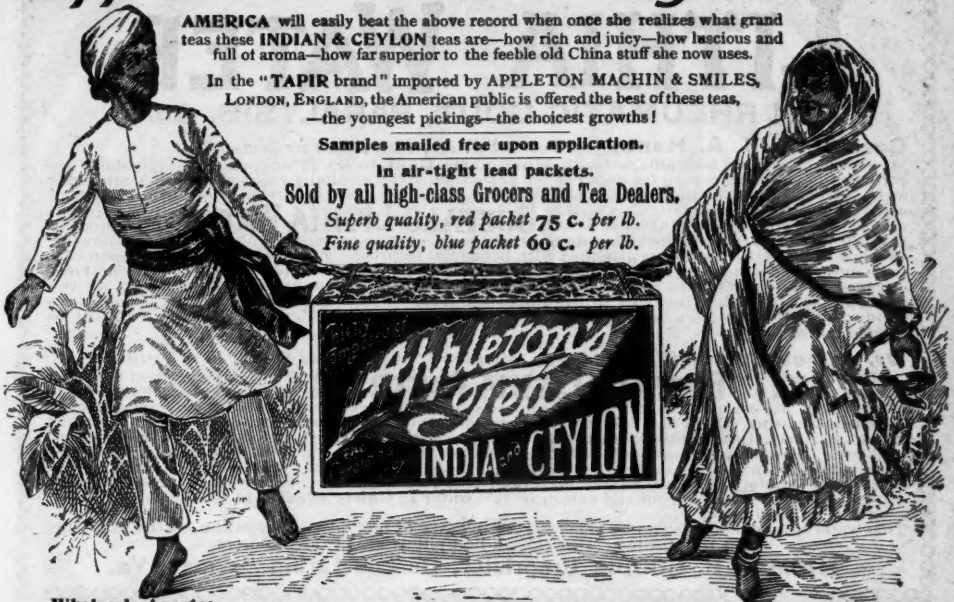
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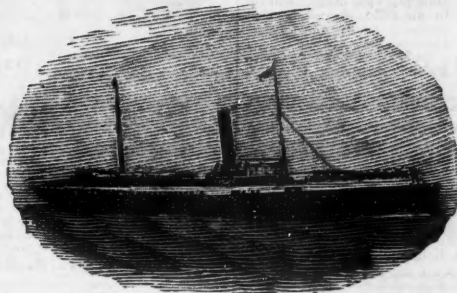
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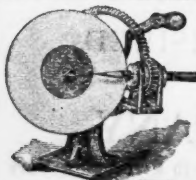
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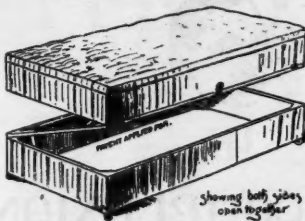
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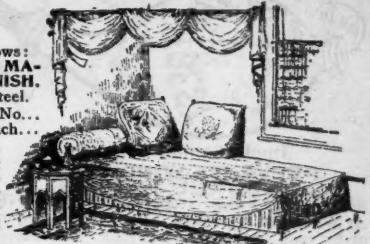
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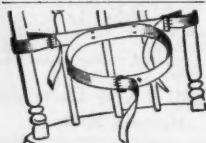
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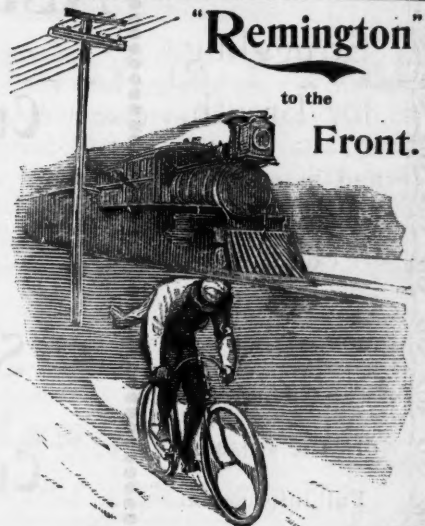
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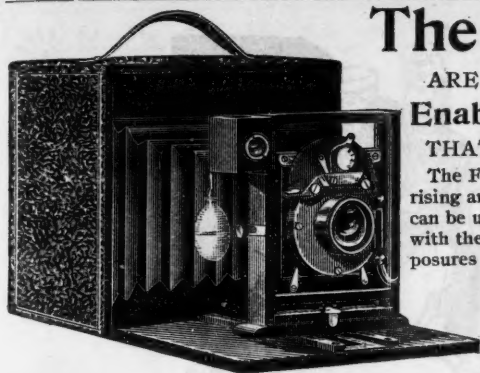
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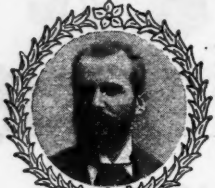
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SECOND—Music-Boxes, Orchestrions, a variety of mechanical devices in the form of attachments for pianos and organs and all instruments in which the playing is entirely *automatic*. Many of these are clever in their way and serve their purpose to the satisfaction of their owners, but their music is *mechanical* and *devoid of expression*, and they do not appeal to the musically cultured nor are they recognized by musicians.

THIRD—The Æolian, an instrument in which the execution—that is, the sounding of the notes—is done by means of a music sheet, while the changes of tempo and variations in the tone effects are controlled by the person playing.

Technique has been defined as striking the right note at the right time. It is the part of playing that requires years of practice. It is to acquire technique that children are set to playing scales and exercises, and it is the technique that makes it necessary for accomplished musicians to practise new pieces for many days before they are able to render them satisfactorily. And, after all, technique is but a means to attain an end. That end is expression, the soul of all music.

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